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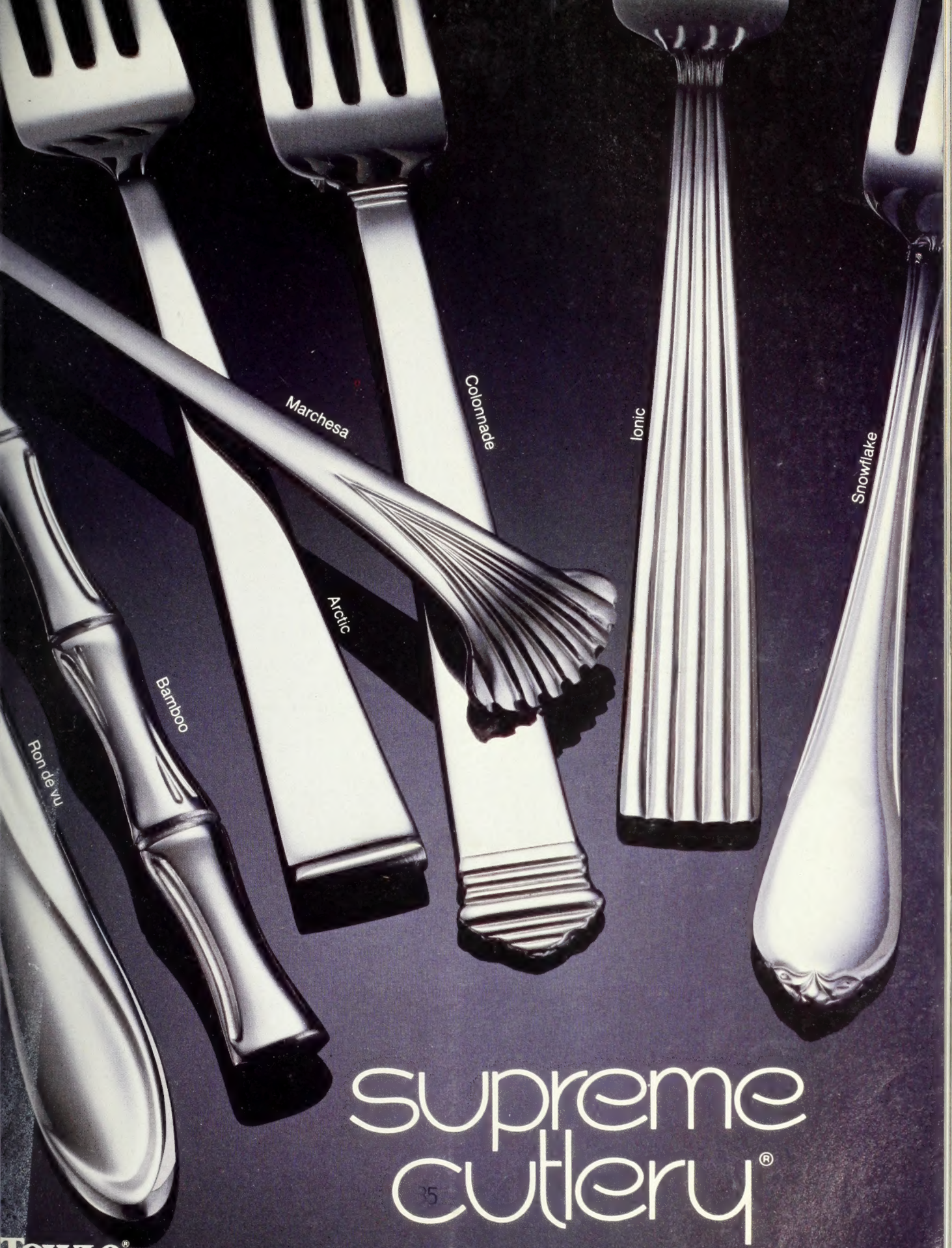
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Volume 157, Number 1

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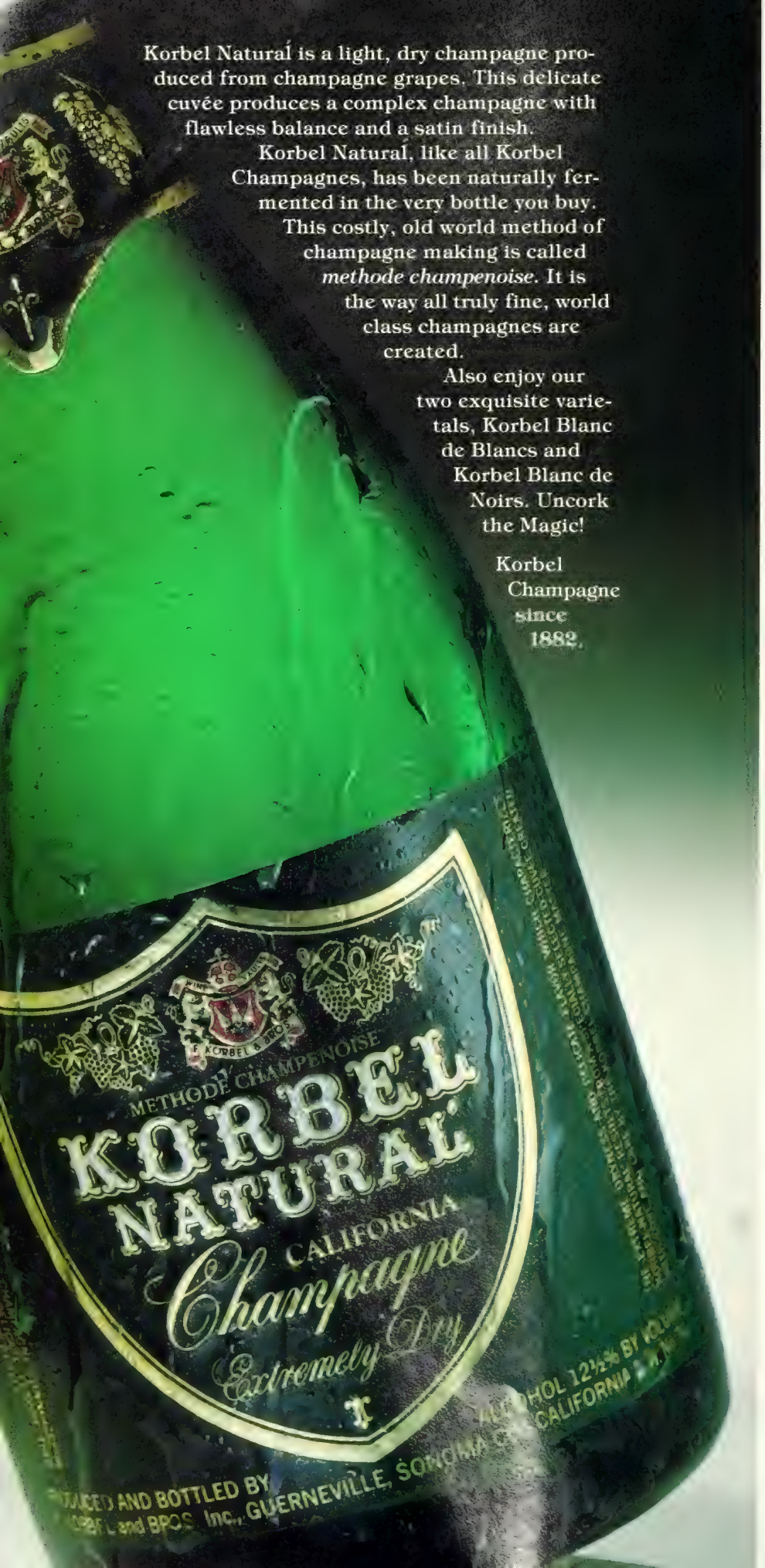


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CROPIUS

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

When we first saw Lord Snowdon's photographs of his country garden, page 70, we knew we would give our readers immense pleasure when we published them. But it took Senior Writer Elaine Greene's visit to England to discover that the Sussex woods enveloping Lord and Lady Snowdon's country estate are the very same woods in which Lord Snowdon enjoyed picnics as a child with his grandparents. (As our writer explored the garden with the photographer, her mother, Bessie Greene, sat by the fire having tea with Lady Snowdon. Mothers don't usually accompany House & Garden writers on their assignments, but this was a special occasion. The trip to London was a celebration of Mrs. Greene's 85th birthday.)

In the same country but a design world apart from the Snowdon house is art dealer Hester van Royen's nineteenth-century London apartment. As London Contributing Editor Doris Saatchi describes it in her report on designer John Pawson's Zen-influenced work, page 110, the apartment is "inhabited only when it is occupied by a human being."

Quite the opposite point of view is expressed in an intriguing piece on page 102, where the owner of a Manhattan coach house describes the role cats play in his rooms. "They keep rooms busy when emptied of bipeds," he writes, "and are companions for the ghosts of past owners of beds and bookcases, now mine for a season."

The ghost of Sigmund Freud seemed very near when writer Alexander Cockburn made his pilgrimage to Berggasse 19 in Vienna earlier this year. His visit to the apartment where Freud lived and worked for 47 years makes an exceptionally good story, page 36.

Fascination of another kind is afforded by our story on the Nuri Birgi house in Istanbul, one of Uskudar's last *yalus,* the large wooden houses built by rich Turks on the bank of the Bosphorus in the eighteenth century. Olivier Bernier's text, page 116, tells the story of Ambassador Birgi's acquisition of the house and its subsequent restoration to suit the wide-ranging taste its present owner developed over the years as ambassador to many of the capitals of the Western world.

Ancestral portraits, marble busts, swords, and walking sticks left by earlier inhabitants provide an equally provocative atmosphere, as writer Olda FitzGerald's visit to Dunsany Castle reveals, page 156. Built in 1180 as one of the ring of castles strung out between Dublin and Drogheda to defend "the Pale," Dunsany Castle was brought into the twentieth century fairly recently by the present Lady Dunsany, who not only added electric light but also made it one of the most beautiful and comfortable houses in Ireland. No surprise, then, that Sir Humphrey Wakefield turned to Dunsany when seeking Irish examples for Baker Furniture to reproduce as part of the firm's Stately Homes Collection.



John Saladino's new modern "Rustication Bar" for Baker Furniture.

Just back from Milan's International Furniture Exhibition and the XII Biennale des Antiquaires in Paris, I was particularly taken with Baker's newes furniture collection, introduced at th Home Furnishings Market in Hig Point, North Carolina. Designed b John Saladino, it incorporates cor nices, columns, bases, and other archi tectural details seen as sections o overscaled fragments. An example i the "Rustication Bar" (see the photo graph on this page), which was in spired by the ornament wall of th Palazzo Rucellai in Florence. Saladin says his Facade collection has "on foot in the ancient world and the othe in the twenty-first century." Baker' President, Robert Fernbacher, calls i "new modern." Over the next fe months we will publish just-photo graphed Saladino interiors that wil further demonstrate his ability in com bining classic elements with new styles

When it was determined that w would publish what the architect Ar thur Erickson has called his fines house, page 88, we knew that our stor on the house near Seattle should als include some photographs of Erick son's Museum of Anthropology i Vancouver. As Michael Sorkin says i his text, each building reveals both Erickson's ability to establish a defer ential intimacy with a site and his affin ity for art, which in an Erickson structure "is flattered and revealed not simply housed."

In a discussion about the house and its site, the clients told Sorkin what many of us have learned when building on a heavily wooded site: "To see the trees, you've got to cut them down."

Like a client who makes design discoveries with his architect or designer I find that every issue of House & Garden has a design solution that takes my fancy. This month it is architect Preston Phillips's use of a garage door set with mirror glass to separate the bedroom from the rest of the Manhattan loft we show on page 128. It's not unlike cutting down the trees so you can see them.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief


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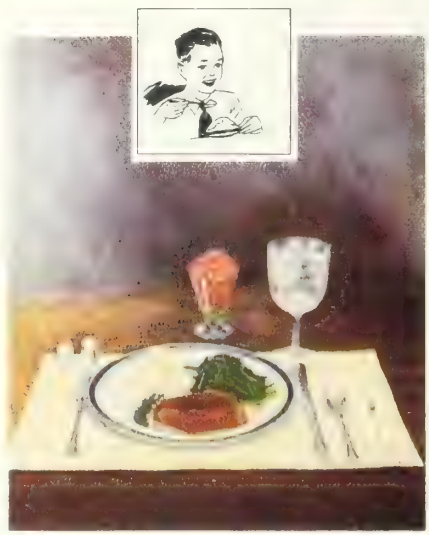
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THOUGHT FOR FOOD

By John Richardson







The current batch of cookbooks falls into three categories: conceptual, coffee table, causerie. All good cookbooks are in some degree conceptual—that is to say mouth-watering as opposed to finger-licking—but there are certain ones which, by virtue of their complexity, exoticism, or special approach prompt the reader to envisage dishes rather than actually cook them. A good example is *Square Meals* by Jane and Michael Stern—"taste thrills of only yesterday." The diligent authors have ransacked books like *A Thousand Ways to Please a Family,* product brochures (from Bisquick, Kraft, Betty Crocker, etc.), and "spiral-bound collections of homespun fare from small towns across America. . .Walnut, Iowa, and Gnaw Bone, Indiana," and they have come up with junk recipes to delight the hearts of Andy Warhol or Dolly Parton. "Queen for a Day Noodleburger Casserole," "Twinkie Pie," and "Sunbonnet Baby Salad" are just a few of the "taste thrills" resurrected by them. Make no mistake, *Square Meals* may constitute a culinary *sottisier,* but it is no joke. On the contrary it is a sophisticated and exhaustive study, which does for Pop food what Robert Venturi and Charles Jencks have done for Pop architecture. God forbid that I should have to eat any of it—for example "Hot Crab Dunk" (canned crabmeat, cream cheese, mayonnaise, confectioner's sugar, white wine, onion juice, and mustard)—but I relish the thought of devotees of fifties artifacts serving it to one another on Russel Wright hostess sets.

SQUARE MEALS
by Jane and Michael Stern
Alfred A. Knopf, 292 pp., $17.95

AN AMERICAN FOLKLIFE COOKBOOK
by Joan Nathan
Schocken Books, 293 pp., $18.95

THE GOLD AND FIZDALE COOKBOOK
by Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale
Random House, 414 pp., $19.95

LEE BAILEY'S CITY FOOD
by Lee Bailey;
photographs by Joshua Greene
Clarkson N. Potter, 176 pp., $18.95

THE BELGIAN COOKBOOK
by Enid Gordon and Midge Shirley
Merrimack Publishers' Circle
224 pp., $18.95

NOTHING FANCY: RECIPES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF SOUL-SATISFYING FOOD
by Diana Kennedy
The Dial Press, 276 pp., $18.95

EATING TOGETHER
by Lillian Hellman and Peter Feibleman,
Little, Brown, 256 pp., $16.95

THE FANNIE FARMER BAKING BOOK
by Marion Cunningham
Alfred A. Knopf, 640 pp., $16.95

GIULIANO BUGIALLI'S FOODS OF ITALY
by Giuliano Bugialli;
photographs by John Dominis,
Stewart, Tabori & Chang, 304 pp., $45

Although it covers some of the sam
Middle American ground as *Squar*
Meals (as does the excellent new *Fa*
nie Farmer Baking Book in the field o
cookies, crackers, and breads), *A*
American Folklife Cookbook by Joa
Nathan, food columnist for *The Wash*
ington Post Magazine, is less gastro
nomically upsetting. Instead o
choking us with thirties and fortie
nostalgia as do the historically minde
Sterns, Nathan takes us on foragin
trips all over the country: to the kitch
en of the Chicago Fire Department, t
a logging camp in Oregon, to the hous
of a beekeeper in Vermont. And sh
devotes chapters to the cooking o
such archetypal Americans as Matti
Ball Fletcher of Virginia, whose rec
ipes descend, as she does, from Georg
Washington's brother; and a black op
era fan from Greenwich Village wh
pays tribute to *bel canto* with a delight
ful dish he calls "Pasta Diva." Amon
much else I recommend Nathan's in
triguing recipe for *Basdek* (Armenia
Fruit Leather).

The Gold and Fizdale Cookbook
conceptual to the extent that it is a
good to savor on the page as it is to us
in the kitchen. The authors com
across as people we can like and trus
and, so far as food goes, identify with
Nowhere is this more evident than i
the menus they suggest. Gold and Fiz
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"stimulating" Scarlatti to start with, Beethoven or Brahms as a main course, Stravinsky "to cleanse the palate." Their appetizing meals make most of the menus by other authors reviewed here seem aleatory or relentlessly cute. As for the recipes, many of which originally appeared in *Vogue,* these are imaginative without being gimmicky, challenging without being daunting, and mercifully free of *nouvelle cuisine* flourishes. A few suggestions: readers less skillful than the authors will find that wonderful rice pancake, *Riso al Salto,* easier to prepare if, like Stendhal's cook (who is said to have invented the dish), they allow the leftover risotto to congeal for a couple of days, then add a lightly beaten egg or two; that way the pancake won't disintegrate in the pan. The delicious "Spaghetti with Green Sauce," credited to that incomparable *maîtresse de maison,* the late Françoise de la Renta (who, incidentally, told me the recipe was Valentino's), benefits from the addition of a can of anchovies. And why do all modern recipes for *Coulibiaca* leave out that crucial ingredient, notochord, the cartilaginous spine of the fish? It *can* be found.

Now for the coffee-table books. The big question is, which of them will make it from the coffee table to the kitchen counter? I doubt if *Lee Bailey's City Food* will. A thing of beauty, like this life-style accessory, is no longer a joy when smeared with *glace de viande.* So leave it on the coffee table where it will provide your guests, above all European ones, with no end of amusement. *City Food* is conceived as a series of menus to suit different occasions and places: "A Fourth of July Concert," "In a Painter's Loft," "On Moving Day," "At Twilight," and so forth. Should one serve Gooseberry Chutney Steamed Pudding (as Bailey unromantically suggests) "In a Nostalgic Place," or "On a Ferry"? Fun can be had debating these fine points. This book will appeal to would-be with-it hostesses who worry desperately about how many (or how few) freesias go to a bud vase and who want to transform every little get-together into a glamorous *Gesamtkunstwerk,* coordinated as to mood, décor, napery, silver, flowers, music, not to forget the matching guests. So pop on your caftan and prepare to dazzle impressionable friends with Bailey's chic chow. Fool the with "English tea sandwiches" in th middle of lunch; *épater* them wit golden caviar in Calvados sauce; finis them off with something they will ne er forget: "Banana Clafouti." I mu confess to finding it all a bit campy (i this respect I prefer Gertrude Stein sibylline but succinct utterance i *Tender Buttons:* "Dining is west").

On the title page of Giuliano Bugia li's handsome new cookery album th photographer, John Dominis, share top billing with the author, and his pic turesque illustrations—mostly of th travel-poster variety—tend to upstag the text. Not difficult since the autho is a bit longwinded and pads things ou with lecturettes on "Wine and Wine making," "Cheese and Cheese-mak ing," "Browsing in the Markets, gathering saffron, and so on. Drastica ly boiled down and sedulousl skimmed, this collection of interestin variations on, for the most part, Tus can cuisine might have earned a plac on my ever-growing shelf of Italia cookbooks. As it is, the ratio of conten to format ensures that it will remain o the coffee table.

The Belgian Cookbook by Enid Gor don and Midge Shirley is printed in se pia to match the charming Victoria photographs that illustrate it—photo graphs which catch the atmospher evoked by the sixteen-year-old Rim baud in his great poem about a typica Belgian café (*Au Cabaret-Vert*) "*. . . Du jambon tiède, dans un plat co lorié/ Du jambon rose et blanc parfum d'une gousse/ D'ail. . .*" Those of u who find the food in Belgium bette than the going fare in most parts o France will welcome this book, be cause it does belated justice, so far a the English language is concerned, t an undeservedly overlooked cuisine My thanks to Gordon and Shirley fo reviving memories of the *jets de houb lon* (hop shoots) with soft-boiled egg and the best turbot in the world which no less than all those Rubens altar pieces, make the fishy old city of Ant werp such a joy to visit. Anyone with a preference for really gutsy *cuisine bour geoise* should buy this book. There i an added incentive: the profits from its sales go to finance a home for battered Belgian wives which the authoresses have founded in Brussels.

Next the causerie books. Although



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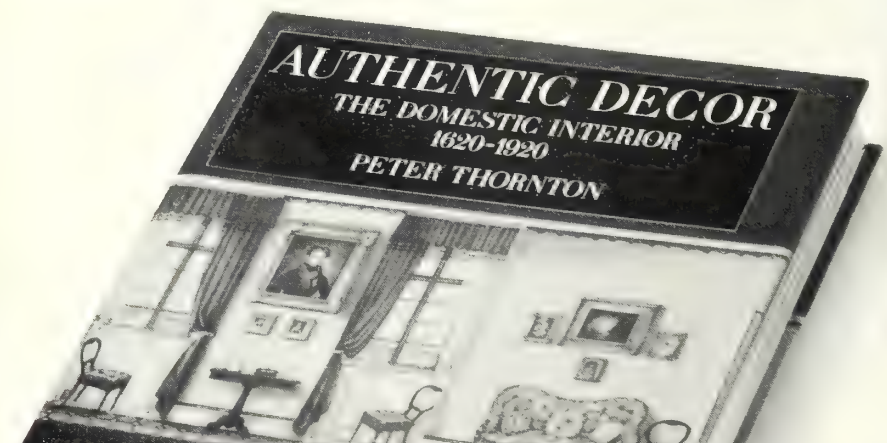
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VIKING

BOOKS

Diana Kennedy is anecdotal and f
quently refers to "Mother," her n
book, *Nothing Fancy,* is a kitchen c
versation piece of a very high orc
Mrs. Kennedy may lack the panache
M.F.K. Fisher, but she is a more inv
tive cook and a less *New Yorker*is
literary writer. As one might exp
from this expert on Mexican fo
Nothing Fancy includes several Me
can recipes, among them an excell
one for *Cuitlacoche,* the funky-tast
fungus which attacks sweet corn an
prized as much south of the border a
is abominated to the north. Howev
this time Mrs. Kennedy takes us
yond the confines of Michoacán o
world-wide trip in search of "reci
and recollections of soul-satisfy
food." How good she is on the kinc
simple English fare—usually the but
gourmet jokes—that was produced
her mother's pre-1939 kitchen; and h
commonsensical on such matters as
snobbishly correct, gastronomically
correct habit of putting the milk into
cup *after* the tea. Nothing daunts M
Kennedy, and living as she does in
depths of Mexico, she can afford
spend four or more days on a dish. M
of us can't, and this rules out some of
author's best suggestions.

Eating Together by the late Lill
Hellman and Peter Feibleman—t
old cronies from New Orleans—tea
es us more about the crustiness of
deceased dramatist than it does ab
the crustiness of, say, a treacle t
Some of the recipes are basic to
point of minimalism. "Salad for P
la," for instance, consists of that c
emblem of the short-order cook,
berg lettuce, tomato wedges, oil, vi
gar, and salt (no, not even pepper).
Kippers: "apparently hard to f
. . . without tomato sauce. Open
can and you will find that each kip
is divided by paper . . ." So much
the recipes. The portrait of Helln
that emerges from these posthum
pages is less self-serving than the im
presented in her memoirs, *Scoun*
Time, but is the abrasive *monstre s*
of *Eating Together* any more appe
ing? Unless you are an out-and-
Hellman fan, save your pennies in
hope that, one of these days, Mary M
Carthy—who is, in truth, an acc
plished cook—will come out with
recipes. □

... les moires de Manuel Canovas...



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Silhouettes in a country bedroom, *left,* collection Mrs. R. Thornton Wilson. *Below left:* Augustin Edouart cutting a silhouette. *Below right:* Late-18th-century Italian fan, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

SHADOW PORTRAITS

Rediscovering the charm of black-and-white silhouettes

By Nancy Richardson



The first major-league reference to a silhouette came from Pliny the Elder who told the story of Korinthea, the daughter of a Greek potter who several centuries B.C. made an outline of her warrior-lover's head from his shadow cast on a wall. As elementary a process, though not half so literary, is what the third-grade class at The Buckley School in New York does every spring term. Each boy stands sideways to a wall lined with black paper. The teacher shines a light on his profile, then traces the shadow. The child cuts out his own silhouette, mounts it on white paper, and adds his profile to a frieze of silhouettes that stretches around the top of the room. Korinthea's method, which is the enduring one for schoolboys, went through some changes in the eighteenth century when simple mechanical devices were developed to steady the posture of the sitter and reduce the subject's shadow from life-size to a few inches.

The actual word silhouette didn't even come into use until late in the eighteenth century. It was at first a term of derision, a description of work done on the cheap that started with Étienne de Silhouette, an obscure controller general under Louis XV who endeavored to abolish certain tax privileges in order to raise revenues for the state. He was ridiculed vigorously by those he sought to discipline, lost his position, and retired to a life of making black paper cutouts of landscapes and people.



The heyday of the silhouette and i relative, the small gouache profile po trait, was an unselfconscious interv from 1760–1860 that was centered England but spilled over into Europ and America. The appeal was nothir more complicated than the fact that e eryone from the king to the local farn er wanted small inexpensive likeness of friends and family as an alternate the price, size, and look full-fledged portraits i oil. In the beginning th silhouette owed a l to the Englis miniature—tha exquisite sibling of E glish portraiture—which mos ly only the king and his friends coul afford. But before the fashion fo silhouettes was over it came to rela more to experiments in photograph than to the highly developed skill of th

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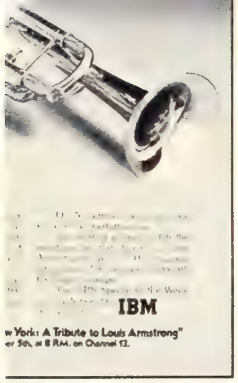
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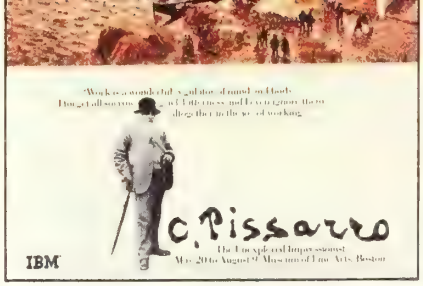
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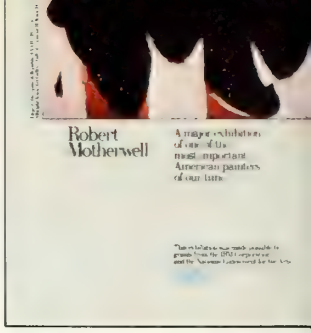
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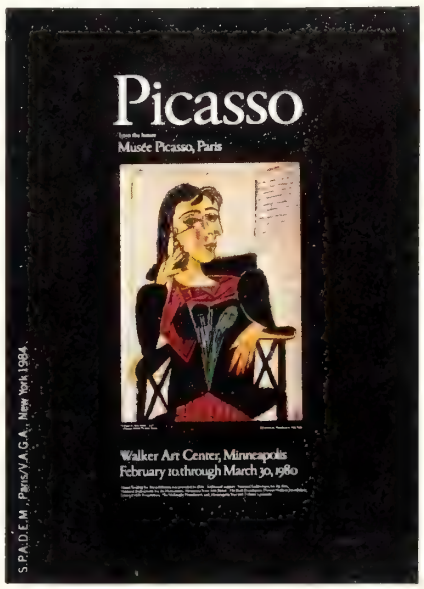

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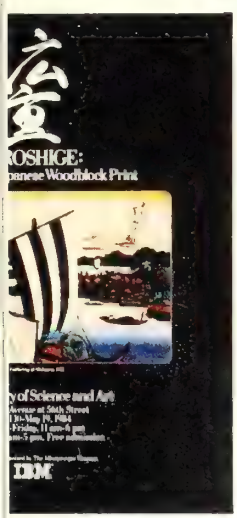

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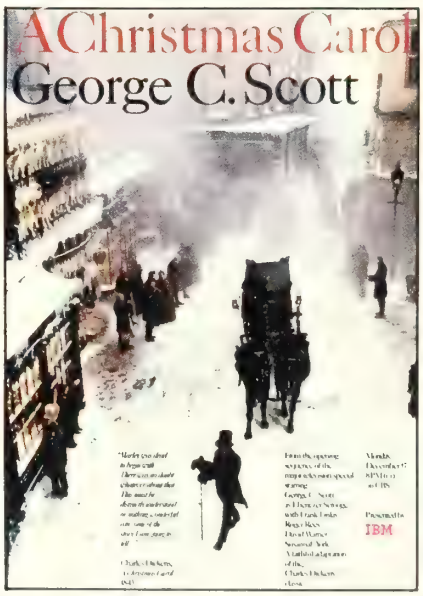

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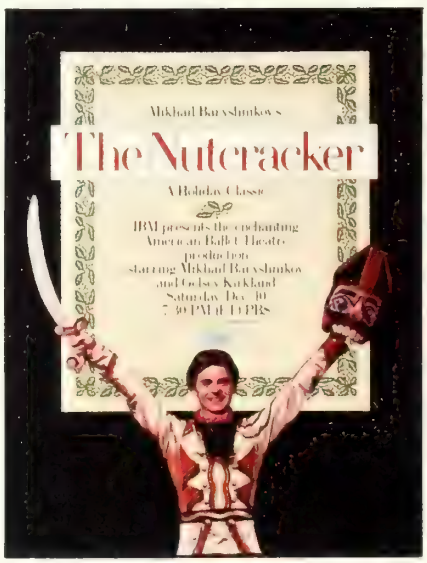

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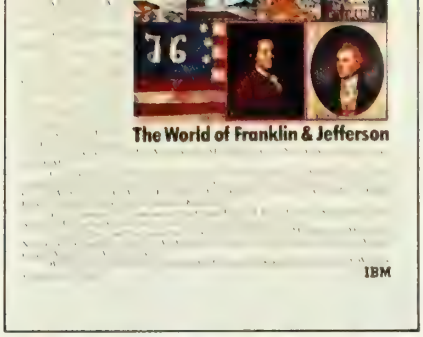

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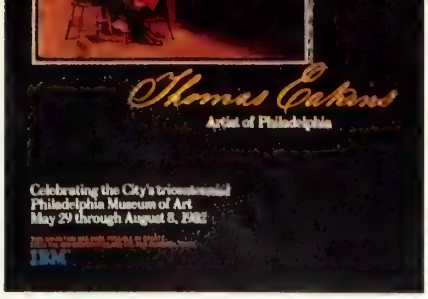

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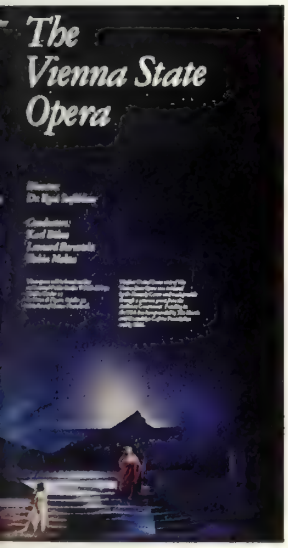


















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miniaturist. In the 1760s English miniaturists had started to paint silhouettes in odd moments. By the 1860s sons of silhouettists were photographers. Most silhouettes were small, idiosyncratic works that truthfully rehearsed facts of human physicality while playing up rich contrasts of texture afforded by lace-frilled shirts and ways of dressing hair. Sometimes a silhouette embodied some great truth of life or composition, but mostly it was the unpretentious result of a minute or two of scrutiny of a subject by an itinerant though mildly fashionable artist.

Perhaps the best paper silhouettes were not shadow portraits but images cut with scissors or a fine knife. They could be straightforward profile "head shots" or elaborate full-length figures where the charm and the likeness had to do with body language more than costume. Most silhouettists pasted these black scissors-cut or machine-cut shapes onto white paper. Sometimes they reversed the process and cut a silhouette from white paper, removed the center part and mounted the "hollow cut" outline on a black surface. William Bache, a maker of machine-cut silhouettes and one of the best-known American silhouette artists, used both the cut-and-paste and hollow-cut methods. Other "reversals" were the specialty of Jacob Spornberg, a Swede living in Bath, who combined red figures and black backgrounds as well as red backgrounds and black figures—which he appropriately advertised as "Etruscan" and "anti-Etruscan."

As time went on, plain black silhouettes were painted with gray, dilutions of India ink, a Chinese white or a gold color—referred to as bronzing—to indicate hair, lace, and other details of a dress or jacket. John Miers, his son William, and William's partner John Field painted small bronzed profiles on plaster, which are among the most skilled and painterly silhouettes ever executed. Sometimes everything about the silhouette was black and white except for a uniform which was painted in vivid regimental colors. The best-known artist in this technique was Charles Buncombe.

Certain artists liked to paste black



1980s arrangement of silhouettes

figures onto lithographs or pencil drawings of interiors. A scissors silhouettist, a Frenchman called Augustin Edouart, who spent a long time first in England and then in America, was fond of putting family groups against these interior views.

Some of the finest silhouettes were painted on glass by Isabella Beetham of Bath and Charles Rosenberg, an Austrian emigré to England, who did glass profiles of the British and German royal families. As a variation, Rosenberg painted a few portraits on convex glass in which the painted silhouette cast a further shadow onto another piece of solid-colored glass behind it.

There is, however, a mood and a style that comes off some silhouettes that transcend technique. Experts talk about the fluid liveliness of Edouart's profiles of children but the woodenness of some of his indoor groups. The Mierses and John Field came from the painterly tradition of the miniaturist, which makes their work seem mature and finely wrought. In another direction, the awkward strength of the work of the American scissors silhouettist William Henry Brown expresses an unrelenting vernacular truth. But for the most part silhouettes were a fashion rather than an art. They even mult plied three-dimensionally, appearin on jewelry, paperweights, fans Worcester mugs, and porcelain tab services, as well as on big urns and jar Circling the rim of a big bowl or vas these black figures served the late eigh teenth and early nineteenth centurie love for antique motifs and in particu lar echoed the look of red and blac figures on Greek vases of the fifth cen tury B.C.

Silhouette frames were black, blac and gold, a honey-colored wood, c hammered brass. The combination c silhouette and frame became a hanc some no-color element that in pairs c larger portrait groupings added a lot t eighteenth- and nineteenth-centur rooms. The fact that black was popula throughout the nineteenth centur first for its Grecianness, then it Boulleness, and finally its japanne richness also insured the popularity c silhouettes both as a type of snapsho as well as an element of decoratior That these likenesses were taken i profile made them Neoclassic and eve more desirable.

Nevertheless, the invention of th daguerreotype followed by the deve opment of photography eventually un dercut the demand for this slender ar Perhaps the late-nineteenth-centur habit of using them haphazardly wit other pictures of little charm or conse quence accelerated their demise. Bu before the century was out, collector had emerged who responded to silhou ettes for their visual impact alone. An soon these scholars and early collector began to sort out the subject.

An English authority, Desmon Coke, writing in the 1880s, and a American collector, Alice van Lee Carrick, who wrote *Shades of Our An cestors* in 1928, both waded convinc ingly into the subject withou exhausting it. No one was arounc however, to produce for the silhouett the sort of prose poem written by S Sacheverell Sitwell on conversatio pieces or snuff boxes, other minor art that could sum up an era in a fe square inches. Instead, Emily Nevi Jackson, an Englishwoman with an im portant collection, did a combinatio



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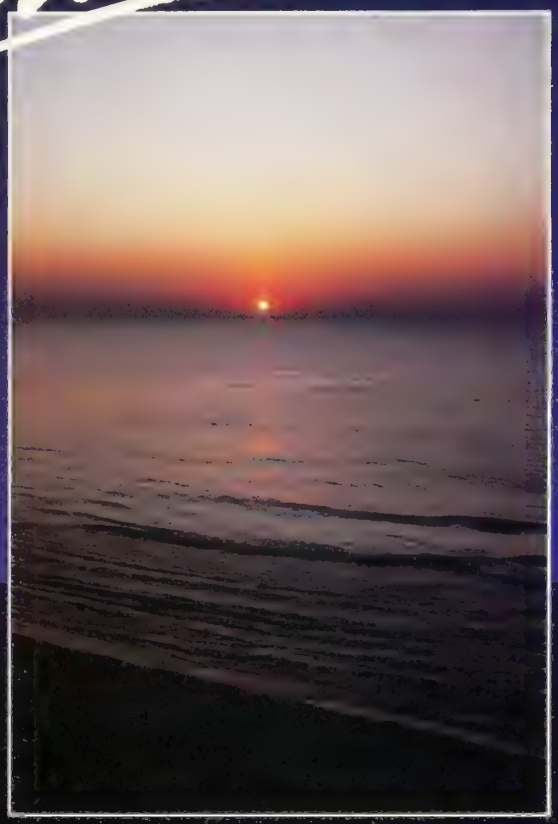
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history and dictionary which was revived by Dover Publications in 1981 and is still in print. More recently another Englishwoman, Sue McKechnie, prepared an enormous volume, *British Silhouette Artists and Their Work* (Philip Wilson, London), also still available. Besides its remarkable Berensonian lists of terms, techniques, and artists there is a glossary of the history of costume. For those who enjoy detecting fakes, the history of costume becomes a way of dating a silhouette according to what the subject is wearing. The shortest section of this long book is a list of artists—British and American—who worked in the United States. This is the only such list of its type. Even though the native American silhouettist was never as popular a figure as a glamorous visiting European, Americans produced thousands of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes about which little is known.

Because the most sought-after silhouettes rarely cost more than $10,000 and unsigned examples of no distinction other than their graphic good looks go unappreciated in small American antiques shops at $35 apiece, almost anyone can manage to collect silhouettes. And there is no writer on the topic, including this one, who has ever failed to begin a collection of some sort. Aware of their potential as decoration, I can say that virtually any variation on the theme including unrecognized fakes, copies with no intent to deceive, present-day interpretations by collagists with frames that look like castoffs from Louise Nevelson sculpture—when mixed with a few genuine examples and hung well—achieves a handsome effect.

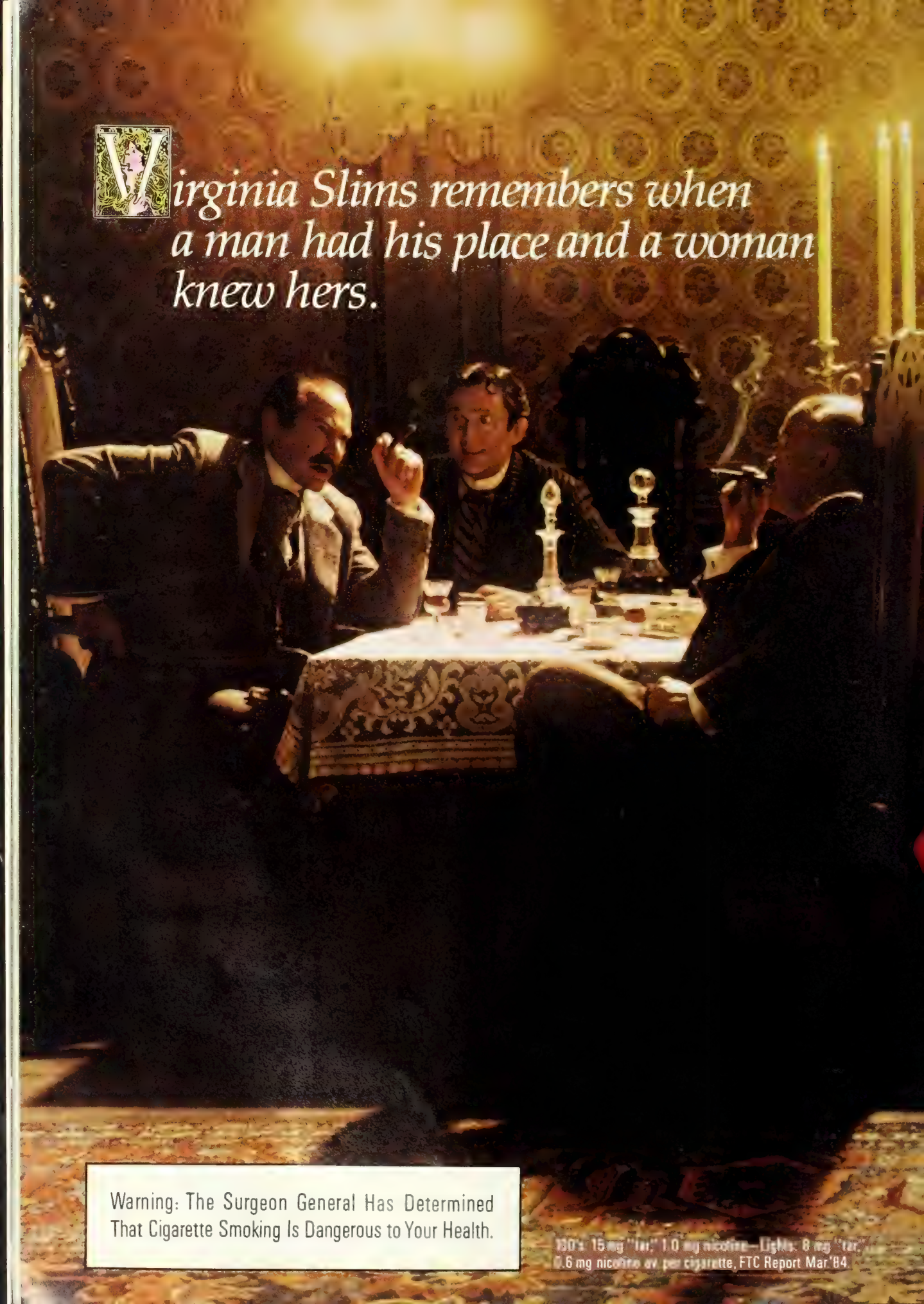
A rule of thumb: it is not a good idea to put too many silhouettes in a room at once, unless *en bloc* in a bathroom or hallway. In her book, Mrs. Carrick described an early-twentieth-century hall in a house in New England that was filled with over two thousand silhouettes by Augustin Edouart done while he was in this country. She remarked that the intensity of their impact was lessened because they were all one style. Usually silhouettes need to be grouped around a mirror or a painting—in pairs, in a festoon shape, in vertical or horizontal rows, or as elements of punctuation in other picture groups. Some silhouettes are round or oval. Others are square or rectang
An oval profile was often placed
square frame. The arrangemer
these different shapes on a wall ca
as interesting as the silhouettes th
selves. If silhouettes are hung toge
on a wall, say, above a chest or ha
ble, usage requires that the frame
neither all black nor all matching.

If you like silhouettes, it is easy t
come passionate about the orig
frames. Augustin Edouart liked bi
eye-maple frames and was so co
tent in this taste that the frame as
as the costume of the subject beco
a way of verifying an Edouart sil
ette. The American silhouet
Charles Willson Peale offered
square-shaped, japanned-wood fra
with a gold metal rim bordering th
houette and a brass ornament fo
hanging ring. Many silhouettes ter
to be "matted" in glass. *Verre égl*
was a handsome effect, but the s
look was achieved when the glass
painted gold and black in a sim
Neoclassic design.

The English still love silhoue
and auction houses know a good
houette will make much more in
don than New York. In the last
Christie's has had charming exam
in sales in both cities. Sometime
houettes are in sales by themselve
normally they are grouped with
trait miniatures or decorative obj
Halcyon Days and Alistair Samp
London dealers who exhibit at
Grosvenor House Fair, make a spe
ty of silhouettes. There are lot
Edouarts still in America, most
East Coast and Southern antiq
shops, and they turn up consiste
along with countless friendly but
high-powered examples at the big
tiques fairs. Perhaps the most di
guished collector at the momen
Baronne Liliane de Rothschild,
pursues her quarry with ardor, s
them to the country, and long
passed the point of being able to ha
fraction of the silhouettes she own

Although silhouettes may be seen b
pointment at a number of American mus
and historical societies, one sizeable c
tion is permanently on view at the Na
Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C.
Feb. 19–May 19, 1985, the Cooper-Hew
New York will display "Cut Paper," an
bition to include, among other things, E
and American silhouettes.


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STREET ANALYSIS

Probing the signs and symbols of Freud's Berggasse in Vienna

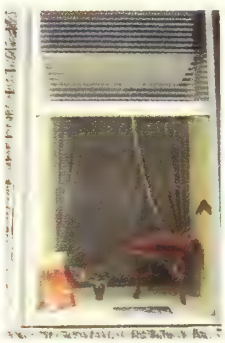
By Alexander Cockburn



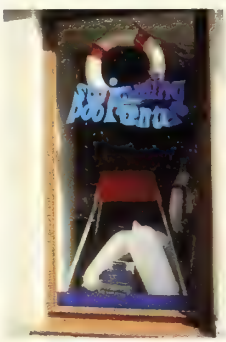














Window displays on street where Freud lived: *top, left to right,* mementos to Freud's jaw, curious mannequins, Lotto/the Game of Life; *bottom, left to right,* fetishistic handbags, castrated couch, Freud's house at No. 19, deep-sea diving, and agitated dresses.

I postponed my pilgrimage to Sigmund Freud's house almost to the end of a week's stay in Vienna earlier this year. Friends had told me there really was not very much to see, beyond the rather banal geographical and architectural circumstances in which psychoanalysis was conceived and in which the founder of that movement had lived for almost half a century, from September 1891 to June 1938, when he and his family went into exile in London to escape the Nazis.

Freud lived at Berggasse 19—to use the Austrian style of address—in a middle-class district half an hour's walk northwest from the center of town. Almost nothing was stirring on a Sunday afternoon, sunny and sedate, as I rounded the corner into Berggasse, thinking to pay a few moments of homage before turning south again in search of the Café Central, a place favored by Freud as well as by other saints of the modern movement. My father used to recall meeting Ezra Pound there in the late twenties. The poet would waggle his red beard at him and announce that the café had, by dint of Pound's presence, become the center of the cultural universe.

I never got to the Café Central that day. From the moment I saw the blue plastic swimming pool across the road from No. 19 and, next to it, the curious arrangement of the diving equipment in the window of No. 18, I realized that Freud's old block was speaking to me in a language first translated and analyzed by its most famous resident. It is scarcely surprising but gratifying all the same that the street where he lived should be so delightful an illustration of Freud's view of the unconscious and of the symbolism in which the unconscious expresses itself in everyday life.

But I should start with No. 19 itself, for unless the Freud family had moved there in 1891 I very much doubt that the window of the handbag store at No. 17 would look quite the way it does now. The house was built in the 1870s, Renaissance style in its lower level with the upper floors decorated in the detail of the Classical Revival. The very fact that Freud insisted on moving to it was due to a spasm of the unconscious. In the late summer of 1891 Freud and his wife Martha were preparing to move from the apartment on Maria Theriesenstrasse where they had lived for the first five years of their marriage and where Martha Freud had given birth to their first three children. The neighborhood was the best in Vienna but the

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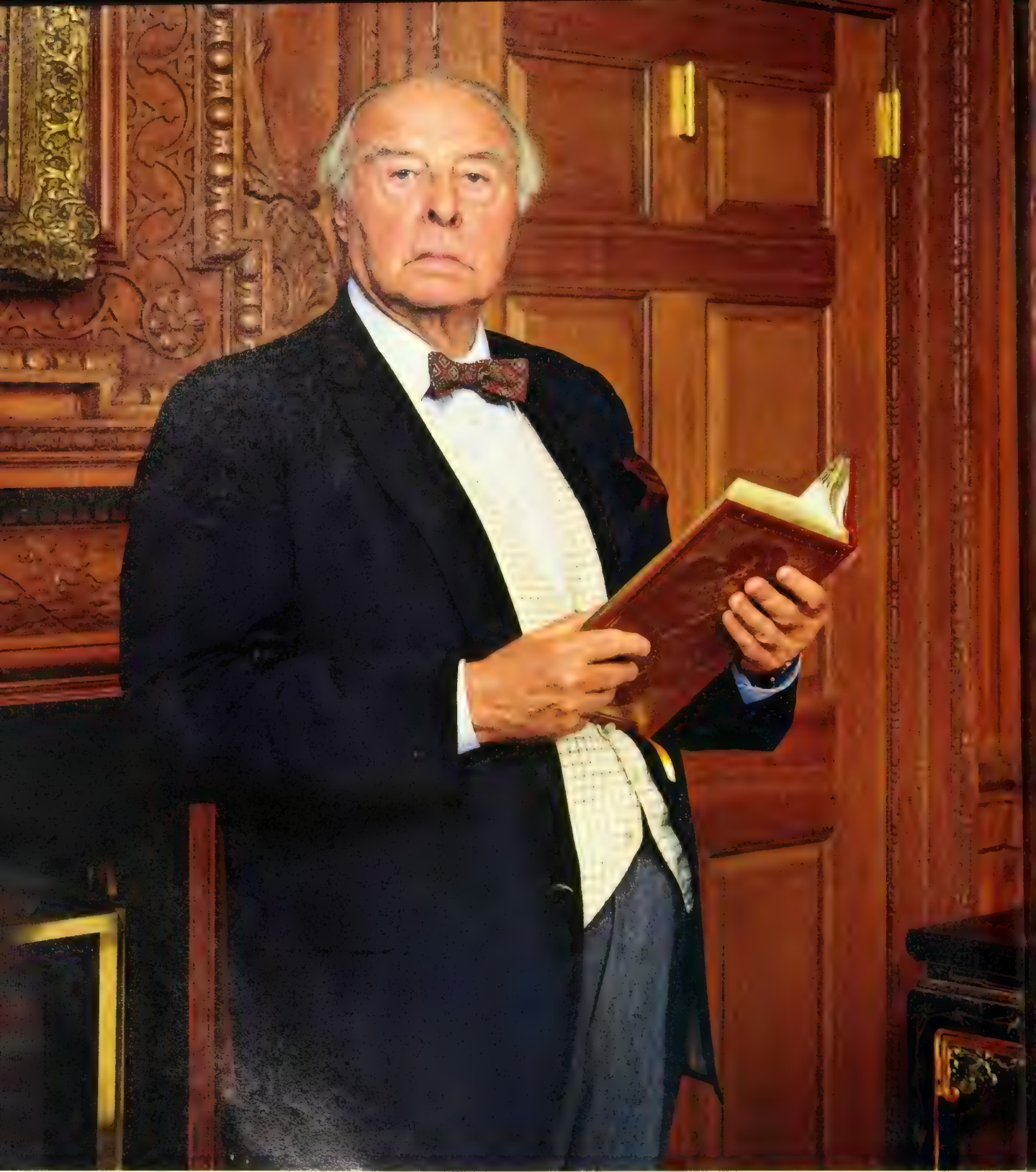
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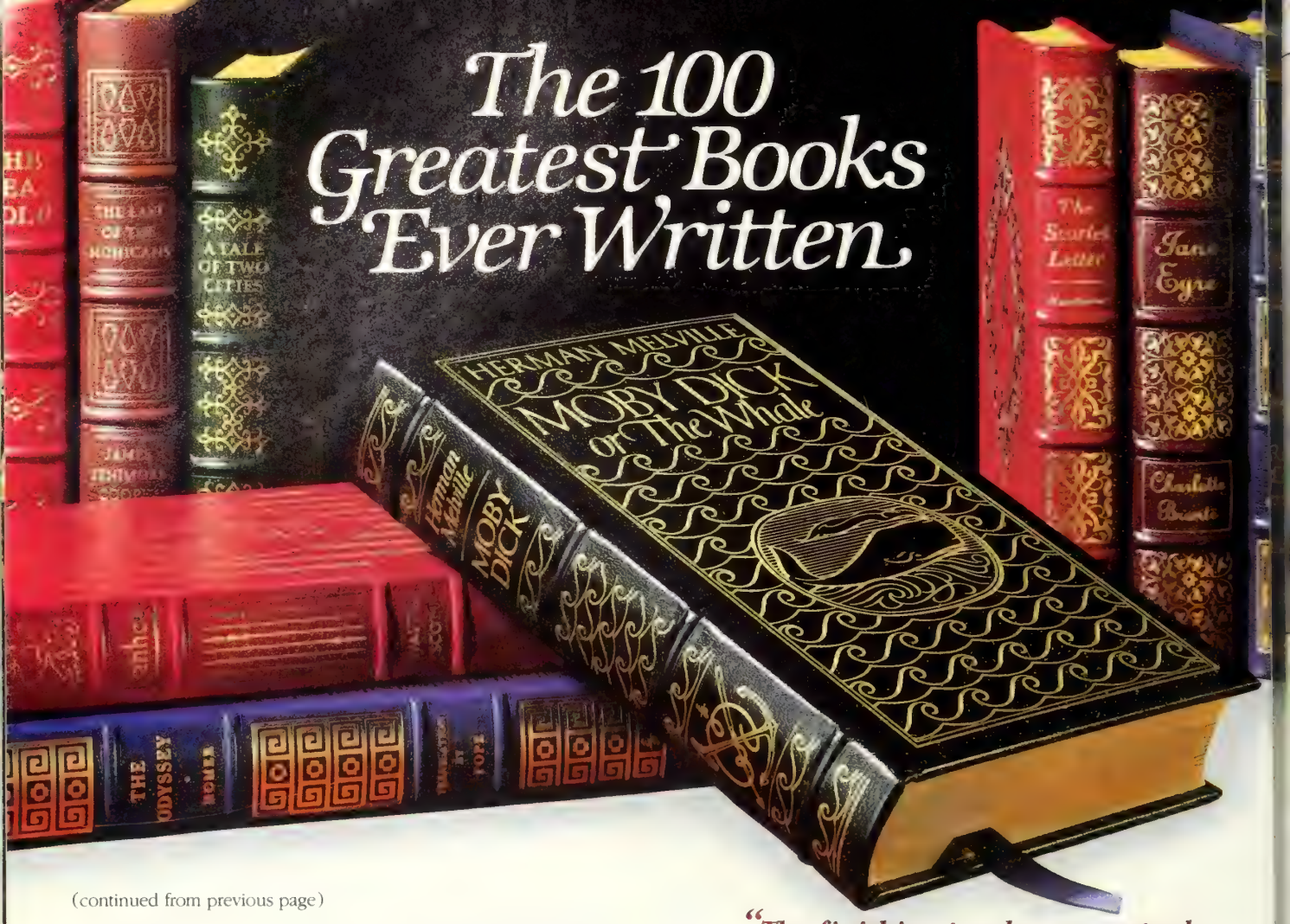
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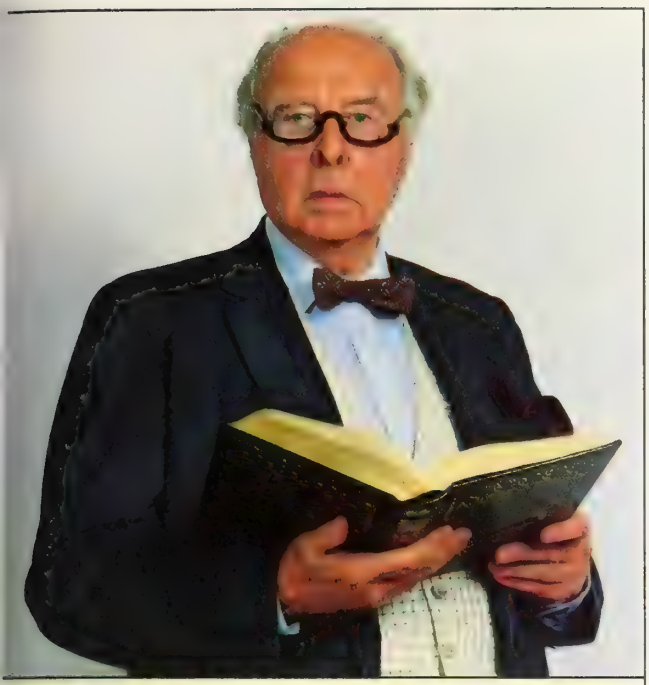
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rent was high and Freud, 35 and far from success, could not afford it. He and Martha planned their move carefully, searching for a new home of adequate size, appropriate for a consulting doctor, and close to suitable schools for the children.

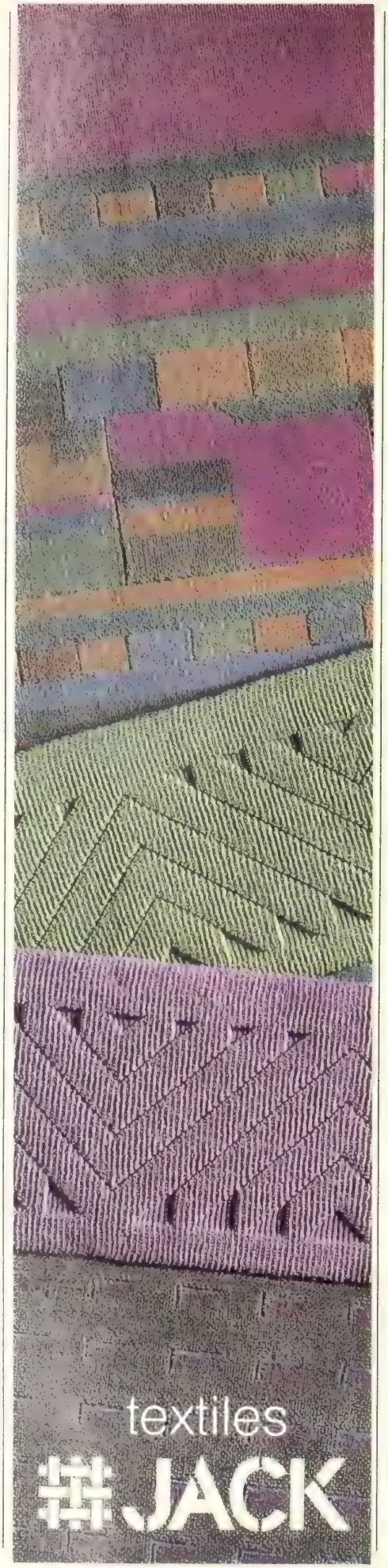
In the middle of these plans Freud went for a walk after he had completed his house calls and suddenly found himself looking at a FOR RENT sign. He felt an urge to investigate further, concluded that the apartment on offer was just what he wanted, and signed the lease forthwith. He returned with Martha that evening to display their new home. She was unimpressed, and reasonably so. Berggasse 19 was in a shabby neighborhood, right next to Porzellangasse and not far west of the Tändelmarket—or flea market. It was precisely the locale a consulting physician would avoid. The Alsergrund district in which Berggasse was located was, furthermore, heavily anti-Semitic, being densely inhabited by German nationalists (and, years later, National Socialists). The apartment itself—No. 5, on the mezzanine or second floor, was not nearly large enough and Freud would have to take an extra suite of rooms for professional purposes.

What led Freud into his impulsive and irrational decision, stoically accepted by Martha? The most convincing explanation is offered by Suzanne Bernfeld in a collection indispensable to anyone exploring the minutiae of Freud's physical existence in Vienna, namely, *Freud as We Knew Him*. He provided the clue in a letter he wrote in 1927. There he recounted a luncheon party he had enjoyed in 1881. In the company of his friend Heinrich Braun he had visited the apartment of Victor Adler, a major star in the student life of Vienna at that time and subsequently the prime force in the Austrian Social Democratic Party. The contrast between Adler and Freud was sharp. Like Freud, but outranking him, Adler was working in the laboratory of Theodor Meynert. But unlike Freud, Adler was happily married and already the father of a young son. Freud, professionally isolated, could not afford to marry Martha.

The lunch party which Freud left with melancholy envy in 1881 was held in Adler's apartment, No. 6, on the mezzanine or second floor of Berggasse 19. A decade later the FOR RENT sign led Freud back into the house which had been such a vision of fulfillment. No. 5, across from the Adler's old home at No. 6, became the Freud family's private quarters. Freud took three rooms on the first floor for his professional work and it was there, in his early books and psychoanalytic sessions, that he set his print indelibly on the twentieth century. In 1907 he took over No. 6 for his work. Nine years later he was able to say that his study had been the seedbed of a homicide. In 1916 Victor Adler's son assassinated Count Stürgkh, the Austrian prime minister who had led the world into the calamity of the First World War after the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. The Adler boy was pardoned in 1918, but for years afterward Freud would tell visitors that his study had once been the nursery of a murderer and—looking back to that lunch in 1881—that "the future assassin . . . was then a blond, curly-headed, pretty little boy"—a recollection which no doubt gave him considerable ironic satisfaction, since in that same study he had spent so many hours of his life ruminating on the parricidal fantasies of little boys, some of whom were probably just as blond and pretty as the young Adler.

This was the house countless visitors sought out for 47 years. Analysands would enter the large double doors off the street which, after 10 P.M., would have to be unlocked by a concierge. Ahead of them they would see etched-glass doors leading to a garden and a statue of a girl with a pitcher. Freud's doctor concluded wrongly that the statue was of Aphrodite and that Freud had got the idea of the Oedipus Complex from gazing at it. Until 1907 they would turn right, climb four bare stone steps, and enter Freud's offices. After 1907 they would—and if in a state of psychoneurotic tension, possibly count them—climb six and then thirteen more stone steps before doubling back up fourteen more before gazing at the door of No. 5 to their left and No. 6 to their right. In fact destiny was offering them a closed option, since both doors led to Freud, but No. 6 had his consulting hour for new patients, 3–4, written on it.

They would have to wait in a room with four indifferent allegorical prints,





facing a set of double doors. Those leaving a session would exit by another route into the foyer. The "Wolfman," analyzed by Freud for many years in two separate treatments, wrote that "I can remember, as though I saw them today, his two adjoining studies, with the door open between them and with their windows opening onto a little courtyard. There was always a feeling of sacred peace and quiet here. The rooms themselves must have been a surprise to many patients, for they in no way reminded one of a doctor's office but rather of an archaeologist's study."

Shelf after shelf, case after case held Freud's large collection of antiquities. They would surround the patient as he lay on the couch, which extended along the inner wall. Light would strike the right side of his face from the window across the room, which gave onto the inner courtyard. There was plenty to stimulate a reverie. On the wall just above the patient's feet was a replica of Ingres's picture of Oedipus interviewing the Sphinx. Beyond his (or more likely her, since two thirds of Freud's published cases concerned women) feet an old Austrian stove glowed with primal warmth and to its right another set of double doors, left open, revealed the desk and chair in Freud's study—the archetypal paternal sanctum, zone of punishment and gratification evoked by the poet H.D. in her marvelous account of her analysis by Freud.

Behind the patient's head but often intruding into his view would be Freud, voluble ("Freud was not a good psychoanalytic technician," Raymond Raymond de Saussure recalled; "he talked too much"), puffing on one of his small cigars, occasionally leaping up to direct the analysand's attention to a statue or figurine illustrating one of his points. "She is perfect," said Freud meaningfully to H.D. as he showed her a bronze statue of Pallas Athena, "*only she has lost her spear.*" A witness to the sessions would be Jofi, one of the chows to which Princess Marie Bonaparte introduced Freud and to which he became passionately attached. Some patients claimed that Freud knew the 55-minute session was over when Jofi got up, yawned, or scratched. Then Freud would usher the patient out, take a five-minute respite, and then go to meet the next one.



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"He has learned," remarked one analysand, "the difficult art of the counter transference. He gives of himself but not indiscriminately or in a way that would burden the patient with the necessity of returning affection for affection. . . . His handshake is rather limp. His hand hangs down from his arm." (He was small, incidentally, five foot four.) "His movements are quick and birdlike . . . almost feminine in their quickness and delicacy."

A set of doors revealed Freud's study — archetypal paternal sanctum, zone of punishment and gratification

These rooms were photographed by Edmund Engelman the month before the 82-year-old Freud, along with Martha and Anna, left for London. A Nazi swastika hung over the front doorway and storm troopers had already forced their way in, looking for plunder and departing with cash. International pressure on the Nazis had permitted the Freuds to ship out all their belongings. Evidence of Freud's lifelong sojourn in a city he once said he hated "almost personally" became harder to find. All trace of Freud vanished from Berggasse. In the mid thirties he had rejected as "nonsensical" the suggestion of the city council that Berggasse be changed to "Freudgasse." Only in 1953 did newcomers to the block and admirers of Freud get the news, in the form of a plaque on No. 19 fixed there by the World Federation for Mental Health, that "from 1891 to 1938, in this house, lived and worked Professor Sigmund Freud, creator and founder of Psychoanalysis." In 1968 the Sigmund Freud Society was founded, with the intention of reopening Freud's quarters—vacant once more—to the public. And reopened they were, in 1971, furnished with some of Freud's furniture (though not the couch, which remains in London) and blow-ups of the Engelman photographs to show

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the way things had been.

And as Freud returned—at least in memory—to Berggasse, so too did the shop windows change in response—unconscious, no doubt—to his aura, and to the knowledge, visible after 1953 to every new resident, here had lived Dr. Freud, a man who had notoriously said that there was more in man's instincts and desires than met the eye, and that a fair amount of it had to do with sex and death.

So let us take a walk along Freud's block as it presented itself to me that day. On the first floor of No. 19, right where the First Vienna Food Co-op used to be in Freud's time, is the northern front of a store purveying aquatic equipment. Little white clouds, which we may reasonably take to symbolize the fantasy bubbles of dream and reverie, are painted along the top of the window. Inside the window looms the prow of a boat, set to cross the sea of the unconscious or even Styx itself. Propped against the boat is an anchor, an instrument of impaling, tool for mooring in the sea of unknowing, and one of three such implements displayed along the block.

The day I was there a large blue plastic swimming pool was perched on a flatbed truck outside the other half of the aquatic enterprise, at No. 18 directly across the street. In the eastward of the windows, offering a magnificent Freudian display, were pictures of hearts and fish—the latter have always been symbols of man's coarser urges in the dream lexicon—along with much equipment, in the form of sinuous white hoses and vacuum devices, to clean out the bottoms of pools. The western window on this far side of the street contains a diorama that is brusquely direct: three white oxygen diving cylinders, propped against an electric battery, point up to a circular life belt hanging high in the window behind the words SWIMMING POOL CENTER. As I gazed at this display with pleasure I could see the doorway of Freud's house reflected in the glass.

Right next to No. 19, heading along the Berggasse (literally, "mountain street") which rises steeply up toward the west, is the store that once housed the butchering establishment of Sigmund Kornmehl. Today it is a store selling women's handbags and men's belts. Whoever arranged it had put the



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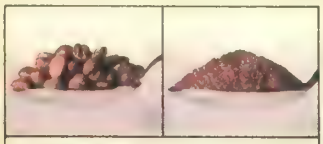
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dark bags—including one that resembles a doctor's valise—at the bottom next to the belts. One pretty little pink bag hangs in the center of the window with some white ones suspended above it. Students of Freud will at once recall his celebrated analysis of the case of Dora, published in 1905. As the eighteen-year-old woman recounted her troubles with Herr K and her father, while repressing her true feelings, Freud noticed that "she wore at her waist . . . a small reticule [or handbag] . . . as she lay on the sofa and talked, she kept playing with it—opening it, putting a finger into it, shutting it again, and so on. I looked on for some time, and then explained to her the nature of a symptomatic act . . . He that has eyes to see and ears to hear may convince himself that no mortal can keep a secret. If his lips are silent he chatters with his finger tips; betrayal oozes out of him at every pore . . ."

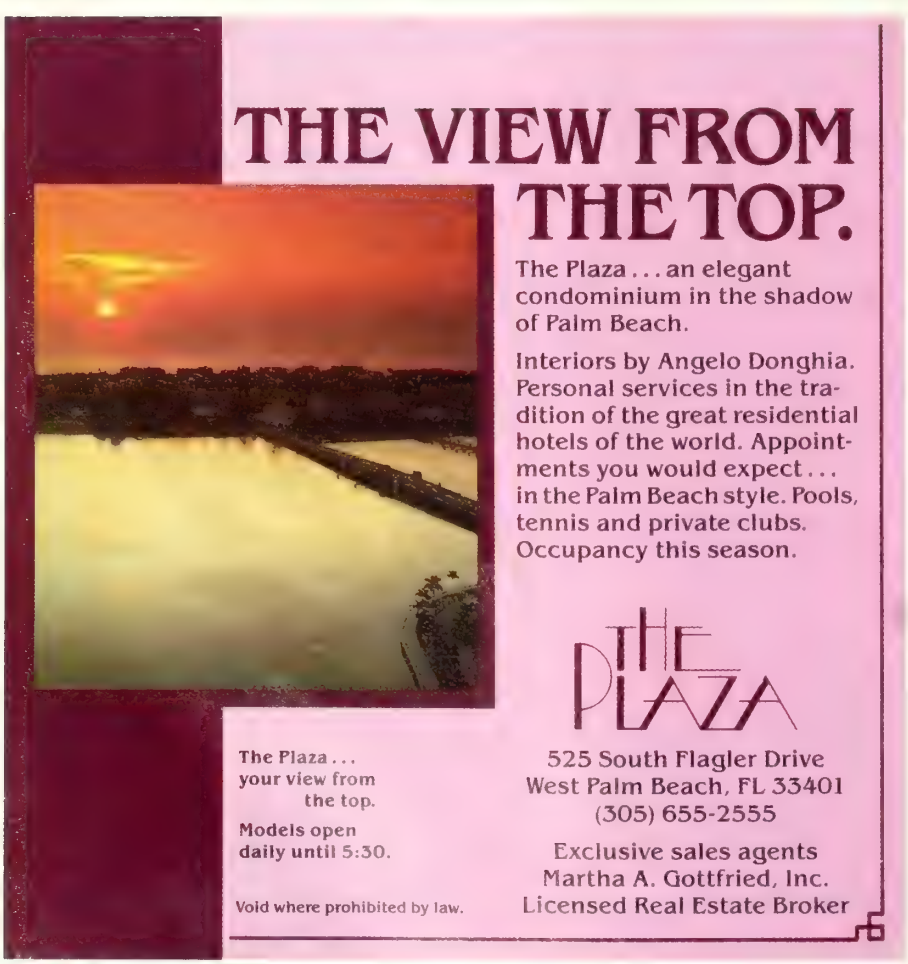
Betrayal of unconscious preoccupations continued to ooze out of Berggasse as I moved west. A Lotto shop advertised the gamble that is life, the stacked odds endemic to Freud's dark view of human destiny. A cleaning establishment gave way to a curiously energetic display of women's underwear (bargain prices attached), the main feature of which is a nightdress lunging down diagonally at a quilted dressing gown. Next were the first of a set of windows displaying pairs of women, with one model's left hand gesturing in a languid motion of introduction at her neighbor's midriff. Directly across Liechtensteinstrasse, as Berggasse continues to rise toward the Votivkirche, another women's clothing store echoed the theme.

Across the road from where the Vienna Institute for Psychoanalysis was once quartered at No. 7 there was a frightening bookstore window display, assembled by someone who apparently cherished negative feelings toward Freud. Right next to three copies of a book with Freud on its cover were three copies of a book displaying a picture of a woman and—separately—of a jaw. Above were seven copies of a book about food and adjacent two nurses' uniforms and a stethoscope. The symbolism seemed tastelessly clear. In 1923 Freud underwent the first of many operations for cancer of the jaw—operations which lasted intermittently for the rest of his life and which often left him in agony. He had to wear a prosthetic device and often ate with considerable difficulty.

Disturbed by this display I headed back down the south side of Berggasse and there, halfway down the block on the other side of the street from Freud's house, came upon what was undoubtedly the centerpiece of Berggasse's unconscious tribute to the force of Freud's memory. The single window display of this little furniture store displayed the following: at the back, a pair of curtains slightly parted, on the wall to the right a hanger, at center right a velvet-colored stool, above a picture of a blue couch and armchair. At left another picture of a fishing line and metal fish lure with hook was propped against the wall. Between this picture and the stool was a small dark vase containing a bouquet of flowers.

As an advertisement for furniture the window lacked impact, but as a memorial to Freud it was rich in significance. As I read the display, the curtains evoked the theater of the human drama, from whose mysteries Freud drew aside the veil. Before it stood the stool or backless, castrated couch above which was the empty hanger representing a Freud no longer with us.

The picture at bottom of the enormous couch, juxtaposed to the fishing line and hook reaching down into the unconscious represented Freud in his prime. The vase of flowers was the final graveyard tribute. Overwhelmed by this sight I suddenly heard the slow chatter of a horse's hooves and saw reflected in the window what seemed to be the shape of a hearse. A black-jacketed coachman was driving two tourists along. Among thickening twilight the horse ambled past No. 19 and I heard the coachman say Freud's name with a laugh edged with unease at the man who knew too much. □



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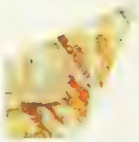
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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson



■ RICH ILLUSIONS The use of exotic woods to make designs for furniture, floors, and ceilings is a seduction to European craftsmen that has survived all shifts of taste since the sixteenth century. In France in particular the taste was very entrenched. François Mansard did marquetry ceilings. André Charles Boulle did cabinets and armoires. Both Reisener and Roentgen incorporated into furniture marquetry pictures that aped fashions in art. Last spring a voluptuous twenties commode by Süe et Mare came up at Christie's. Across the front was a splendid Art Deco design in a marquetry of stained woods—ebony, sycamore, tulipwood, and rosewood. A similar passion existed for walls and floors veneered with colored marbles and tabletops inlaid with a mosaic of semiprecious hardstones. Side by side with the taste for elaborate wood or marble decoration, however, there has always existed a taste for the more flexible charms of trompe l'oeil—the painterly subterfuge of wood or stone done in paint. The illusion would often be used—in the card room at Vaux le Vicomte, for example—cheek-by-jowl with the real thing. Even in the twentieth century the techniques of faux bois and faux stone have been standard effects for decorators. Very recently a young generation of European-born or -trained artist-craftsmen inspired both by the past and by elaborate contemporary fantasies—in particular those devised by Mongiardino—are coming up with breath-taking faux-bois and faux-marbre schemes for American rooms. Patrick Boivin, one of these craftsmen whose designs appear on this page, articulates their point of view: "I love the work of the past but I don't like to do facsimile reconstructions of prior periods. I refer to old colors and designs but often use the color of one marble or wood with the pattern of another. Trompe l'oeil is appealing not because it is cheaper than the real thing but because the effect is often even nicer. At the time of Louis XVI the opera at Versailles was done in faux marbre and the effect is much more subtle and delicious than real marble could have been." To reach Patrick Boivin in New York: (212) 430-5527. In Paris: 135 rue du Faubourg St. Denis, 75010; tel: 202-6706. For inspiration: *Decoration de Bois et Marbres* with designs by A. Desaint,









Faux-bois, faux-marbre designs from a French book, *left,* designs by Patrick Boivin, *above.*

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BEAUTIFUL SKIN NOW AND FOREVER



and *La Marqueterie* by Pierre Ramond, from Editions H. Vial and available through 999 Bookshop, NYC (212) 288-9439. Ask for Carol Kim. ■ MONSTER YEAR FOR CHROME Characteristics of the 1958 Buick include bargelike handling, four miles to the gallon, Dynaflow transmission for rocketlike acceleration, and a bulky body encrusted with possibly the most chrome ever designed onto one car. Photographer Andrew Garn drove his pet '58 Buick to a Jersey City diner to get the chrome to look like mother-of-pearl, *left,* as it basked in the diner's lights. Garn is a one-car fanatic, but for many car collectors one is not enough. That cars are not small, polite, precious objects is probably part of their appeal to jeweler Nicola Bulgari. For over twenty years Nicola has had a grinding passion for American Buicks made before World War II. He loves these early Buicks as mass-produced cars with engineering equal to standards for European custom-made cars of the same era. At one moment Bulgari owned more than twenty—among them Buick motorcade limousines that belonged to the Vatican and the English royal family—which he houses in garages all over Rome. Now some of his Buicks live in Allentown, Pennsylvania, with his friend Bernie Berman, who has a collection of about 75 old cars—mostly Lincolns, Cadillacs, and Chryslers—in one huge air-conditioned garage. Can one man enjoy 75 cars? No. But with the help of his friends Berman enjoys taking a fleet of ten cars on private rallies through the Pennsylvania countryside in search of a delicious meal and a scenic ride home. ■ SOVIET DESIGN The West has habitually dismissed Russian design since 1917 as little more than an ideological exercise. Most plates served up political lessons, cups wore revolutionary slogans, trays displayed maps of the Moscow subway, and vases of a monumental size were emblazoned with bad portraits of Lenin or Stalin. Purely decorative pieces were pleasant but not special. Now for a fresh assessment: an unusual exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford, until February 5, and at the Crafts Council Gallery, London, from February 20–April 28—"Early Soviet Ceramics and Textiles." In art it is the period of Malevich, Kandinsky, Tatlin, and Rodchenko. The work in this exhibition jars our preconceptions. Most appealing are the pieces that combine the abstract forms of Soviet Suprematism and the anecdotal charm of Russian peasant art. Our example: a 1919 plate by Schchekotikhina-Popotskya from a series on the zodiac. ■ HIGHFALUTIN HOUSEKEEPING Our era is accustomed to treating dust covers, carriage linings, and sisal as elements of serious decoration. What we have forgotten is that these materials got their start as staples of serious *housekeeping.* Thus readers may enjoy *The National Trust Manual of Housekeeping* by Sandwith and Stainton (Allen Lane, Penguin Books, London) as an explanation of how mattress ticking, muslin, rush matting, as well as the pajamas worn by garden statues in the winter were used in the days before they were fashionable. The authors are respectively a conservator and



'58 Buick: car-collector kitsch.



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head housekeeper of the English National Trust and theirs is a pioneering work that links inspired and scientific housekeeping with the art of conservation. Although many of the methods are on a level appropriate for occupants of National Trust houses with contents of considerable magnitude, there is plenty of advice that anybody can make use of. One is reminded to Polaroid a chandelier from all angles

Although many methods are on a level appropriate for occupants of National Trust houses with contents of considerable magnitude, there is plenty of advice anybody can use

before taking it apart to clean it, to allow the brass handles of old furniture to tone down to match now-faded wood, to use both hands when picking up an object, to store silver in tissue paper rather than plastic bags, chamois, or felt. There is advice on how to "water" rush matting to give it some resilience—twice a week at that. All of the chapters are peppered with italicized *nevers* that one would be tempted to have pasted up in a pantry as admonishment to champion china-chippers hired on to help at a dinner party: *never* immerse porcelain with gold decoration on it in water, *never* reach over one object in the front of a shelf to another in the back, *never* answer the telephone with a fine piece of porcelain in the other hand. When tempted to use a lot of picture lights or to hang paintings on a wall that gets a lot of sun, think of the Dutch seventeenth-century painting, page 56, showing a pale blue taffeta curtain to protect the canvas. Available now through 999 Bookshop, New York, and later this year in an American edition. □



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BRILLAT-SAVARIN'S TASTE OF AMERICA

On turkey shoots and Boston ladies, the gastronome's letters home

By Herbert Cahoon



Pen-and-ink drawing by William Hallowell, entitled *Turkey Shoot,* 1861

"I hope, my dearest friend you have received the letter I wrote to you in the end of August, and found in it an account of my circumstances, and my opinion about the country that I have survey'd, men, women, and other particulars I know you are fond of."

The letter that the gastronome and lawyer Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin wrote "in the end of August" has unfortunately been lost, as has a journal that he kept during the two years he was in the United States, a refugee from the Reign of Terror in his native France. Two letters, however, that the future author of *The Physiology of Taste* wrote from America (one of which begins with the paragraph quoted above) have survived and are now in the collection of The Pierpont Morgan Library. Though by nature less meditative and reflective than his brilliant book, published some thirty years later, these letters go far to illustrate how his capacity for celebrating life in general made him a most welcome alien in the United States.

The letters are part of a group of 56 written between 1795 and 1816 by Brillat-Savarin to Jean Antoine Rostaing, a friend who came to New York with him but returned to France after a stay of seven months. The letters excerpted here, and nine others written later in France and Germany, are in English and are referred to by Brillat-Savarin as "English performances." They form piquant exercises in the language of the new nation.

Anthelme, as he was known to his friends, had learned some English during a brief stay in London and on the long sail across the Atlantic with Rostaing. He and his friend strengthened their linguistic abilities in New York, and for the next few years they used English both to ensure a certain amount of privacy in their sometimes libertine correspondence and to keep in practice. After Anthelme's return to France he wrote gleefully to Rostaing:

"If you read what I write without help of a glossary you are indeed a great scholar. As for me everybody says that I have been exceedingly proficient. I talk with a tolerable fluency, and the babbling scrawl I send to you, I write equally quick as it were French, nor take I any trouble to correct and read it again like a slothfull fellow I am and will be till death. Besides your patience and indulgence I rely upon as being inexhaustible."

Brillat-Savarin had studied at the University of Dijon, and received his degree on his 23rd birthday in 1778. He was elected to the Estates General in 1789 and wrote frequent, informative reports to his constituency from Versailles and Paris. On his return to Belley, his birthplace in eastern France, Anthelme was unanimously chosen mayor; in this office he was a political moderate who shrank from and was soon menaced by the Jacobins, whose radical policies controlled the national government. Early in December 1793, Anthelme was forced to flee across the Rhone to Switzerland.

It was there that he met Rostaing, a native of Talissieu, a village north of Belley that was famous locally for its eels. An army paymaster general whose political opinions were too conservative for the times, Rostaing had fled to Switzerland late in 1793. In 1794, the friends traveled together down the Rhine, crossed to England, and sailed for the United States.

After nine months in New York, Anthelme left the city to better his for-

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"With the first burst of the band, Amy's color rose, her eyes began to sparkle, and her feet to tap the floor impatiently; for she danced well and wanted Laurie to know it . . .

—LITTLE WOMEN

Doll shown smaller than full height of approximately

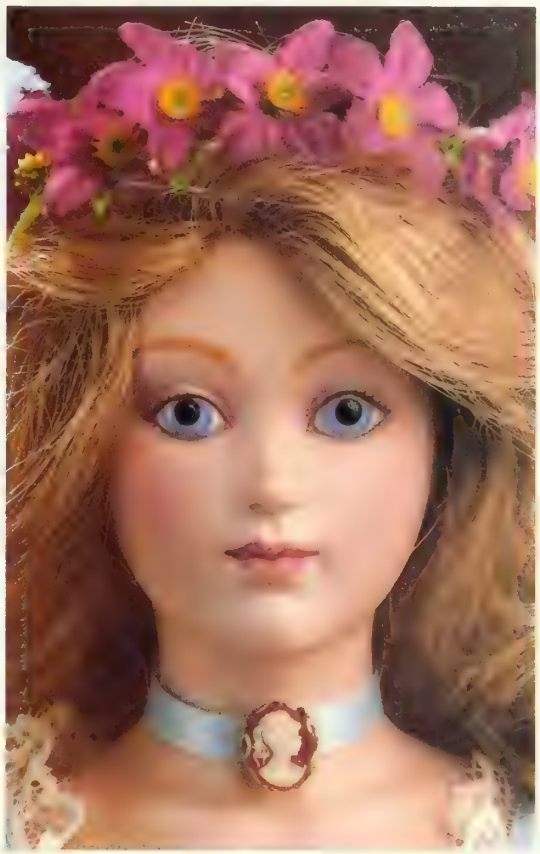
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tunes in Hartford, advertising in *The Connecticut Courant* that he wished to give lessons in French to "those who are desirous of getting a thorough knowledge of that beautiful language." Teaching and playing the violin in theaters supplemented the slender financial assistance he received from fellow émigrés and American friends. One of the memorable episodes that he recorded in his classic of gastronomy, *The Physiology of Taste,* published in Paris six weeks before his death on February 2, 1826, was an account of a hunt for turkeys and other wild game in the wilderness outside Hartford. In an "English performance" dated October 26, 1795, Brillat-Savarin gives an unadorned version of his adventure:

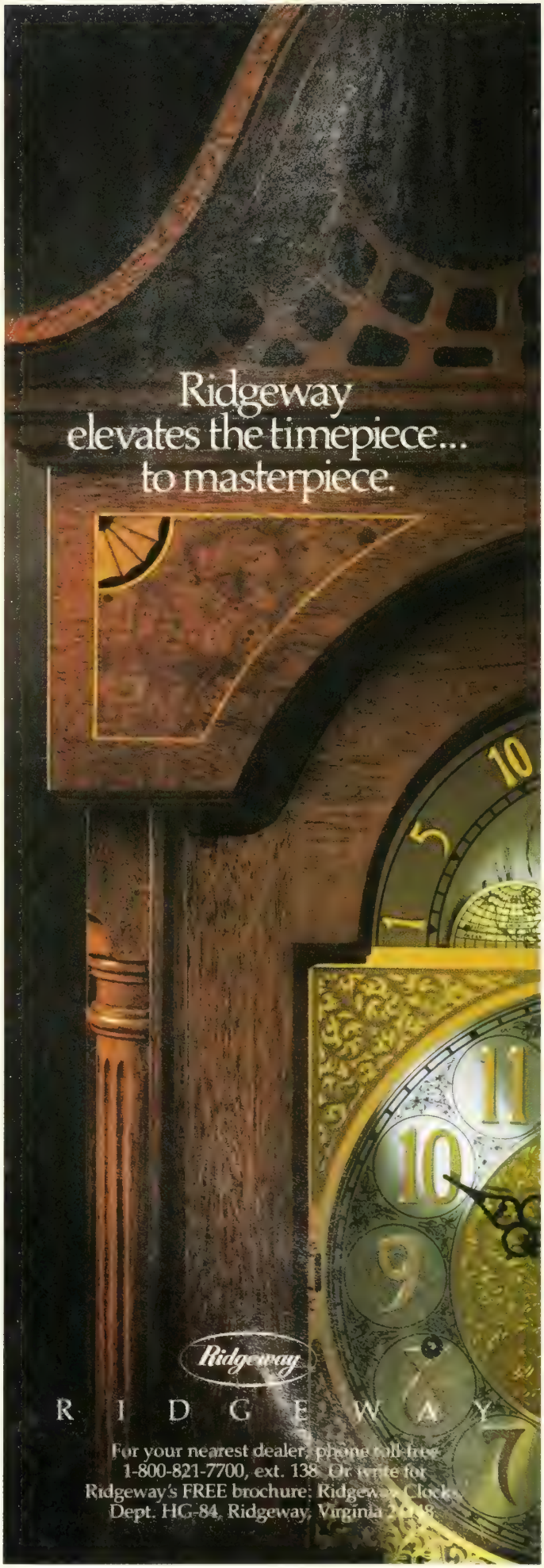
"I am just coming from a hunting party thirty miles from Hartford, in these awful mountains, and dreary groves yet untouched by European axes. Hither I have observed the different states of a tree from its first breaking forth from the earth till its returning to it by growth, decrepitude, and rotteness, a very interesting spectacle, and by no means to be seen in our old and rotten world.

"Our chief aim was squirreling, but as our landlord, that is the farmer to whose house we alighted, having told us about some broods of wild turkey cocks, we sallied immediately in quest of them and after a toilsome pursuit amidst these pathless woods, were so lucky as to find a covey of seven. An Irishman who was of the party fired a[t] one that fell, but having only broken its wing the swift legged bird made its escape amongst the thickets and bushes, and was lost, though my mouth began to water for it. But soon after, another chancing to fly at a gun shot off me I fired, and plump went it down beautiful, fat, heavy and well looking. I suppose that being properly stuffed with onions, garlik, mushrooms, and anchovies it will prove a veri capital morsel—*after diner*—and so it was, and so it was indeed." In his book Brillat-Savarin concluded the episode of the turkey hunt with remarks in English on his dinner: "Very good! exceedingly good! oh! dear sir, what a glorious bit!" but the ingredients of the turkey stuffing are printed here, in the native land of the turkey, for the first time.

"The day after tomorrow," Anthelme's letter concluded, "I set out on foot for Boston in company with La Massue, the distemper in [New] York prevent us to repair thither before February. I shall spend three or four months in that capital of Massachusetts, and craddle of American liberty, from whence I will write to you. Adieu my dear Joe till we meet and shake hands."

Anthelme was in Boston by January 1796, having made the cold journey from Hartford on foot. There he played the violin and discovered, as so many émigrés had, the gastronomical pleasures of Julien's restaurant. (Brillat-Savarin boasts in his book that he taught the restaurateur "how to make my *fondue,* of scrambled eggs with cheese.") Anthelme may possibly have played his violin for a performance at the Federal Street Theatre featuring Elizabeth Arnold, who had arrived from England with her eight-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, also an actress. They would be remembered not for their acting and singing, but as the grandmother and mother of Edgar Allan Poe. Anthelme wrote on January 22:

"Whatever may have been said about the Boston inhabitants, their sociability, affability, and politeness, nothing is exagerated. I have experienced unspeakable kindness



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amongst them, and have been these three months in a perpetual round of feast and bankets some of which would not disgrace the most brilliant houses at Paris. Women are exceedingly fair and it chances sometimes that the boxes in the play house are so much crowded with heavenly faces and lovely forms that I gaze on them wild with frantic desire and the bow that I hold in my hand is not by half so stiff as the other one that rages in my breeches.

"I live in a furnished room, have a boarding for diner only and find myself for supper and breakfast. I am told that my predecessor was used to lay down some times with pretty girls and so I do, and so I do."

By early March, Brillat-Savarin had traveled back to New York by way of Providence and New London on the Boston Post Road. There he bided his time waiting for a free passage on a French naval vessel; he eventually sailed from Philadelphia on the *Fleur des mers* and arrived in Cherbourg early in September 1796. A post chaise carried him to Paris, where he reported in a later letter, "I breathe the native air, rosy, healthy, and lecherous as usual."

Many years after these events, when he was a veteran judge of the Supreme Court of Appeal, Brillat-Savarin recorded his departure and reflections on America in *The Physiology of Taste;* in the fine translation by M.F.K. Fisher the passages read: "I was leaving for France, quitting the United States after a three [two] years' stay, and everything had gone so well for me there that all I asked from Heaven (and it heard my prayer) in the inevitable moments of regret before a departure, was that I might be no more unhappy in the Old World that I had been in the New.

"This happiness I owed principally to the fact that from the moment I arrived in America I spoke the native tongue, I dressed like the Americans, I took care not to seem more intelligent than they, and I was pleased with whatever they did; it was thus that I paid for the hospitality I found among them by a tactfulness which I believe necessary and which I suggest to all who find themselves in the same position.

"Therefore I left peacefully a country where I had lived with everyone as peacefully, and there could not have been in all creation a two-legged featherless being more filled than I was with brotherly love." □

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Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

*Plus $1.50 for shipping and handling. (Conn. residents pay $8.92 to include tax.)

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Address _____

City _____

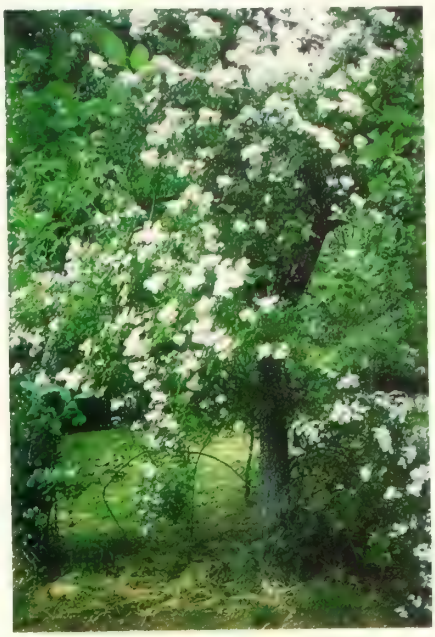
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The Thimble Collectors Club reserves the right to select specific designs included in this collection.







SNOWDON IN SUSSEX

The distinguished photographer captures the changing moods of his country house and garden

BY ELAINE GREENE

The most formal portion of the house, *left,* was added to earlier structures about 1820. Lord Snowdon put in the path and the borders, designed and built the wooden entrance porch, which replaces his previous one ("too spindly"). *Above:* In the orchard, *Rosa filipes* 'Kiftsgate' climbs over a pear tree.

When Lord Snowdon was a child, his grandparents would sometimes take him into a Sussex wood for picnic teas. Grandfather, Colonel L.C.R. Messel, had with his own father created the garden at their family home, Nymans: one of England's greatest late-Victorian "paradise" gardens. The Messel family eventually gave Nymans into the keeping of the National Trust.

In the Nymans woods close to a stream stood the goal of the 1930s picnic walks, Old House, "done up" by grandmother Messel but not then lived in. The structure was actually a cluster of three small dwellings, the earliest medieval. Some three decades later Snowdon returned to Old House in possession of a lease from the National Trust, which put in his hands the tumble-down dwellings and outbuildings and three acres of wild woods and fields. Now in a much-altered state, Old House is the country home of Lord and Lady Snowdon and their children, and its studio is the frequent scene of portrait and fashion sittings.

As a Trust tenant, Snowdon was required to inhabit the house but allowed to use his judgment in making it habitable; this is no stately home to preserve with reverence. There are many elements from several centuries that are treasured, but a new floor plan had to be devised to eliminate labyrinthine passages and rooms far smaller than would be useful. There was no water in the house, nor electricity, nor heat except for a few fireplaces. Part of the roof had fallen in, supporting structures had to be strengthened, and every surface needed freshening if not repair.

Snowdon plunged into this major project prepared by a long history as a designer and do-it-yourselfer, his eye trained from the start by his stage-designer uncle, Oliver Messel, and refined by two years of architecture study



The walled garden was made in such a sloping field that paths had to become steps. Snowdon designed the garden and laid down the paths with his son's help. In box-bordered beds: hybrid tea roses, wallflowers, Japanese anemones, Dutch lavender, various thymes, Martagon lilies with catmint and knotweed.

A restored century-old gypsy caravan—now a children's playhouse and occasional guest room—stands in the upper field, *opposite,* where an old orchard has been saved and replenished. *Above:* Out of three tiny rooms and a fallen-down staircase came this convivial kitchen. Lord Snowdon bought the 1750 stove in Denmark; it heats most of the downstairs. In the base of the birdcage is an electric bulb that reflects light off the ceiling and casts wiry shadows. *Below:* The walled garden with the stable-turned-studio at left.



at Cambridge. Best known as a photographer and film maker, Lord Snowdon is also the designer of the aviary at the London Zoo, of the Investiture of the Prince of Wales (an event he stage-managed for television), and of an affordable motorized wheelchair. At home, he is the designer and usually the fabricator of anything that is needed: a chimney-piece molding, a playroom balcony for his young daughter, a window, a staircase. Sometimes what is needed is simply a change; Old House is always a work in progress.

An old stable not far from the house has become a skylighted photography studio, with dressing room and kitchen for the models, and a pottery in which Snowdon and his children make ceramic objects. The back of the stone studio forms part of the garden wall. On the opposite side of the walled garden stands a new but harmoniously old-looking workshop for carpentry, metalwork, and other pleasures: "Where I live," says the owner.

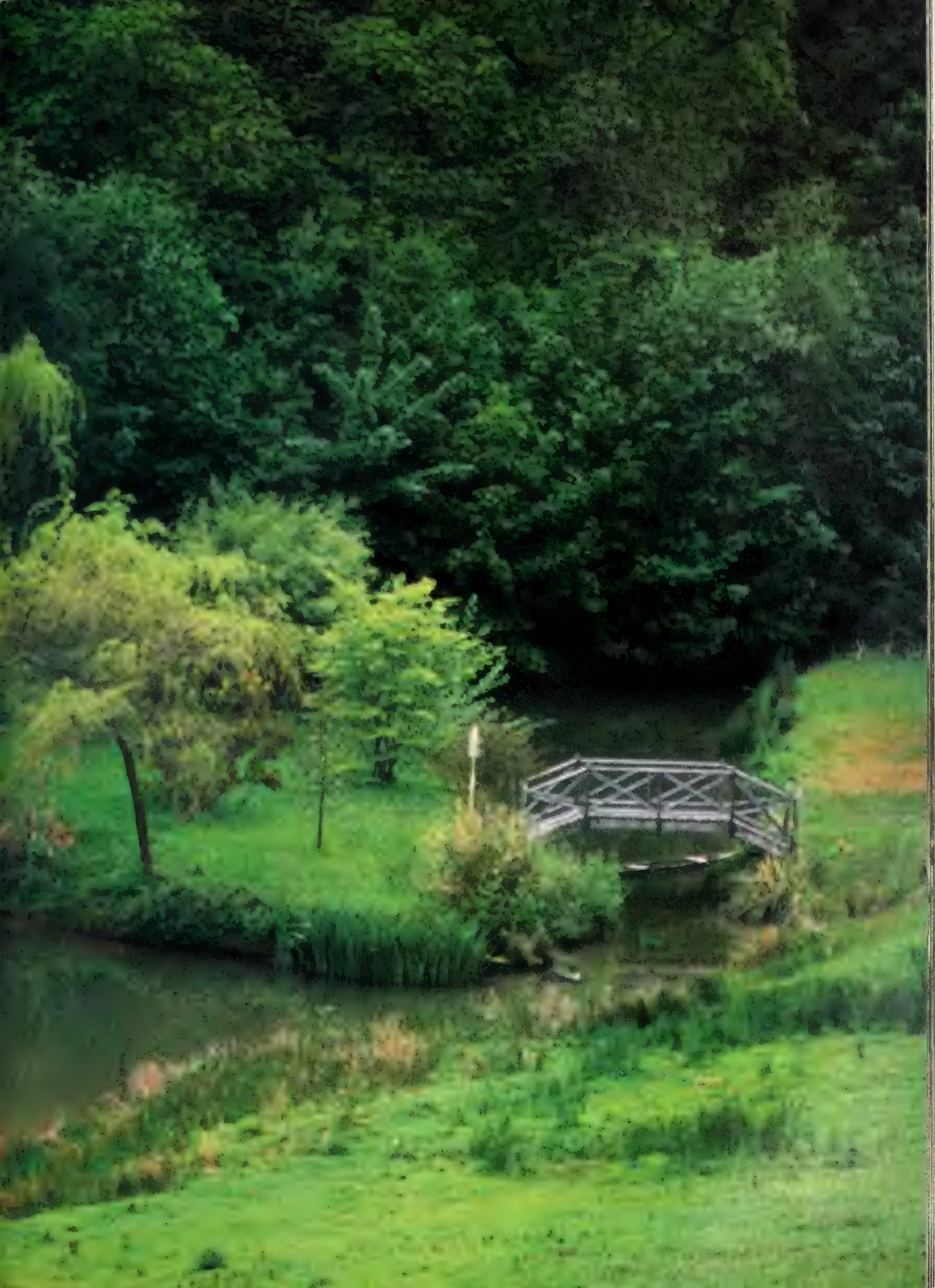
Creating gardens and views was as important to this child of Nymans as was the interior arrangement. A large, walled garden is "the heart of Nymans," according to the Countess of Rosse, Colonel Messel's daughter and Lord Snowdon's mother; she is a notable gardener and spends part of each year at her old Sussex home. Her son's walled garden is an equally important focus, appropriately scaled down to the modest size of Old House.

The view Snowdon designed for the nineteenth-century wing sweeps down a steep bank to a stream-fed lake that was dug after trees and brush were cleared away. In the lake live rainbow trout and swans and geese. Family and friends swim here or paddle about in an African dugout canoe found on a filming expedition. Two Snowdon-designed structures furnish the lake.

From a property whose only qualities were age and neglect, Snowdon has created unpretentious glamour and comfort and a variety of spatial and landscape experiences that take on variations of their own as the seasons come and go. Old House, after almost half a millennium, is now at its best. □



For the island in the man-made lake, Snowdon designed and built a Bangkok-inspired hut and a chinoiserie bridge.



An inviting room, *above,* between kitchen and dining terrace centers on an original fireplace. *Below:* Studio seen from orchard. *Opposite:* The original part of Old House was built in the sixteenth century of wattle and daub, material Snowdon found under the hung clay tiles, typical of Sussex, which were probably applied a century later. Venerable roof tiles are Horsham stone. A nail-studded oak door to the left of the pump, formerly the only water source, is framed by climbing roses and honeysuckle.





FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Phyllis Lapham decorates a Paris apartment where many cultures meet

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

A bed in the shape of a pagoda; a Chinese mandarin, larger than life and portrayed in full and elaborate costume; Ch'ien-lung vases wherever you look: it hardly sounds like a typically Parisian apartment, but here East meets West in more ways than one. Phyllis Lapham is both an interior designer and the wife of a California businessman whose directorships called him to France. She still spends time in their Japanese-style house in Pebble Beach, but she also set herself to decorate her Paris residence in the most personal of ways. That the result should be so unorthodox is no small achievement in a city where centuries of sophisticated French taste have a way of intimidating even the boldest souls.

Of course, chinoiserie is nothing new here. Ever since a Siamese embassy was received at Versailles by Louis XIV, French collectors and decorators have been lured by the Orient. In the eighteenth century most especially, lacquer and porcelain streamed forth into French drawing rooms, there to be mounted in gold or ormolu. Their forms were copied or adapted; their smooth, shiny surfaces reappeared on walls and carriages alike in vernis martin. Then, a century later, a passion for Japanese prints and objects swept Paris and influenced everyone.

For Mrs. Lapham, however, there was no question of reviving a tradition. Raised in the United States, a former student of the École du Louvre, and a thorough cosmopolitan, she has simply followed her own taste, not collecting so much as buying objects that for one reason or another appeal to her. Indeed, she began as a designer of

A pair of giltwood Italian Empire chairs with swirling arabesque backs face a Louis XV fireplace surmounted by a 17th-century Italian mirror and flanked by 56-inch Ch'ien-lung potiches on Second Empire bases.









Seen from the chimney end of the living room, *this page:* a Régence giltwood canapé surrounded by English chairs, a chest after a design by William Kent supporting 18th-century Canton enamels, and overlooking it all a China-trade painting of a mandarin. *Opposite:* The knee of one of the English chairs is a perfect match for a pair of consoles elsewhere in the same room.





contemporary furniture; but, she says, when she settled down in Paris she found that the modern idiom was simply not strong enough to withstand the weight of history. Something more was needed, so she started to look at antiques and quickly developed a taste for Chinese objects—one, however, that might not prevent her from moving one day toward some other, very different area.

In fact, although the emphasis in her Paris apartment is so markedly Chinese, it does not preclude the use of Western pieces that bring their own separate associations. The living room is a perfect case in point. Along with the mandarin, two four-and-a-half-foot-high Ch'ien-lung vases and a profusion of *famille rose* bowls filled with flowers—begonias in October, white poinsettias at Christmas, orchids in the spring—one cannot help noticing a stone Louis XV mantelpiece, durrie rugs, or a pair of spectacular green-and-gold Empire Italian chairs. These last actually turn out to be typical of Phyllis Lapham's style: their backs form bold, beautiful, well-defined shapes; the gold is, very rightly, green or red gold, thus avoiding all possible brassiness; and the chairs themselves are amazingly comfortable. "I won't buy a chair," Mrs. Lapham says, "unless my husband, who is six foot four, can be perfectly at ease when he sits in it."

Even more than comfort, however, eclecticism is typical of Mrs. Lapham's taste. *(Text continued on page 182)*

Willow-pattern fabric on the bedroom walls was mounted in reverse for a softer effect, *both views.* Pagoda bedside tables (above) were designed by Phyllis Lapham. The pagoda-like bed (right) faces a Chinese Chippendale mirror. Cinnabar vases and a *famille rose* bowl adorn the Louis XVI mantelpiece.





Watered silk lines the walls of Phyllis Lapham's boudoir, *above.* Over the German Empire day bed is a China-trade painting of the Pearl River. *Below:* Near the entrance, a Japanese lacquer desk made for export to the Netherlands in the 18th century. *Opposite:* The dining room with its Japanese screens, Japanese lacquer, Dutch-designed chairs, and an 1820s Austrian chandelier.







A LIGHT IN THE FOREST

Architect Arthur Erickson's dramatic reflections on art and landscape

BY MICHAEL SORKIN PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY

The front entrance of a house near Seattle by Arthur Erickson, *this page*, sited dramatically among towering firs. *Opposite:* View from the skylit central space through the front door. The work on the floor in the foreground is by Carl Andre; the sculpture beyond is an Anthony Caro.



Erickson's architecture provides a comfortable context for art in the forest primeval

The clients are collectors who wanted a work of art to house their works of art. The architect, Arthur Erickson, responded with a house that suavely satisfies this demand but also responds sympathetically to the more perennial issues of site and daily living. A native of Vancouver, Erickson is a regional architect in the best sense. Neither revivalist nor folklorist, he is profoundly attuned to the particulars of the Pacific Northwest. Indeed, the clients came to Erickson because of his talent for easy, comfortable mediation between architecture and the landscape it inhabits.

In this case, the landscape is archetypal, the forest primeval itself. The site, near Seattle in an enclave originally laid out by the Olmsted brothers, overlooks Puget Sound, but the more dramatic view is of the giant firs that dominate the six acres—stately, enormous, an arboreal cathedral. Faced with this array of natural virtues, Erickson felt some initial conflict. "Up until this house," he says, "my impulse would have been to retain as much of the existing grove as possible. But one of the problems we face in the Northwest is a rather watery, weak light for most of the year. So this time—confronted by a large, dense, forest—I decided to seize the bull by the horns and cut most of it down. But I chose to eliminate trees in such a way that the remaining forest would appear as an enormous wall." Erickson's client puts it more directly: "To see the trees, you've got to cut them down."

The long clearing that remained after timbering, closed at one end and opened at the other toward the view of the hills and Sound, is like an island of light in the midst of the dappled forest, and it is here that Erickson placed the



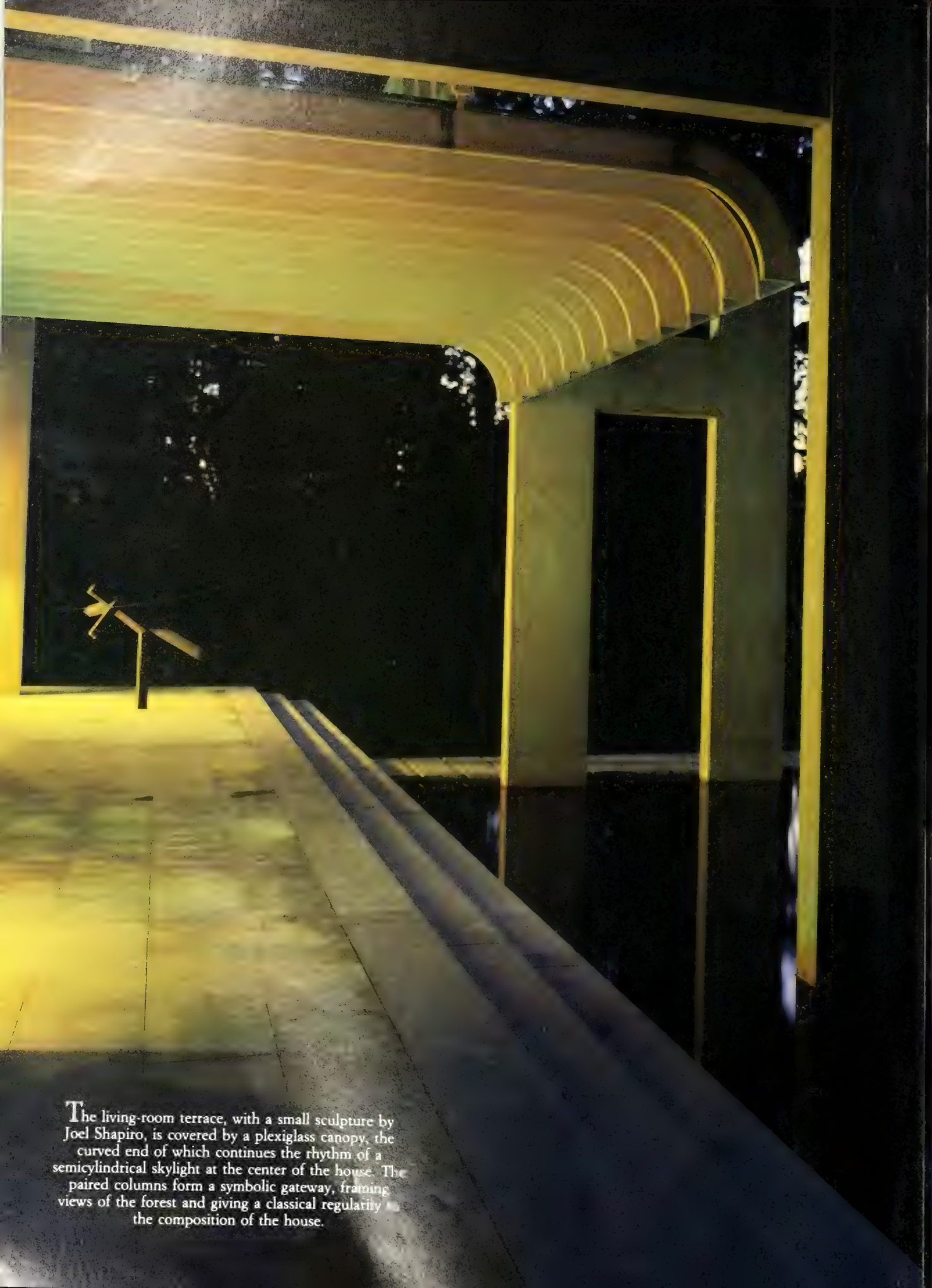
Anthony Caro's *Riviera* sits on a platform across a pool from the main living space.





The main living and gallery space is filled with the owners' collection of recent American art. Piece on wall in center is by Robert Longo; between it and chaise sits a Donald Judd. Sculpture in left foreground is by James Rosenquist. Smaller sculptures at top of the stairs are by Nancy Graves (left) and Michael Lucero (right). Paintings on walls at left by Mark Rothko and Susan Rothenberg; at right, by Frank Stella and Julian Schnabel. The whole is lit by a luminous glass-block roof.

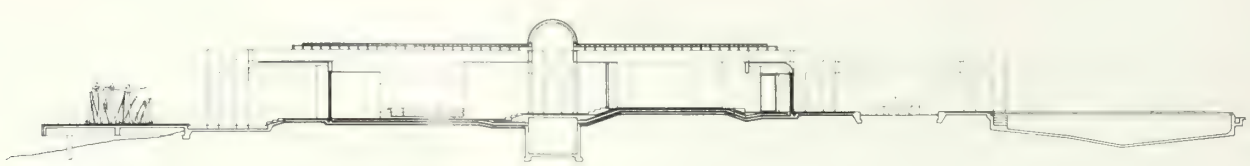




The living-room terrace, with a small sculpture by Joel Shapiro, is covered by a plexiglass canopy, the curved end of which continues the rhythm of a semicylindrical skylight at the center of the house. The paired columns form a symbolic gateway, framing views of the forest and giving a classical regularity to the composition of the house.



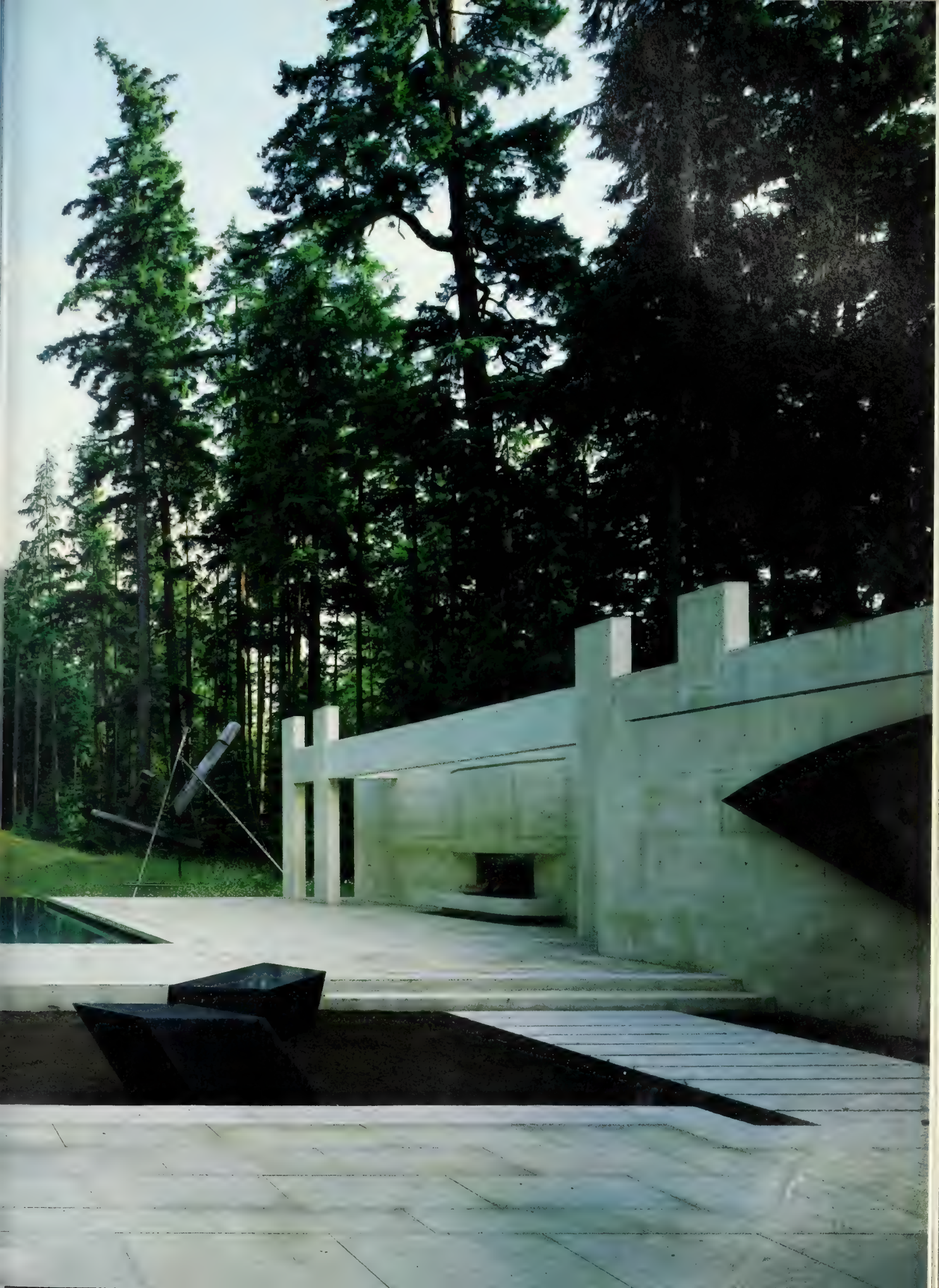
On a pedestal surveying the dining area, *above,* sits a fish lamp by Frank Gehry for Formica. Below it, part of a collection of Japanese storage pots. On the walls, a Helen Frankenthaler and a Morris Louis. *Below:* A section through the house showing the semicylindrical skylight and the placement of the large Caro sculpture. *Opposite:* A view into the woods at the end of the minor axis. The sculpture is by Anthony Caro.







The view from the dining area into the clearing created by architect Erickson. In the foreground is a five-part piece by Tony Smith; beyond the swimming pool is a large construction by Mark di Suvero; on wall, far right, an Ellsworth Kelly. The system of columns and beams appears to reach out toward the forest, its verticals trying to merge with the columnar tree trunks.



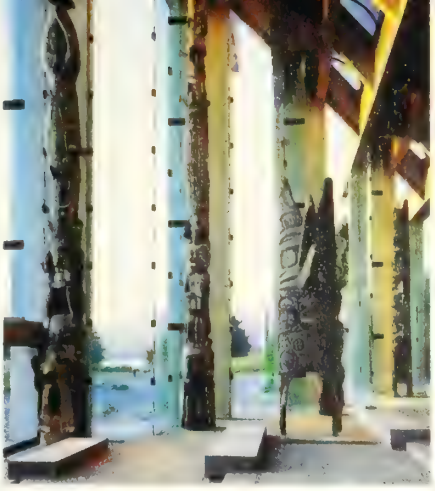


Like this house, Erickson's Museum of Anthropology responds to the power of both site and artifact

house and several monumentally scaled sculptures. The architectural strategy born of privileging light above all else not only shapes the siting of the house but also informs almost every aspect of its design. The entire central portion sits under a glazed roof, in effect a clearing within the larger clearing. The glazing materials, however, are not uniform, conjuring an array of lighting effects paralleling the changing light of the climate. At the center of the house, there's a large semicylindrical skylight of clear plexiglass, placing the greatest brightness at the core. Flanking this, over living and dining spaces—which are also the main gallery areas—is a roof of glass block, modulating light into a gentler intensity. Beyond this, over terraces at either end, are plexiglass canopies, still milder sources of diffusion, especially when they're covered with puddles of rain water (a not infrequent occurrence).

But these are only the means of introducing light from above. The perimeter of the house is equally permeable, though here the method is more conventional: large floor-to-ceiling windows break the barrier between in and out, accelerating the flow of space that marks this as a modern house in the classic Modern manner. Light is also organized from the ground up. Well, not precisely from the ground up but from its plane: at key locations, Erickson has placed pools, swimming and ornamental, which reflect light, their surfaces moving and luminous. The pools also employ another favorite Erickson effect. Water comes up to and even laps over their edges, creating a sharp, yet transitory, horizon. The sight of the distant Sound over this watery edge is striking, mysterious, and beautiful. Equally dramatic is the careful array of artificial lighting, which by night transforms house and site with electric atmospherics.

Structurally, the house takes its major cues from the forest itself. The columnar firs have inspired a simple system that emphasizes its columns by pairing them, an operation that also lends them the character of gates. Perhaps to befit the forest's solemnity, Erickson has conjured a house that's a hymn to the repetitive order of rectangular columns and beams. The columns, mirroring the trees, rise above the roof line, imparting to the whole a rhythmicality that enlivens elevations otherwise in danger of appearing austere. *(Text continued on page 168)*









A sculpture by Joel Shapiro overlooks a reflecting pool, its shimmering artificial horizon delineating one of the site's most dramatic views, *opposite. This page:* Four views of Erickson's Museum of Anthropology in Vancouver, B.C. This building is also an essay in simple column-and-beam construction in concrete. The museum steps down to provide a sympathetic setting for works of art at widely varying scales.



NEOCLASSICAL CONJURY

In which a fondness for the very particular has outweighed the fashionable

BY ROGER BAUM
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



An anonymous mourning portrait, circa 1820, *left,* is flanked by two Canova bronzes on mantel; on the right, *Muscles,* tempera, by Jared French; a model for the weather vane for Madison Square Garden by Augustus Saint-Gaudens sits on table. *Above:* A Senufo Janus mask hangs over a Gaston Lachaise standing figure on a Biedermeier table.

Something there is more needful than Expense,
And something previous ev'n to Taste, 'tis Sense:
Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no science, fairly worth the sev'n:
A light, which in yourself you must perceive . . .
—ALEXANDER POPE: *"EPISTLE TO LORD BURLINGTON" (1731)*

After I got out of the army, my mother gave me a house whose age, style, and plan coincided with my appetite. Built around 1835, it first served as chief coachman's home for a mansion in an adjoining square. He lived one flight up, over carriages and horses. It contained three floors with a basement in a block which had been a mews. At ground level two big rooms were connected by a corridor wide enough as a gallery for small pictures. A dwarf's dining room, a tiny kitchen-pantry sufficed. The room at the rear faced a common alley; square-paned windows, now bricked up, were relics of a stable. Space in front, twenty by forty feet long, transformed as a parlor, echoed double-cube proportions preferred by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century architects. Altered into a midget ballroom, it would be suitable for chamber music and fair-sized paintings. Gaslight no longer being practical, the late Richard Kelly devised a system of light-traps in which small crystal chandeliers were lit from hid bulbs. Walls were washed by lamps unobtrusively contained, controlled by rheostats.

Important to me was the installation of objects in sites which might suit them best. My "collection," such as it is,

A glimpse of the owner's cat collection: *above,* European, *below,* English, and, *opposite,* Japanese.





has small connection with my main activities. Also, there is little which curators might covet as affirmation of the value of modern art. When young I supported what seemed a revision, playing a part in founding institutions thought to establish radical absolutes for the epoch, while eliminating a time-lag in accepting work more progressive than the general opinion then governing. Later, for reasons which this "collection" may illustrate, I repudiated much which was hailed as novel. Not only did obsessive self-expression, endemic self-absorption, self-indulgence become the licensed academy, but international inadequacy in manual dexterity and the abandonment of conservative techniques taught me, by revulsion, how and what to look at, and to estimate beyond scanning by journalists, academics, or dealers. Modern art was no more a permanent renovation than all other etiolated styles, and would again share their summary exhaustion.

According to an aesthetic or morality grown more rigid as vision expanded, an acquisitive conscience fined down to work which, due to its makers' respect for great nature rather than self-contained sensibility, celebrated anonymous mastery. Much, if unattached to a signature, would be discounted by many curators or auctioneers. Since dates subsuming invention span centuries a decent catholicity must be conceded. However, more than one judge has been amused to observe that all might have been products of a single tribe of artisans. Preference has been narrow and deep. In its limitation, my bundle assumes aspects of polemical condescension. When I recall what was once owned, even more what might well have been bought, the "collection" might have counted as "major," instead of comprising minor bits, inconsequential as a reflection of the dominant taste of our time, and fragmentary even in its own terms.

It is, of course, a pleasure to "share," but by rule of thumb I've noticed some fifteen percent of visitors express any interest past muffled smirks at the old-fashioned or the unfashionable. As for being antiquarian, nostalgic, or *retardataire,* the testimony proclaimed by choice is, for me, so vivid, that it is self-divested of lapse in time. Craft and finish render them alive as the day in which these works were born. One critic I read with pleasure spoke of art he admired as "untainted by history." Immaculate conception is dubious; purity in any absolute sense, tautology. What I love is saturated in "that branch of knowledge that records and explains past events." *(Text continued on page 186)*





A long view of the ballroom. Empire furniture is covered in silk from Braquenié, Paris, marbleized wood columns were designed by Mark Hampton, and walls have been draped with cotton moiré from Scalamandré. Crystal chandeliers by the late Richard Kelly.









Elie Nadelman, *clockwise from top left,* orchestra conductor, wood, 1917, in front of a portrait by Charles Hawthorne, 1920; a painting by contemporary American artist David Langfitt; a nineteenth-century Danish portrait by Christian Koebke, flanked by Antico horse and a Nadelman horse; Spanish ancestor portrait, circa 1870. *Opposite:* A Canova Winged Victory sits on a piano next to a Duncan Grant portrait, and plaster cat on pouf is by Frémiet.





LIVING IN ZEN

John Pawson designs a London flat for Dutch art dealer Hester van Royen

BY DORIS SAATCHI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

Influenced by the flat, well-ordered landscape of her Dutch youth and English designer John Pawson's intransigent adherence to Zen principles of architecture, art dealer Hester van Royen has stripped away all the trimmings—and then some—in her nineteenth-century London apartment. Behind the ornamental ironwork and curlicued capitals of a gently faded but still-graceful house in the kind of residential square that used to be described as "respectable," where there were probably once velvet curtains, overstuffed leather sofas, Persian carpets, and objects on every surface, there are now steely Venetian blinds, Mies van der Rohe chairs, bare golden oak floors, and very little else.

Many would find such austere surroundings uncomfortable, even inconvenient. Hester van Royen cheerfully insists that the minor inconveniences of her disciplined way of living are worth putting up with for the sake of a highly refined home life.

"A lot of places are like grannies' attics," she says with a shiver. "All those objects that weren't particularly interesting or beautiful in their day, but are now valuable because they're old, hauled out and crowded together give me goose bumps."

In the traditional Japanese residence, as she discovered on a trip to Japan four years ago, a room is inhabited only when it is occupied by a human being. It contains no accumulations or residues of individual existences and activities and so, according to Zen belief, allows each occupant's spirit to move, unhindered by memories or reminders, where it will. □

THE BEDROOM

Right: In a rare act of self-indulgence, Hester van Royen, *above,* sleeps on two futons instead of one. The only other objects in the room are a Mies chair, a floor light, and an alarm clock. When not needed, alarm clock and futons are gathered up and put away in hall cupboards.



THE BAY WINDOW

Opposite: Neatly composed in the central window in the front room is the spire of a 19th-century church. An extension of the walls into the bay by about a foot has framed the views from the windows with a proscenium-like arch, turning them into a backdrop for the activities inside.



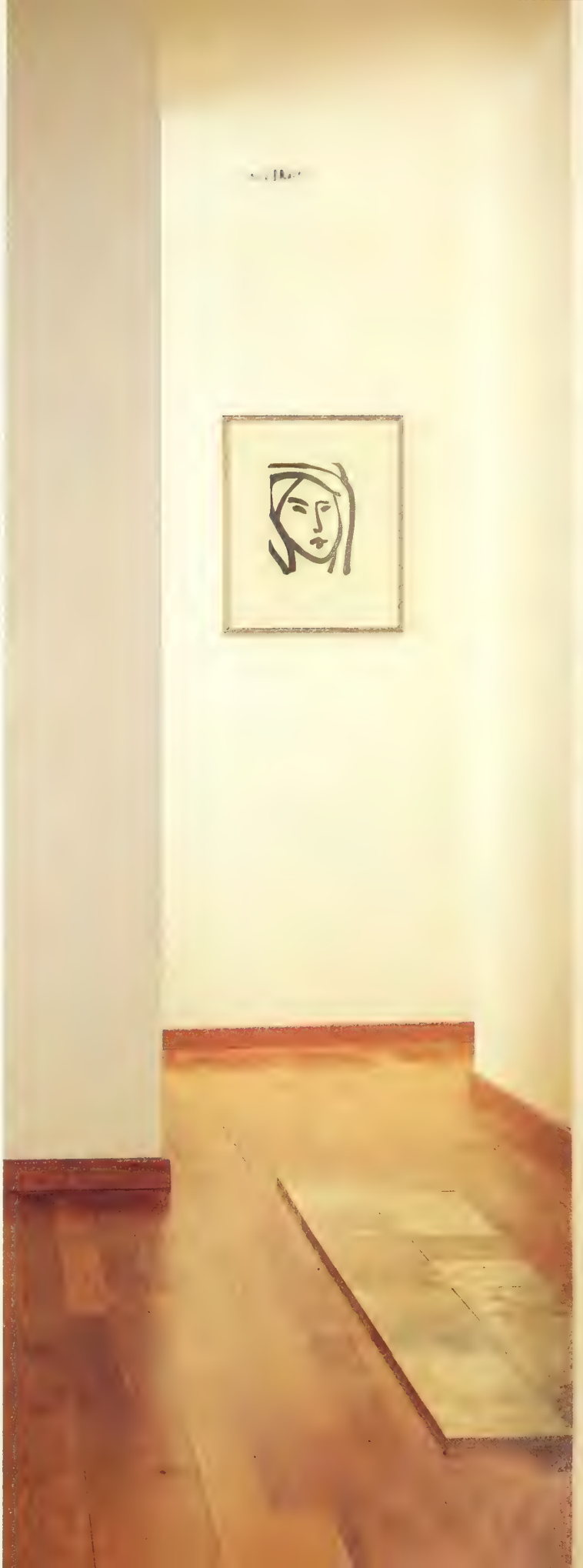


THE BATHROOM

Left: To avoid the irregularity of cut tiles the bathroom's specific dimensions were determined by the size of the tile. There is no cupboard or shelf. Hester van Royen carries a wetpack with her each time she washes her face, brushes her teeth, and showers. There is also no mixer tap for the sink, as that would have required four elements on the sink's surface instead of three.

THE FRONT HALL

Right: In the hall space there are only bare wood floors and matte-white walls; the only objects are a Matisse lithograph, a floor sculpture by Carl Andre, and a small drawing by Penck. But even an entryphone and radiator and a light-switch panel elsewhere in the hall assume significance as objects in their own right. Doorways in the van Royen apartment have roughly the dimensions of tatami mats, a feature of traditional Japanese architecture.



THE BACK HALL

Right: At the end of the apartment's back corridor an aluminum folding ladder leads mysteriously to a crawl space created when the ceilings of the hall were lowered for the sake of better proportions. It is a storage area for wine and rarely used household paraphernalia, such as Christmas-tree decorations and huge cooking pots for Hester van Royen's large dinner parties, occasions usually connected with her work as a director of Waddington Galleries. Behind the double-hung doors on the left, there are a washing machine and drier, clothes, futons, daughter Phoebe's toys, and other necessary but unaesthetic objects of daily life. Unlike her mother, Phoebe sleeps on a Western mattress in a double-decker bunk bed.



KITCHEN/DINING AREA

Below: The Hans Wegner chair provides one of the few curves in the van Royen apartment. Designer Pawson prefers right angles, particularly when they combine into fat squares like the Carrara-marble top of the open cube table by Milan architect A.G. Fronzoni.



THE KITCHEN

Right: Gas burners set into a white Carrara-marble countertop indicate the kitchen area. A half-size refrigerator and the oven are stashed behind blank cupboard doors, as are cutlery, china, and all the other equipment used to prepare, serve, and eat food. Apart from flowers, the only decoration in the room is a pattern on the wall made by downlighters set into the ceiling, a chiaroscuro version of a Morris Louis painting.







A VIEW ON THE BOSPHORUS

After a life in the foreign service, a Turkish diplomat returns to a restored eighteenth-century yalu

BY OLIVIER BERNIER PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

The Bosphorus, glittering at sunset, seen from the loggia, *this page; opposite,* on the land side, the house hides behind its colorful garden.



An orange sky reflected in the waters of the Bosphorus; cypresses, domes, and minarets crowning the hills of Istanbul; countless super-tankers, cruise ships, and fishing scows sailing past: this most spectacular, most romantic of urban landscapes had always fascinated Muharrem Nuri Birgi. Born and raised in Istanbul, Ambassador Birgi, in the course of his diplomatic career, has made himself at home in many of the West's capitals; but when, in 1972, the owner of one of the very last *yalus* in Uskudar decided to sell her house, she knew just who the next resident must be.

All through the eighteenth century, rich Turks built themselves large wooden houses—*yalus*—in Uskudar, the Asiatic bank of the Bosphorus which overlooks the Topkapi and all the great mosques of Istanbul, and because the view was what mattered, they made sure that the walls served as mere frames to the huge floor-to-ceiling windows; then they surrounded themselves, on the land side, with elaborate gardens and felt, with some justification, that they had created something close to an earthly paradise. With the decay and fall of the Ottoman Empire, however, most of the great families were ruined and their abandoned *yalus* soon rotted away. When, some twelve years ago, Ambassador Birgi rushed back from Brussels in response to an imperious summons, what he found, he says, were two aged, decayed, but still dazzling beauties; and one of these was selling the other.

It took a great deal of work, once the deal had been consummated, to restore the house to its original condition. The crumbling foundation had to be rebuilt, and turned out to be, in all probability, Byzantine; the wooden exterior was saved wherever possible, sanded and repainted the proper shade of reddish-brown. The countless huge windows, with their complicated system of counterweights, were made to work again; the extraneous partitions inside the house were removed—it had been subdivided into apartments; the carved ceilings were carefully preserved as were the elaborately carved banisters; new bathrooms were put in; and it was all done less to re-create the long-distant past than to take advantage of the house's particular attractions: the windows, for instance, were redone at the turn of the century and there was no question of replacing their Art Nouveau grace with an artificial replica of the eighteenth-century frames.

While all this work was going on, and, indeed, for the next two years, Mr. Birgi watched his garden with an eager eye. It was, he says, an unkempt wilderness, but, in the hope that rare, exotic flowers might appear, he waited patiently. When he saw nothing but weeds—and a huge wisteria—he set about designing a brand-new garden which took advantage of the uneven terrain to create a whole series of trompe-l'oeil perspectives; and while, within the house, fidelity to the past was the key concept, in the garden the Ambassador let his fantasies take over. The result is what looks like a large park full of exotic trees, pools, fountains, and lush flower beds, all in a space that actually occupies less than an acre.

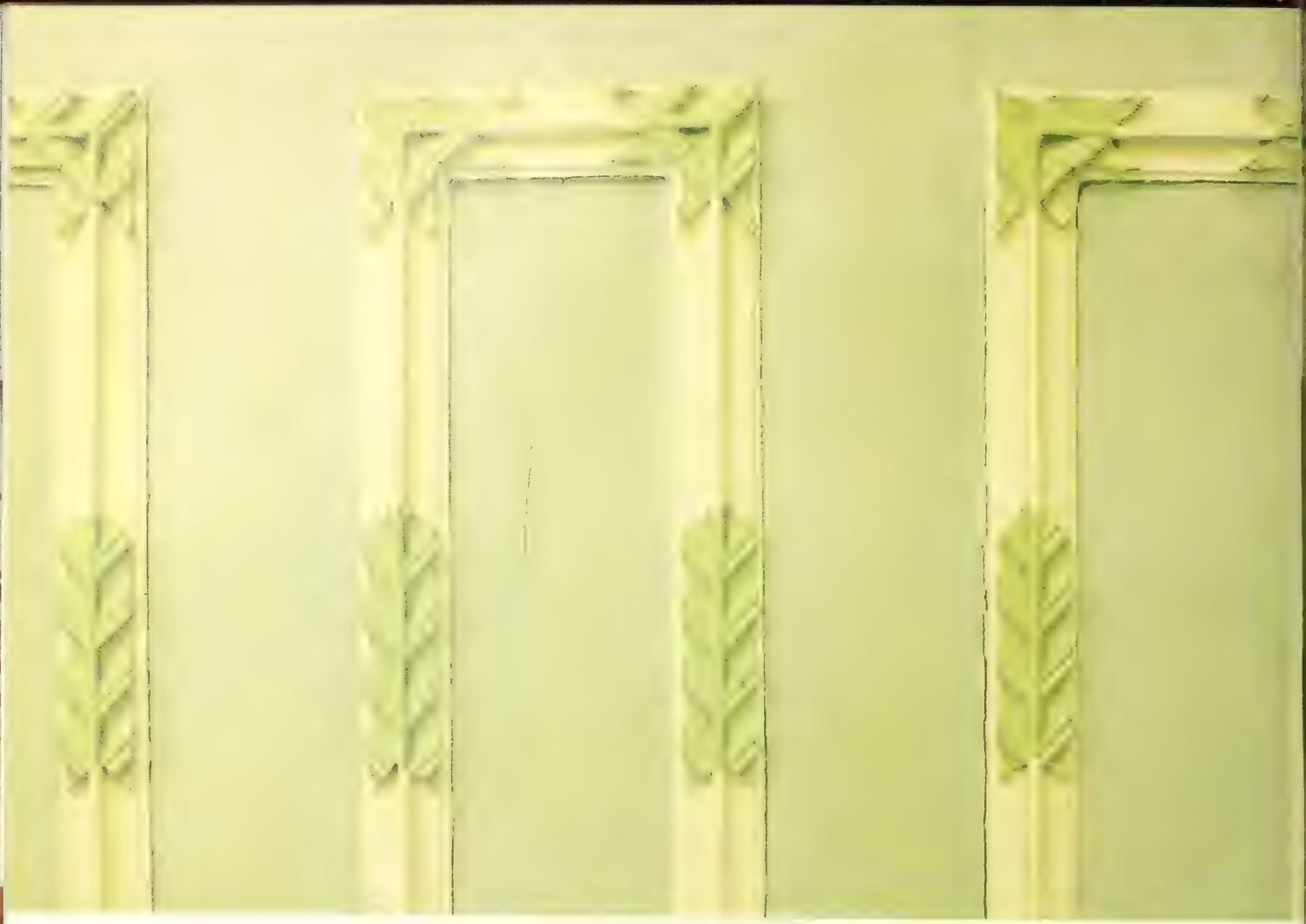
Hidden behind a high wall, reached only through a massive wooden door, the garden now appears as the most misleading of enchantments. Uskudar is one of the most prosperous parts of Istanbul, but like much of that often gray and dreary city it is singularly lacking in charm; then, the door opens and the visitor finds himself in the midst of a whole series of little gardens. Here, a stone tub has been filled with rare, improbable goldfish trailing long veils after them; there, a little rock garden looks thoroughly English; a little further, a grouping of tiny topiary boxwood trees creates what the Ambassador calls his little Villandry; and still there is more. On the little hill to the left as you come in, for instance, there is a pond full of water lilies and greedy red goldfish, all shaded by a paulownia; then, suddenly, great clumps of splendidly variegated coleus appear, not far from some waving pampas grass, and just around the corner from a huge cactus. Off to the side of the house, there is a large bed of roses, all very large, very full and firmly old-fashioned: there are no peculiar new colors here. In another part of the garden, *(Text continued on page 172)*

The 18th-century staircase, *opposite,* with its typically carved baluster and bulging balcony; on the wall, Arabic-script Turkish calligraphy. *Above:* A Venetian mask sits atop a decorated letter.





The dining room runs the entire depth of the house. The 19th-century Turkish table is set with 1790 Nanking *bleu de Chine* plates. The candlesticks are English, the porcelain on walls and consoles 17th-century *bleu de Chine*. Centering on a cabbage, the carved-wood ceiling is typical of Istanbul *yalus* and was reassembled and repainted by the Ambassador. Through the door, a view of the entrance salon.





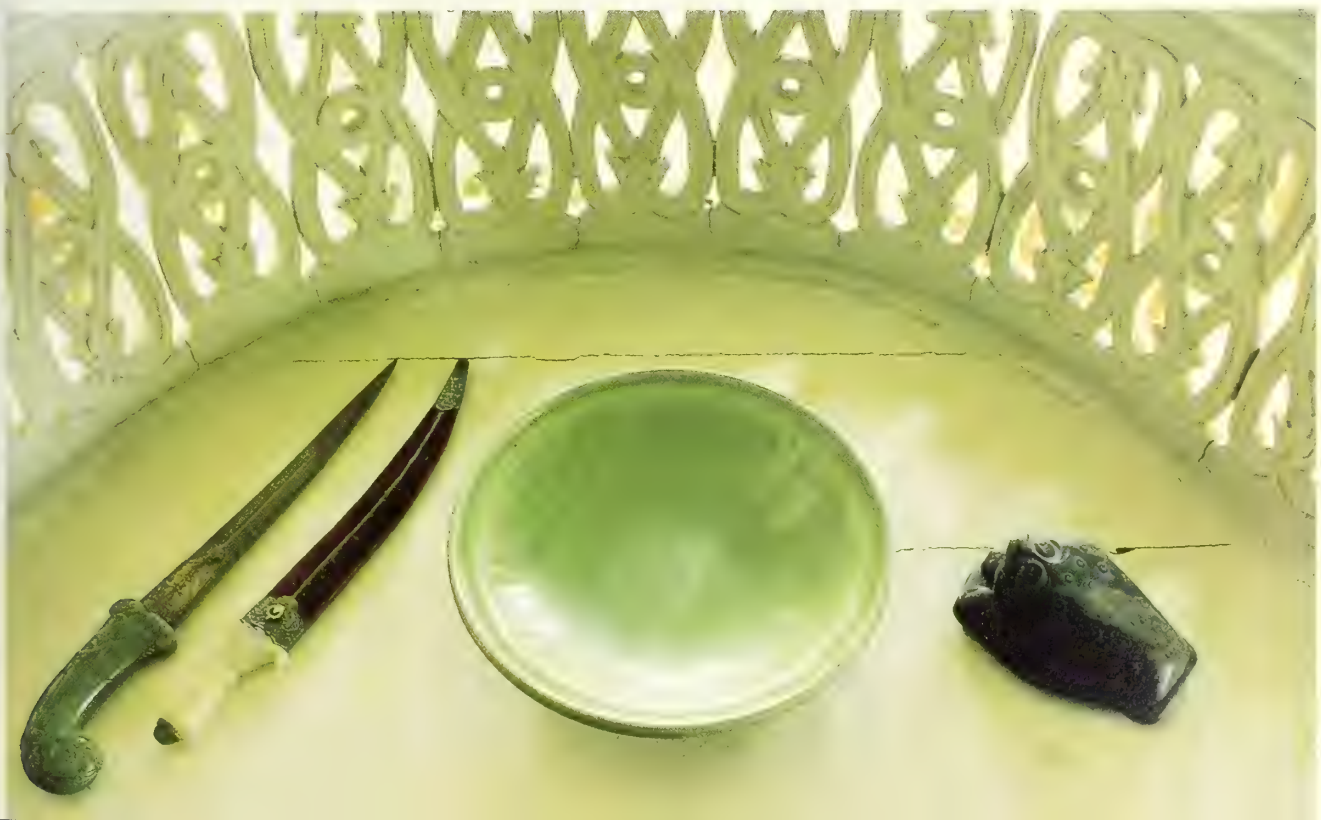


Details from the carved-wood ceilings, *opposite.* Much of the original woodwork was gone when the Ambassador bought the house. These eighteenth-century carvings come from the demolition of other *yalus* and were carefully put together again so as to re-create the original designs. The colors, here as in the rest of the house, reflect those of the sky and water outside. *Above:* Seen from the entrance hall, a downstairs salon looks out on the Bosphorus; on the shelves, opal glass vases; to the right, a view into the dining room.



A first-floor salon, *above*. On the wall, an 18th-century Chinese landscape bought in Peking, on the table a Chinese earthenware doe the Ambassador found in London. With its 19th-century faux–Louis XVI furniture made in Istanbul, this room is typical of Mr. Birgi's enlightened eclecticism, as are the wide open doorways which allow the breezes to flow. *Opposite, top:* Signatures, verses of the Koran and Imperial decrees in Arabic calligraphy date from the 17th and 18th centuries and form part of one of Mr. Birgi's many collections. *Opposite:* On the staircase balcony, Turkish daggers and a rare 18th-century green celadon dish.


دوش از سر عاشقی و از مشتاقی
میکرد [illegible] سپس فی الاخلاق
چون [illegible] ما و میش [illegible] من
من میست شدم جام صافی باقی





One of the many gardens within the garden, a pond covered with water lilies is surrounded by a variety of plantings which include some spectacular coleus, *above*. *Below:* The topiary area. *Opposite:* A guest room. The lace curtains were ordered by Mr. Birgi's mother at the turn of the century. On the wall, watercolor flowers painted by the Ambassador.





SCORE FOR A LOFT

For a musical client, architect Preston Phillips gives resonant definition to an open space in Manhattan

BY SUZANNE STEPHENS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER AARON





In the long rectangular loft, changes in the floor levels, variations in floor and wall surfaces, and nonstructural columns added to existing structural ones give each domain its own character within a unified architectural framework.







One can see past the checkerboard glass partition to the music area, *opposite above.* A Gene Davis painting from the Charles Cowles Gallery is mounted behind the piano; a square sculpture by Bruno Romeda from the Andrew Crispo Gallery sits on the shelf. *Opposite below:* Slate floors and a pressed-tin wall create a highly polished dining niche dramatized by magenta spotlights. *Above:* Sculptures by Bruno Romeda from Andrew Crispo are paired in the foyer; on the wall is a painting by Laddie John Dill from Charles Cowles. *Right:* A sculpture of welded steel by Douglas Abdell from Andrew Crispo contrasts with a Lucite column sculpture by Vasa.

Many loft dwellers insist on keeping their cavernous halls completely open and undifferentiated. Others go ahead and carve up their lofts into rabbit warrens of rooms, often re-creating the feeling of the small apartments they left behind. This Manhattan loft, designed for a furniture executive who is also a professional organist and pianist, demonstrates that you can have it both ways—with a sense of space and a sense of place (or many distinct places).

Because the owner frequently gives musicales for guests numbering between eight and two hundred, his desire for a "both-and" living situation was paramount. Therefore he called upon Preston Phillips, an architect and friend whom he knew had designed the late Samuel Barber's apartment. "My own taste runs from Bach to Barber," the owner adds, hinting that creative minds think alike about music as well as design.

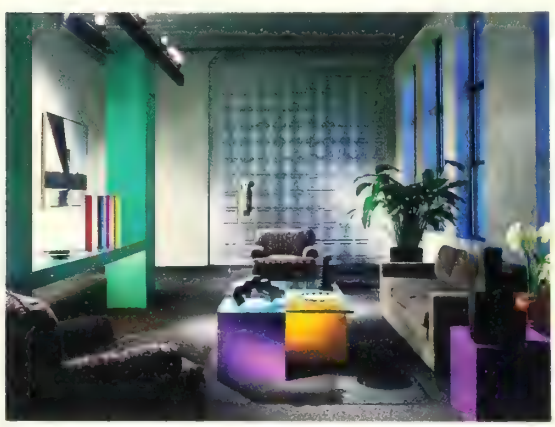
A raised platform, covered with slate, forms a stage for an 1890s Steinway piano; the platform, which over-



looks the lower-level living room, extends in runway fashion down the center of the loft into the dining alcove, then past the kitchen and bath to the master bedroom and sitting area. Phillips kept the pressed-tin ceiling that came with the loft and placed more pressed tin on the walls to differentiate spaces.

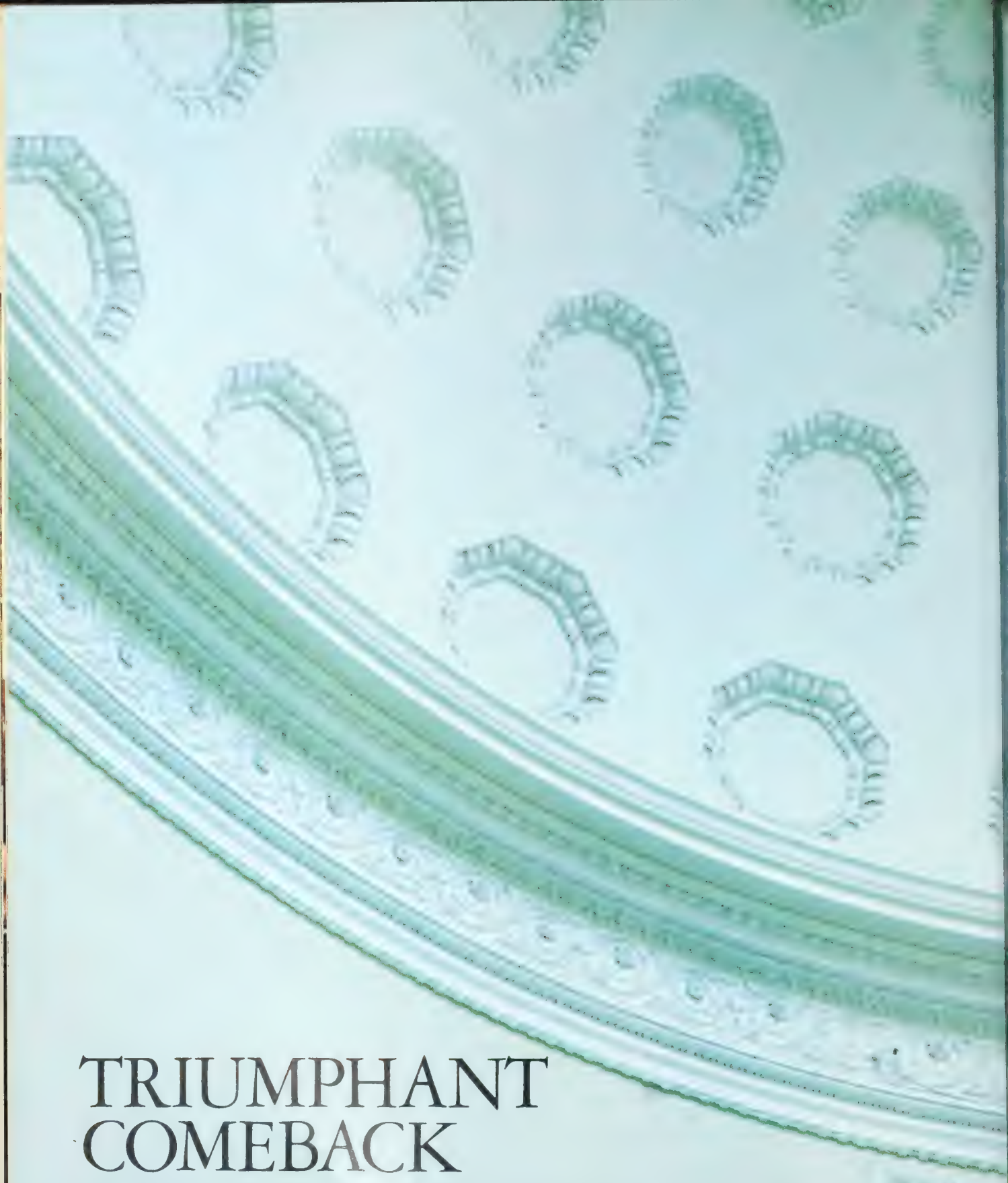
To punctuate the gray-and-white color scheme, Phillips encased the columns in a vivid ultramarine lacquered wood. Black beams carrying spotlights tinted different colors and counters painted ultramarine further enliven the potentially austere open spaces. A sophisticated partitioning is provided by a checkerboard composition of sandblasted and clear glass in the living area, plus a rolling garage door with mirror glass set in a rectilinear aluminum frame between the bedroom and the rest of the apartment. Thus within the loft's strong dominant motif of the linear grid, with open and partially closed areas, with transparent and reflective flat surfaces, an architectonic whole emerges. It is based on what was there but is clearly something else. As the owner observes, "There are lofts, and then there is this place." □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron



The "comfy" look of pieces from Harden Furniture, the owner's company, dominates the living room, *above*. The painting on the left is by Lowell Nesbitt; stone torso is Cambodian; two plastic-foam maquettes on the coffee table and bronze sculpture are by Douglas Abdell. All from Andrew Crispo. Lacquered nonstructural columns contain closets. *Right:* When lights are turned on in the bedroom, one can see through the mirror-glass garage door and catch a glimpse of the art, including a sculpture of a trailer by Tim Prythero, and a yellow mask by Robert Courtright from Andrew Crispo. Le Corbusier chaise is from Atelier International.





TRIUMPHANT COMEBACK

Washington's Old Executive Office Building, for years considered a Victorian eyesore, is restored to its original decorative splendor

BY DODIE KAZANJIAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES

Coffered skylit domes crown the renovated Old Executive Office Building's four corner staircases





The Old Executive Office Building was the pride of its day when it was built next door to the White House. For a scrubwoman at the turn of the century "them golden stairs and marble halls looked just like heaven." But over the years, it ceased to look heavenly and was at times even threatened with demolition. Now, at the insistence of the President's youngest assistant, it is being renovated.

"It's a magnificent structure," asserts 28-year-old John F.W. Rogers, who is Assistant to President Reagan for Management and Superintendent of the building. "It's part of an institution, which is called the Presidency. You can't divide the Presidency from its buildings."

Called the OEOB by those who know it well, it is America's most exclusive office building. It is the White House annex and no amount of money can buy space in it. Most of the President's staff work there along with Office of Management and Budget (OMB) Director David Stockman and top officials of OMB, senior staff of the National Security Council (NSC), the Council of Economic Advisers, and most of the Vice President's staff—including the Vice President.

Soon after he moved in, Vice President George Bush spied a tiny section of marquetry floor hidden under a frayed corner of the wall-to-wall carpet in his office. For months he proudly showed his visitors the exposed corner of the floor exclaiming, "Isn't this something!" Finally he succeeded. The carpet was removed and an intricate marquetry floor composed of mahogany, cherry, and hickory is now his pride. "The OEOB is a national treasure," says the Vice President, "both in its architecture and in the historic role it has played in our country's Executive branch. His office, recently renovated and redecorated in furniture pulled out of Hite House and State Department storage, has been used by Vice Presidents since Lyndon Johnson.

This great big battleship of a building, originally built to house the State, War, and Navy departments, took seventeen years (1871–1888) to build. Standing seven stories tall and covering ten acres, it was—and may still be—the largest granite structure in the world. Yet it doesn't cast a shadow over the pristine classicistic White House.

It seems appropriate that walls are four feet thick on the exterior and one-and-a-half feet on the interior—as if protecting confidential information. The OEOB has been privy to top-secret discussions. Work that goes on inside is often highly classified. The NSC's Crisis Management Center, linked directly to the Situation Room in the White House, is here. Power has been brokered in this building ever since it was built. Policies are written here and decisions that affect millions of people occur here. The President's lawyers work here and so do the White House operators. This is where the President's speeches are drafted.

And there is a pecking order about who sits where. Prime property is on the first floor, especially the side facing the West Wing of the White House. Like any office building, the offices with a view of the outside world are more desirable than those facing the two interior courtyards. The large suites in the four corners of the building are indicia of power. "People go into shock when they have to leave the OEOB," says John Rogers, whose acquaintance with the OEOB began as an eighteen-year-old mailroom clerk in the Ford administration. "Each one of those offices reminds an individual of the public trust, which has been placed in him. The enormity of the whole thing, the size of the office and the high ceilings . . . they'll never have another experience like it."

The lure isn't enough to hold everyone, though. Aram Bakshian Jr. recently left his job as President Reagan's director of speechwriting and his first-floor corner office facing the West Wing to write a thrice-weekly column for *The Washington Times*. He now has a small, non-corner office. "The only thing that's good about the high ceilings of the OEOB is for cigar smoke. You don't suffocate so

The White House from the Vice President's balcony, *above. Right:* The gray and massive OEOB designed in the French Second Empire style differs strikingly from Washington's chaste Neoclassical government buildings.



Recently renovated, the White House Library, *opposite,* was formerly the State Department Library. The room, considered one of the most beautiful in Washington, has four levels of recessed book stacks.





The Indian Treaty Room, *above,* was originally the Navy Library Reception Room and no Indian Treaty is known to have been signed in it. More money was spent on it than on any other in the 553-room building. Once a site for Presidential news conferences, it is now a meeting room. *Opposite:* Two-and-a-half acres of black-and-white marble floors define two miles of corridors. With the exception of wooden office floors and 1,314 mahogany doors, the building is all stone and iron. Like the Indian Treaty Room and White House Library, the Law Library, *overleaf,* once the War Department Library, sports a Minton tile floor, then the rage in Washington.

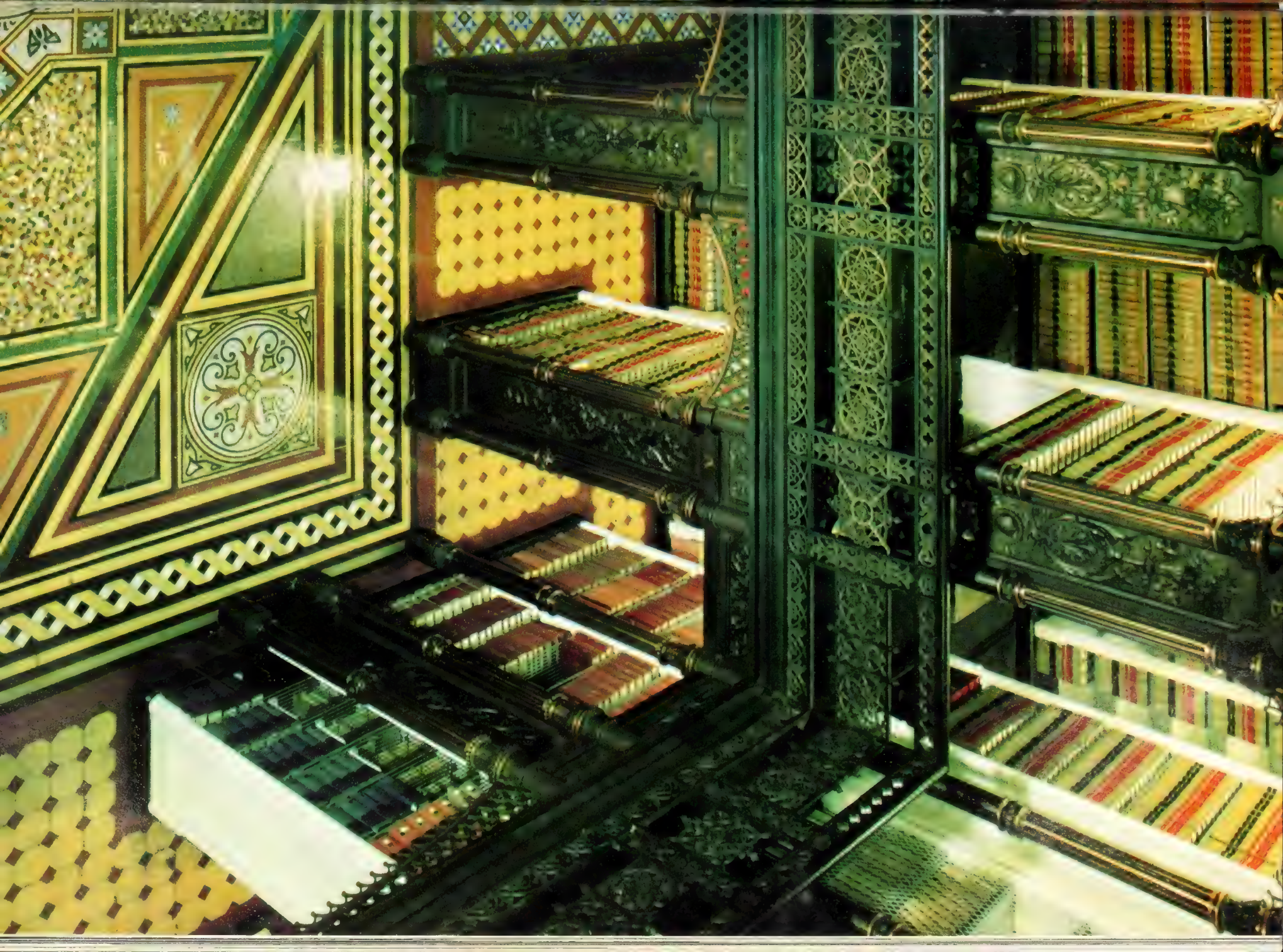
quickly." The erstwhile tenant from the Nixon, Ford, and Reagan years continues, "Charming old place. Very often you'd find yourself keeping the windows closed. They're so big that it wasn't safe to open them without becoming airborne from the gusts. While I like the place, I've long suspected that it was actually designed by Charles Addams. There are mysterious pipes making gurgling sounds as if someone trapped inside for centuries was trying to send out messages for help."

It is doubtful anyone is trapped inside, but the OEOB does have a colorful past. General Douglas MacArthur was superintendent of the building in 1913 and designed the garden vases out front. (Can you imagine the General acting as superintendent going around with a stick with a pick on the end of it spearing littered papers in the halls?) President Hoover had an office in the OEOB after a fire on Christmas Eve drove him from the Oval Office. President Nixon brooked over Watergate in his OEOB hideaway office. And down the black-and-white marble corridor around the corner, his nemesis John Dean was brooding also. Two Japanese emissaries were meeting with Secretary of State Cordell Hull in this building immediately after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Twenty-five Secretaries of State, 21 Secretaries of War, and 15 Secretaries of the Navy had offices in the building.

Even the office furniture is a part of history. It gets recycled from one administration to the next. As an example, one office in a collage of partisanship has Henry Kissinger's club chairs (from his days as head of NSC), Hamilton Jordon's chairs, Vice President Mondale's rush-seat side chairs, President Taft's looking-glass, and a model ship in a large glass case on loan from the Department of the Navy. To have a ship in your office is a status symbol in this administration, and there are only a handful in the entire White House. And there is enough lore about the OEOB to fill its two miles of corridors. One tale has it that Winston Churchill was walking down the hall one summer day during the war. He was smoking a cigar and walking close to the wall. Since there was no air conditioning, the mahogany doors were replaced by temporary saloon-style swinging doors, which allowed air to flow through. All of a sudden, a clerk came rushing out of his office and smashed the Prime Minister's cigar in his face. When word reached *(Text continued on page 170)*







BEWITCHED, BOTHERED & BEWILDERED, BUT DECORATED



Peter Duchin in his new apartment

BY BROOKE HAYWARD PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC BOMAN

Do you want to be a decorator? Beware. The field is strewn with mines. I know people who, conceded a soupçon of taste or style, are so flattered when a friend offers them a job redoing this or that room they just can't resist.

Still, the worst person on whom to test your wings is a friend. Unless you sign some sort of iron-clad agreement, your friendship is at an end. Consider, for example, this contradiction that is inherent in the arrangement: if you do know anything whatsoever about the business at hand and if your friend/client thinks he or she does too (which more often than not is untrue), and *if* you both disagree (which more often than not will be the case), the onus is on you to capitulate. But then, gone are your brilliant concepts, your taste, your creative moment of glory.

The following example will illustrate my warning most exquisitely. A certain gentleman, well-born, well-bred, and well-situated in the misty realms of society as we know it today, to wit, the bandleader Peter Duchin, had recently regained his bachelorhood. In the stunned aftermath of divorce after seventeen years of marriage and three children, he considered his life and needed, he said, a loft. After all, he was moving back into New York City after ten years of sprawling in an enormous house in the country. He wanted space. He wanted his children to be comfortable on weekends. He wanted to play his piano till all hours of the



An eighteenth-century painting hangs over the piano in the living room

morning. He called a friend who had a loft.

"I want what you have," he declared after inspecting the joint.

They looked at lofts. Peter equivocated; he didn't want to buy one, since he wasn't altogether sure he and New York City were going to have a love affair that went on forever. He wanted a two-year plan. Moreover, the enormous house in the country hadn't sold yet and . . .

One day a floor-through apartment became available in a town house on the Upper East Side between Central Park and Madison Avenue. Perfect, although it had only one bedroom and there was no way to stretch that fact.

Relieved at seeing a livable place, Peter made an instantaneous decision. Done. The children could sleep on a day bed in the living room. Would his friend help him round up a day bed? Of course. And a few pieces of furniture? Of course. Did she know a painter, and somebody who could build bookshelves and . . . So it begins.

Now comes the interesting part: the first disagreement. This transpired when client drove decorator up to the house in the country to look at what there was to work with—always a dreaded moment. Mercifully there was very little.

"God you're lucky," went this line of dialogue. "None of this stuff will work at







all—just leave it here and make a clean start."

"No, no!" squawked the client, fondly stroking the four odd-sized tables from his Spanish Period way back in his previous incarnation as a bachelor with a studio above Carnegie Hall. There were also two armchairs that badly needed reupholstering, and a hideous blue sofa that belonged in a college dorm. "If you throw a few quilts on this sofa, it'll be quite serviceable."

The decorator fixed him with a disdainful eye. "Spare me," she retorted. "If there's one thing I abhor it's quilts all over the place. They were made for beds. I'm bored with quilts."

"Okay, what'll I sit on?" asked Peter, his voice rising uneasily.

"Well, we'll use it *temporarily* because it'll take six to eight weeks to have one made—"

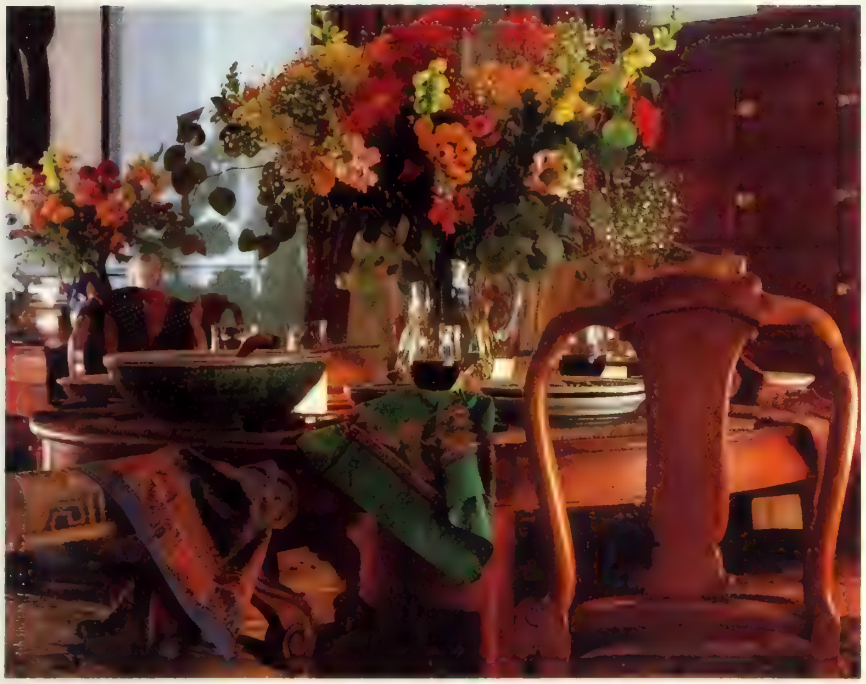
"*Made*?" Peter began to rock back and forth with anxiety. "How much will *that* cost?"

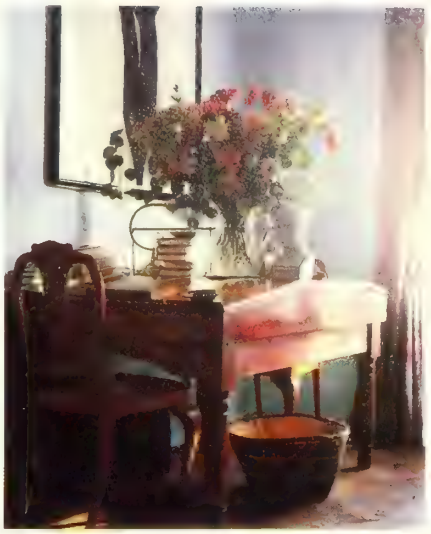
"Nothing," replied the decorator airily. "Maybe a couple of grand. Don't worry about it—"

"Who wants to spend a couple of grand on a sofa?" yelled Peter.

"Look at all those books!" responded the decorator, delicately side-stepping the issue. "Can't you put some of them in storage?"

Of course she might have known that the distraction gambit would have only a temporary effect. Nevertheless it was true *(Text continued on page 178)*







In the study, *opposite page, clockwise from left:* Goya etchings hang over mantel next to a Victorian leather chair; Staffordshire animals, a majolica dish, and photographs of Marie Harriman and Anita Loos among others; a French Art Nouveau café table is next to one of two Victorian English chairs covered in William Morris Liberty print. *This page, clockwise from left:* In the book-lined bedroom, a Victorian chair upholstered in a kilim; in living/dining room, around the American mahogany table, circa 1850, are Queen Anne chairs and behind, an English barrister's file cabinet; Donald Sultan's *Black Tulip* hangs over partners' desk.







DECO ECHO

In a twenties building, designer Noel Jeffrey creates a romantic duplex for suburban expatriates

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER VITALE

Midlife is not necessarily a crisis; the empty nest is not necessarily a lonely place. The departure of young-adult children turned the owners of this apartment from a contented life in the suburbs to a contented but entirely different life in the city. Town life is faster-paced, more stimulating, more demanding; great demands are made, too, on the setting in which one lives this life. City dwellers usually want to entertain in more formal ways than their commuting friends; they are often in greater need of insulation from the environment just outside their doors, and yet they may want to reflect the glitter and elegance of the city in their rooms. This couple asked Noel Jeffrey to fulfill all these requirements.

The large living room, *both views,* gracefully seats a crowd or a couple, thanks to the artful diagonal placement the decorator devised. The seating and tables are all by Noel Jeffrey; fabrics are from Manuel Canovas. The vintage Art Deco chandeliers—a pair—have an astrological theme and were made in the thirties by Edward F. Caldwell. Jeffrey found them at Nesle Gallery. Flanking the fireplace are Japanese oil urns.





Facing north, the living room, *right,* gets its rosy tint from paint and fabric. Art Deco mantel of marble is original to apartment. It inspired the Deco styling of the fire screen of glass rods and polished bronze designed by Noel Jeffrey and its fabricator, Dennis Abbe. Sèvres polar bear is a Pompon made in the twenties. Painting by John Duncan, 1909. *Opposite:* Dennis Abbe designed the glass and bronze screen for the living room, names the liner *Normandie* as his constant inspiration. *Above:* From living room, one sees the foyer and the glass panels above that Jeffrey set into upstairs wall. Sculpture by Douglas Abdell. Aubusson from Coury Rugs.





The study on the second floor of the duplex doubles as a guest room, one of two. Noel Jeffrey designed the furniture and the highly polished bird's-eye-maple cabinet, mirroring the end to catch a river view. Seated Thai Buddha from Joseph Rondina, fur throw from Stark Carpet, furniture covered in Iron Cloth by Ward Bennett for Brickell Associates.



Previous owners had installed the marble tub, *opposite,* and Jeffrey's contribution was to match the marble in new shelves, add a good deal of mirror, paint the walls and ceiling a pretty color, install sconces by Dennis Abbe. *Left:* Master bedroom is made inviting by a curving cabinet at the entry.

The couple found interior designer Noel Jeffrey when they were apartment hunting and his place was on the market. It was too small for their visiting children and for their habit of entertaining in groups as large as a hundred, but, as they recall, "We loved what he had done there." They hired him to give the same look to the rooms they eventually bought: "glamorous, sexy, sophisticated."

Built in the twenties in a prime neighborhood in Manhattan, their house is accommodating to owners who want to alter an apartment size by combining adjoining spaces. Jeffrey's clients, a business couple who had raised their children in a traditional house, put a duplex and a studio together for themselves.

The former suburbanites brought no possessions to the city; the old house is still theirs for summers and weekends. Since Noel Jeffrey did not have to work around existing furniture, he proceeded instead from the knowledge that their tastes meshed and that the building, although somewhat tampered with, had an Art Deco origin.

"We have created a soft, romantic, modern setting," Jeffrey says, "with an Art Deco accent; these are not Art Deco rooms." The palette is gentle and warm. Shapes are simple, many of them curved. Pattern is subtle, often coming from textural variations. The goal of comfort—to soothe a hard-working couple, to pamper their guests—dictated many of the choices the couple and their designer made. Bringing the excitement of historical style to the contemporary setting are not only the Art Deco objects like the four-panel glass screen and astrological chandeliers, but also a collection of Pre-Raphaelite paintings acquired by the woman of the house, who once ran an art gallery.

A few months ago, the couple purchased a large room adjoining their upper floor. Purpose: a new dining room—by Noel Jeffrey, of course.□

By Elaine Greene. Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray



SPLENDORS AND MISERIES ON GRAMERCY PARK

Now more shabby than genteel, New York's Hotel Gramercy has witnessed a Balzacian panorama of human experience

BY MURRAY KEMPTON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGHES COLSON



"Such, Mr. Rambler, are the changes which have happened in the narrow space where my present fortune has fixed my residence. . . so just is the observation of Juvenal, that a single house will show whatever is done or suffered in the world."
—SAMUEL JOHNSON, *The Rambler, number 161*

The Hotel Gramercy commenced to stake its claim upon the tenderness of my memories under circumstances far from promising. When I found myself the sport of solitude and penury, I at once gave way to the nostalgia for the Hotel Chelsea that suffuses all New Yorkers who never happened to have lived there. The Chelsea's façade is plated with bronze tablets attesting to the prior residence of several of my betters and to the untimely end a majority of them seem to have found there.

Any spiritual reserves left unchilled by these intimations of mortality were turned to ice by a lobby where two men in cowboy hats and shirts with rhinestone trim lay about like stoned statues from some museum of the sixties.

"One can always descend the social ladder," we are told by Henry Adams, whose education in such stumblings must have been inferior to my own if it had not taught him that the fatal steps along the downward path commence when the traveler forgets his duty to decorum.

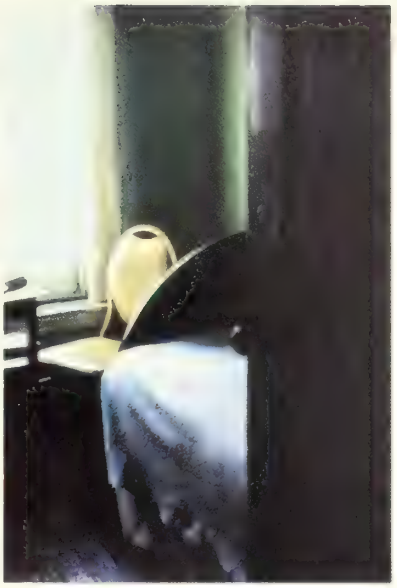
And so I fled eastward across the unknown ways of 24th Street until I came at last to the neon sign that proclaims the Hotel Gramercy to a Lexington Avenue indifferent to its treasures. I sank there for the night certain that I should improve my locale the next day and there I remained for three years, from inertia at the outset and then, as the weeks went on, from the recognition that ours is an age when we cannot often anticipate a chance to let the noun "gentility" pass our lips unmodified by the adjective "shabby."

The variety of the genteel that abides in the Gramercy is exclusively of the sort we mean when we speak of the social graces. Its age is indeterminate but must be immense. I returned there briefly after one bump on the road toward some approximation of solvency and awoke well into an otherwise sunlit Sunday morning to Old Night with nothing visible outside my window except a brick wall not a foot from my nose.

No architect would face a window on an expanse of masonry; this intruder could only have begun its jostlings after the Gramercy was *in situ;* and yet there was a wall that looked as ancient as if it were Aurelian. Still antiquity asserts itself more by its ghosts than by any calendar; one's very mattress at the Gramercy summons up all the hallboys who used to press their trousers under it before setting forth to venture their social pretensions at the bar of the old Waldorf.

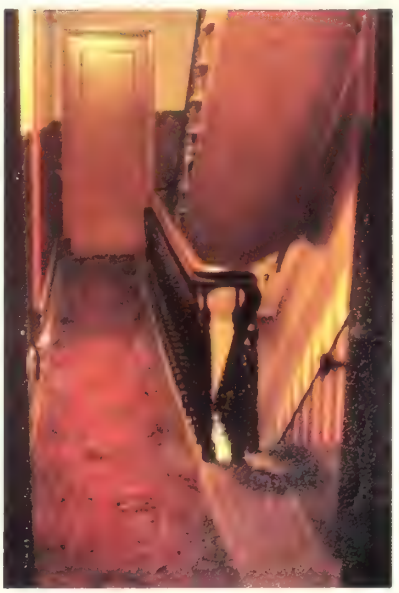
The darkness mandated by the wall was a comedown for me; I had served my prior term at the Gramercy in the best-appointed ambient at its disposal, let alone mine, with its own bathroom and even a closet, and a clear view of the clock on the Metropolitan Life building as surety against some terminal hour when I would have to pawn my watch; and I passed thirteen weeks there before qualifying for the permanent status that transformed the $10 daily into a $48 weekly rate. By then I was already used to thinking of my hotel as the Gram and my small corner of it as the Père Goriot Suite.

(Text continued on page 178)





DUNSANY CASTLE

The Plunkett family seat is an 800-year-old Irish stronghold

BY OLDA FITZGERALD PHOTOGRAPHS BY LUCINDA LAMBTON



The northern entrance front of the castle of Dunsany, *above.* Much of what we see now dates from the 18th and early 19th century but the two double-towered blocks are basically the original towers of the Norman castle. Some of the detailing is by the Irish Gothic Revival architects Francis Johnston and James Shiel, who did much restoration work between 1800 and 1840. *Opposite:* The staircase dates from the 1780s and was formed as a grand parade up to the first-floor drawing room. Marble busts by Nollekins of Pitt and Fox. The Venus is an 18th-century copy of the Venus de Medici in the Louvre. The china cabinet displays a collection of bird-of-paradise-patterned 18th-century Meissen.

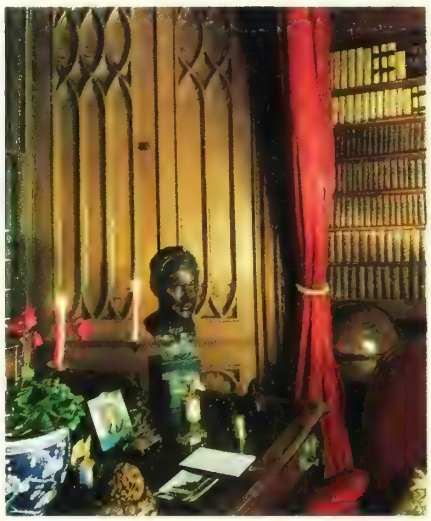
Dunsany Castle was always where the Boss lived," says the nineteenth Baron firmly with a certain glint of satisfaction in his eye. Lord Dunsany stands with shoulders squared against the November wind; black astrakhan hat at a rakish angle. His hawklike profile is outlined against the gray eminence of his house, and the smooth bare trunks of ancient beech trees raise their arms to heaven behind us.

The small mid-fifteenth-century ruined manorial church was built like a tiny castle by his ancestor, the first Lord Dunsany. The crumbling stone effigies of himself in chain mail and his wife Anne in wimple and pleated kirtle lie open to the sky, their hands folded on their bosoms in peaceful repose. His wife had brought him vast properties in Meath including Dunsany and he became one of the richest barons in Ireland. His will of 1463 had left large sums of money to be spent on the decoration of his church at Dunsany to include arras, scarlet hangings, crosiers, chalices of silver and gold, missals, hymnals, and even a chaplet of pearls for the statue of the Virgin! He gave his third son, Oliver, the castle of Loughcrew, and from him descends Saint Oliver Plunkett, Bishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, martyr, and since 1975 canonized saint. From 1439 when King Henry VI made Sir Christopher Plunkett the first Baron Dunsany the title has descended in an unbroken line.

The carpet of beechnuts crunches underfoot as we walk toward the front door, and the chestnut leaves in the grass stick to our boots like wet suede gloves. Four menacingly strong towers link together in a solid defensive block. Built to the standard garrison-engineer's pattern by Hugh de Lacy in 1180, Dunsany is one of the ring of castles strung out between Dublin and Drogheda built to defend "the Pale."

In the ensuing 540 years since the family first came here, they have lived through the trials and tribulations of Irish life, occasionally backing the wrong horse and passionately defending the lost cause that they believed to be right. They were pardoned after supporting Lambert Simnel against the English crown, and then invited to dine in London and admire him turning his spit. The castle was attacked by Oliver Cromwell and defended by the Lady Dunsany of the day, her husband being already a prisoner in Dublin Castle. "She was torn weeping from the scene of her former happiness and exiled to Connaught," dying on the way. Cromwell hanged eleven Plunketts in one day and killed several more. A learned Lord Dunsany commanded the cavalry of the Pale under Queen Elizabeth, and his son married the granddaughter of Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, giving the family its link with Gaelic Ireland. They supported the Stuart cause and King James II, which led to their lands being put under attainder after the treaty of Limerick. So they retired to live safely in Holland until they could finally return again to Dunsany under William and Mary. In the eighteenth century there was a period of retrenchment while they survived the crushing religious persecution of the Penal Laws until the thirteenth Baron inherited in 1781, when the castle was restored and improved. From a grim fortress with arrow slits, it was turned into a castle with grand rooms and a sweeping staircase flooded with light from fashionable Gothick windows.

In the nineteenth century the family produced politicians, military men, an ambassador, and three admirals. The sixteenth Lord Dunsany and his three sons were in the House of Commons at the same time. They were in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, and Sir Horace Plunkett founded the cooperative movement in agriculture with the Dunsany Co-operative Society in 1878. The mystical painter and poet George Russell (AE) was the unlikely editor of his farming newspaper, *The Irish Homestead*. Sir Horace Plunkett's nephew was Lord Dunsany, eighteenth Baron, author, playwright, and poet, who was the father of Randal Dunsany, the nineteenth Baron, my host of today.



The literary spirit of the house is enshrined in Lord Dunsany's desk, *above*, with his bust by Stroebel. *Right:* In the dining room are portraits after Van Dyke of Charles I and Henrietta Maria. On the table, the Duke of Wellington in silver gilt and tobacco-leaf Chinese-export porcelain.

There is the distant clap of gunshot from the guns in the pheasant shoot and the sharp dappled sunlight throws the spreading oaks, cedars, and dark red willows into brilliant autumnal relief. We take a last look at the magical disunity of the grand battlemented Norman keep, enclosed and wrapped around by the fantasies and ambitions of succeeding generations. Medieval, Gothick, Georgian, Victorian—the windows stare securely out across the park, and I think longingly of the warm library fire upstairs. I chevy the nineteenth Lord Dunsany into his house and gratefully close the massive door against the icy blast.

We are in the delicate apple-green Gothick tracery of the front hall. Under a poignant watery Dublin scene by Jack Yeats stands a ferocious collection of swords, pistols, and riding whips, and another of walking and sword sticks—the latter, thin, wicked-looking blades sheathed in innocent walnut. We turn the corner, and with no warning and a shock of delight, we come to the staircase swirling up three stories and across the great high center of the former courtyard, enclosed regardless of the medieval windows chiseled through the thick walls of the fort at different levels. The sunshine pours through onto the slightly coved Gothick plaster ceiling. There is a copper-green Epstein bronze on a window sill, and *famille rose* vases. At the foot of the stairs stands a ravishing white marble Venus wearing two *(Text continued on page 166)*







The dominant colors of the library, *left*, are a sumptuous dark-red and brown. It was designed by James Shiel in the neo-Elizabethan style and is still hung with the original silk damask and curtains. Over the chimney piece is a conversation piece after Zoffany of the Dutton family. *This page:* The silver-gilt St. George and the Dragon was given as a present by Queen Victoria to the present Lady Dunsany's mother.





The early Victorian mirror in the drawing room, *left,* reflects the magnificent plaster ceiling and frieze typical of the Neoclassical work of Michael Stapleton, the leading plasterer in Dublin in the 1780s and '90s. The room is lit by Meissen sconces and candelabra. In the corner, a Chinese Chippendale cabinet and one of a pair of mid-18th-century Irish landscapes. *Above:* The entrance hall has a collection of swords and walking sticks and a banner with the Plunkett coat of arms. *Bachelors Walk, In Memory* painted by Jack Yeats in 1915 shows a flower girl throwing a rose onto the spot where her lover was killed in the Irish Civil War. *Overleaf, left:* When an old castle is adapted to an 18th-century house all sorts of architectural quirks evolve, like the staircase that leads from behind the drawing room to the bedrooms above. *Overleaf, right:* Detail from tomb of Michael Moony (d. 1827) in Dunsany Abbey on the castle grounds.





(Continued from page 158) strings of pearls and accompanied by a marble dolphin and tumbling cupids. Bony, long-nosed English-marble statesmen flank the oval painting of velvet-eyed Saint Oliver Plunkett as he stares wistfully through the dining-room door. When I remark to Lord Dunsany of the noticeable likeness between them he says, "After all, what is twelve generations in a persistent type?" A bronze tiger snarls across the mahogany veneer of the hall table. Dodging some silver hunting horns it seems about to spring at the vulnerable blue-celadon pots. I myself would very much like to sink down onto the petit-point dragons embroidered onto the seats of the stalwart Chinese Chippendale chairs worked by Lord Dunsany's mother, Beatrice, wife of the author. Beatrice and her husband lived here entertaining the flowers of the Irish literary renaissance. They would gather Shaw, Yeats, Moore, Stephens, AE, and Lady Gregory into the snuff-colored dining room. The author Lord Dunsany wrote, "Snipe, when properly cooked, and 5 minutes is quite long enough, is the food that gourmets are given when they have been good to the poor, and with their gluttony pardoned, have gone to heaven." He was an excellent shot, and those tiny darting birds blown about by the wind on the bog and so difficult to hit would often have been for dinner. Today the dining room glows with gold and ormolu and the table is laid with Tobacco Leaf Companie des Indes, and a golden equestrian Duke of Wellington. Let us leave the gentlemen to their William Kent console laden with fruit and Stilton cheese, their engraved gold glasses filled with port, and the sparkling candlelight thrown back from the William Kent mirror between the windows.

We should gather up our long skirts and sweep up the stairs and into the drawing room. This is a grand room with a fresh austerity and formality at odds with the rest of the house. Palest blue with pyramids of Meissen plates floating over the doors, a shining brass Irish grate, and classical marble mantelpiece. The Neoclassical ceiling is by Ireland's Adam, Michael Stapleton.



Baroque pie-crust table from Dunsany Castle reproduced by Baker Furniture in its Stately Homes Irish Collection.

There is a spec of a pinky Yeats, some Claude drawings, and a large Van Dyck of the Winter Queen and her lady-in-waiting. Two miraculous vitrines glimmer with *blanc de Chine* and semiprecious jewels above elliptical marble tables by Pietro Bossi. Bird-of-paradise patterned Meissen is everywhere.

And now we come to the sumptuous library which is the very heart of the house. The great swagged curtains are drawn aside from the fine-ribbed Gothick fish-scale carved window frames, and outside a glistering half-moon in a blue frosty sky lights up the copse and willows. We are in a completely new world hollowed out from the thickness of the old medieval walls. The honeycombed ceiling shows up the original dark red and gold silk damask with which the room and the bookshelf doors are hung. The fire glows in the massive fireplace and the brilliant silky blue of the butterfly-wing vases, and the two carved ostrich eggs in the Chinese pots are flanked on the mantelpiece by blue-and-gold vases with falcons clinging precariously to their lids. *Famille rose* above the doors, smoky globes of the world in corners, smooth soft ormolu like golden gun metal on the edges of desks, a tiny Landseer lion framed against the rich mellow background of the books, and a faded stamped gold leather curtain hiding a secret door. The rooks are cawing fractiously outside before settling down for the night and the sky is darkening until the inky trees start to take on the appearance of one of Sidney Simes's mysterious Beardsley-esque illustrations for Lord Dunsany's stories. It is as if the house is buried in a fairy forest, and the autumn evening is closing in. Underneath the Gothick grisaille a wooden tortoise, crab, and lobster are creeping across the bold rambunctious carpet toward the bust of the author by Stroebel, standing on his desk. "His hair was fair, his forehead extraordinarily high, noble and unfurrowed. His mouth, which a light moustache left unconcealed, was imperious with a clear chin line under a cold beauty of eyes and brow." So wrote his great friend, Oliver Gogarty, and one feels that this room, above all, is the one about which Dunsany wrote so hauntingly in the wonderful first chapter of *The Curse of the Wise Woman.*

When Sheila, the present Lady Dunsany, came to live here, she found thirteen staircases and five secret doors. There was no electric light, and the servants slept in the attics. To a resourceful charming lady from Wales, Celtic behavior held no mysteries, and she and her husband tackled the problems of finally bringing Dunsany Castle into the twentieth century and making it one of the most beautiful and comfortable houses in Ireland. She became chairman of the Civic Institute, which started nursery centers and playgrounds all over Dublin, and being a trained social worker gave her time, advice, and help wherever it was needed. Having loved and collected paintings all her life, she is now vice chairman of the Friends of the National Collections.

Lord Dunsany crosses one long leg over another. "The reason we have stayed in the same house for so long is firstly that we are Irish, and secondly because we have always had the reputation of being very good shots."

The brown eyes twinkle and the long fingers take a pinch of snuff. "Plunketts went out into the world of course, but one son always came back to die."

For a moment there is silence except for the hissing of the fire in the grate, and glancing instinctively toward the window I see that night has finally fallen. □



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(Continued from page 101) In plan, the house also might be said to respond to certain ecclesiastical imperatives. The objects of veneration and enshrinement, however, are drawn from the owners' superb collection of modern American art. Thus, the orientation of the house is influenced by the placement of specific works and by the need to house an array of art that is forceful in shape, color, and texture. Perhaps unconsciously, Erickson chooses to organize all of this in a cathedral-like arrangement. The house is dominated by its long, skylit central zone, as inspired by a view toward the heavens as any Gothic nave. This great space is further articulated by several small changes in level, which serve to demarcate functional areas. To extend the analogy a bit further, the house is entered along a minor axis that crosses the central space just where a transept might be expected. It is a short, lovely hall, glazed on both ends so that on entry one follows it toward an intimated view of an informally planted forest hillside and on leaving back toward the glass front door, beyond which a stone apron holds a view-terminating Anthony Caro sculpture. On arriving at the crossing one is directed into the living area by a screen wall that conceals the dining space and could be—not to push a point—the surrogate for chancel and choir. The decoration of the screen is of somewhat more recent character: a three-dimensional piece by Robert Longo.

These two spatial sequences clearly are the "public" areas of the house; the two more private zones are to be found flanking the main space—side chapels, if you will. One group of rooms is for guests (the owners have four grown children) and includes its own living room, bedrooms, and baths. On the other side of the nave, nearer the entrance, are the master-bedroom suite, kitchen, and caretaker's unit. This range of rooms is somewhat wider than that opposite, and more elaborate: the master bath sits luxuriously under a plexiglass skylight; the kitchen opens onto an intimate little garden courtyard.

The simple structure and planning of the house is reflected in the materials, characteristic ones for Erickson. Walls, columns, and beams are cast in concrete. The look, however, is a long way from the brutality often associated with that material. Erickson has made the concrete a fine, gentle buff color that gives it a richness and glow more typical of stone. Indeed, the limestone floors of the house are very close in color to the concrete, which only abets its domestication. More, the actual construction is very finely done. Up close, the concrete looks less poured than dressed, as if it were the work of a mason.

In fact, Erickson's use of concrete always betrays something of a nostalgia for stone; he seems to prefer its potential for regularity and rectilinearity to its plastic possibilities. In the case of this house, the details of fabrication are born of an almost Doric preoccupation with canonical elements. Formally speaking, Erickson's investigation walks the line between the high Modern preoccupation with the organization of planes and the more traditional methods of post-and-beam construction. Erickson has flattened his columns and beams, making them planes rather than volumes, and heightened the effect by pairing the columns along the long axis of the house. By making columns, walls, and beams of the same material Erickson further accentuates their continuity, and encourages a twofold response—the elements are simultaneously built up into continuous surfaces and broken down into parts.

Erickson has described this as his finest house. Like all his best works, it succeeds by establishing a deferential intimacy with its setting; his are simple yet profound images, deftly translated and meticulously carried out. Equally, as a collector himself, he shows a real affinity for art, offering it a context in which it is flattered and revealed, not simply housed. The photographs on these pages of the University of British Columbia Museum of Anthropology in Vancouver show this same sensibility. Responding to the power of both site and artifact, it offers an elegantly simple response, a larger-scale version of the post, beam, and plane essay so deftly represented by this house. In these two projects, Erickson's spirit of cooperation with the landscape is so concerted, the work seems a completely natural part of it. □ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

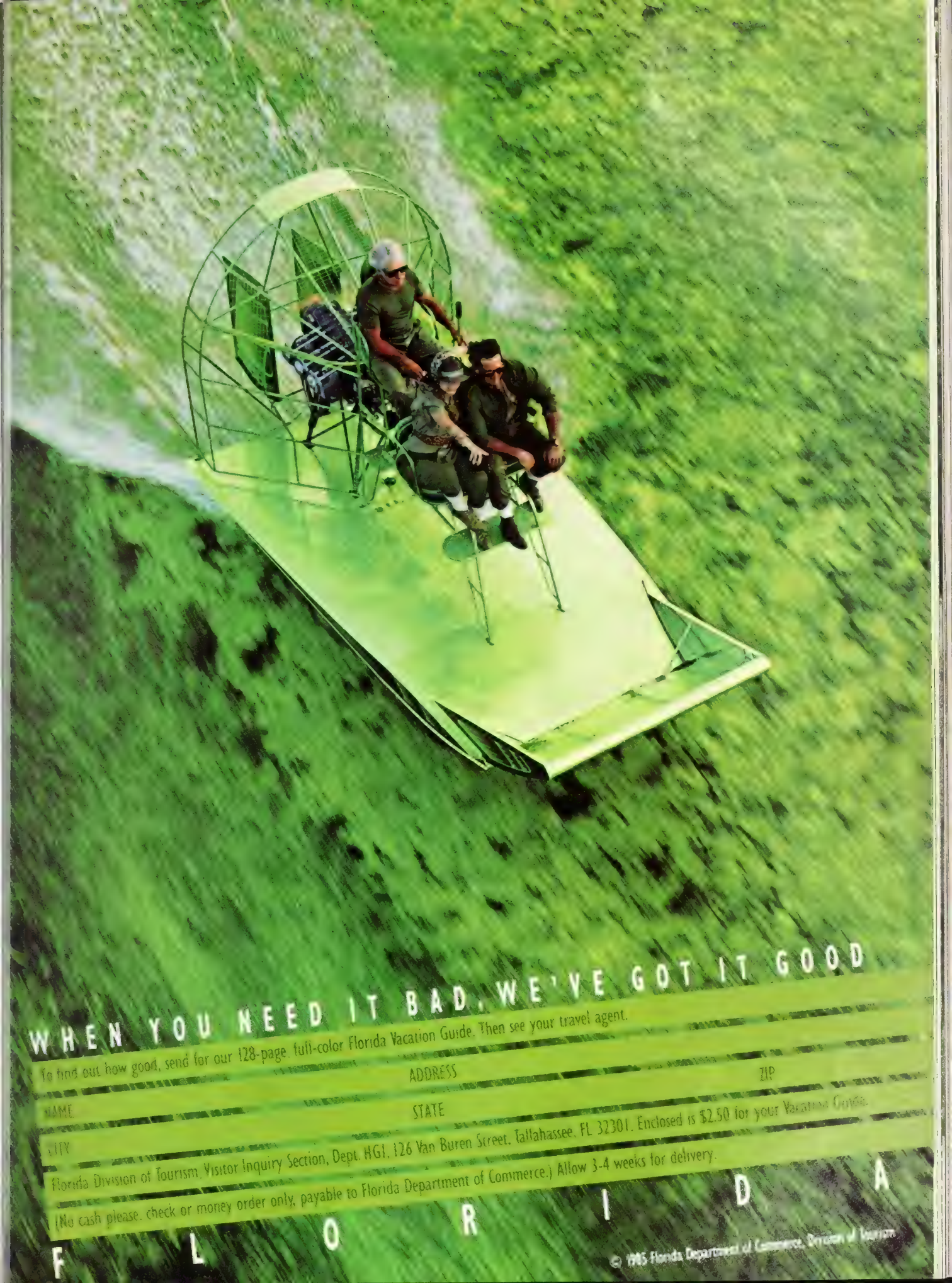


NARCISSUS
Graeco-Roman 1st century

For 1,783 years this statue slept in the darkness of the ashes and lapilli which had covered the Roman city of Pompeii since the eruption of Vesuvius in 79AD. When it was again brought to the light Domenico Monaco, curator of the National Museum in Naples wrote, "If perfection exists in any speciman of sculptural art, it is in this figure."

The 25½" statue, mounted on an alabaster base, is made from oxolyte resembling Carrara marble in appearance, weight, and feel. The delivered cost of $611 is payable by check, Visa, or Mastercard. Color catalogue of 145 sculptural masterworks $3.

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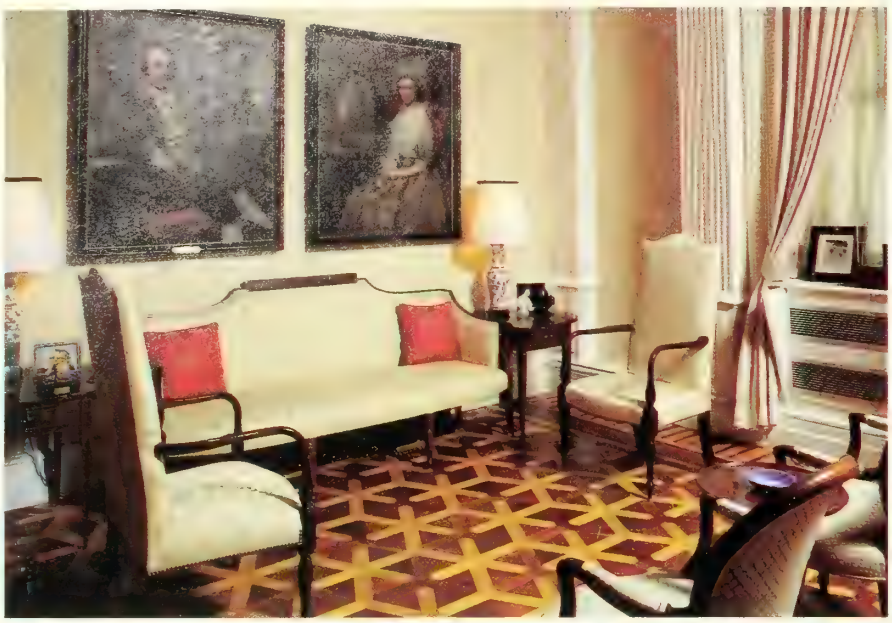
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The Vice President's office in the Old Executive Office Building with new-found marquetry floor was originally occupied by the Secretary of the Navy.

(Continued from page 138) the Oval Office, an Executive Order was immediately issued to remove all the doors. They were never seen again.

For many years, the building had been drastically neglected. Office needs were met with little or no thought about the building's history. Stained-glass skylights were plastered over or replaced by fluorescent fixtures, high-manteled fireplaces were blocked and thick, black communications wires coiled around detailed door enframements. Security systems and antennae were added.

This struck John Rogers as architectonic profanity. So when he arrived in 1981 he mounted a campaign to rescue the OEOB's splendid interior past. Some of America's finest surviving Victorian rooms are found inside and he has laid bare marquetry and tile floors that were hidden under wall-to-wall carpeting, painted walls that hadn't been painted for decades, and polished the marble floors so they glisten once again. In the process, he unveiled the old War Department Library, one of the federal government's masterpieces of interior design, which was masked behind a suspended ceiling and partitions of curtains and being used as a conference room.

The architect of the OEOB was Alfred Bult Mullett, Supervising Architect of the Treasury. During his eight years in the position, he oversaw the design of all major federal buildings across the country, popularizing his architectural specialty, the French Second Empire Style. When he resigned over a granite contract dispute in 1874, Venetian Richard von Ezdorf, who studied architecture in Germany and Austria, designed most of the lavish interior spaces.

Alfred Mullett remained true to the traditional French-inspired details of the Second Empire style. The OEOB is a true ziggurat of a building, tier upon tier with sculptural detail after sculptural detail, column on top of column, and projecting pavilions topped by a mansard roof. "It is perhaps the best extant example in America of the Second Empire—or as it is sometimes called locally, the 'General Grant'—mode," according to the godfather of American architectural history Henry-Russell Hitchcock.



John Rogers mounted the campaign to preserve the OEOB.

After narrowly escaping the wrecker's ball on many occasions—it is estimated that it would cost more to tear it down than to build a new building—the OEOB is here to stay. In 1971, it was placed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Historic Place or not, the OEOB has always been controversial. People either love this romantic Victorian building or hate it. After President Coolidge was given a tour of the building, he asked, "Is the building insured against fire or earthquake?" When the superintendent answered, "Of course, Mr. President," he commented, "What a pity."

But the OEOB has its admirers. A recent occupant and Presidential aide, Landon Parvin, says, "It's too hot or too cold. It's too dark. Nothing is convenient. You can kill yourself on the stairs . . . I love it." White House Curator Clement E. Conger, who had an office in the OEOB at the beginning of his career, says, "It's not my period, but I admire it for what it is. It's closest to Prussian Classic—very much like the buildings built in Berlin during the Bismarck's era." And Richard Howland, President of the Victorian Society in America and Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Smithsonian lovingly calls it, "Opera House Baroque."

And the OEOB's next-door neighbor has noticed, too. "I can see it every time I look out my living-room window," observes President Reagan. "Just like a great big battleship, it looks like it's going to be with us forever." □

If you wish to learn more about the OEOB, you can write for the booklet "The Old Executive Office Building, A Victorian Masterpiece," $3.50 from The Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.



Flowers have always been an inspiration to Sherle Wagner. Now, this bathroom botanist has transplanted the poppy, capturing the charm of its silhouette and the lacquer-red of its color. Found in art dating a thousand years back, this lovely flower makes a mockery of the hardy perennial. And our Mr. Wagner pollinates it again, not only on this bowl, but on wall tiles and accessories as well.

Sherle Wagner

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(Continued from page 118) a rosebush has climbed up the trunk of an old tree so that its blooms seem to float up toward the sky. And finally, just before the edge of the cliff, a gigantic wisteria covers the whole wing of the house. Ancient, but, Mr. Birgi says, as conquering as ever, it spreads up to the roof as well as sideways all along the cliff wall, covering both in season with an abundance of purple flowers.

Because there is so much activity and diversity the garden seems huge: in fact, it is kept up, with the episodic help of a single, aged gardener, by the Ambassador and his housekeeper, Miss Neumann, who not only zealously waters the flowers but grows an herb garden of her own, which the lunch or dinner guest is quick to appreciate. Clearly, the climate helps all this, but in its very abundance the garden is utterly misleading, for as the visitor reaches the house, and the door opens, he sees right through an entrance hall and two salons to the most glorious, most expansive of views.



Birgi house viewed from the Bosphorus

This open plan, which makes the house into a glass box, is, in fact, traditional, and the results, seen from the inside, are nothing short of thrilling. Turn one way and you see the Bosphorus, a vast expanse of sky and, in the distance, the domes of the Hagia Sophia, the Sultan Ahmet, and the Suleimaniye mosques, all complete with sharp-pointed minarets, while a little closer, numberless cupolas flower on the roofs of the Topkapi. Turn the other way and you see the greenest, lushest of gardens: you can adjust the view to fit your mood, retiring or all-embracing.

Of course, once inside, one is greatly tempted simply to sit down in front of the windows overlooking the Bosphorus and never move again. The changing light on the water, the varying color of the sky, the animation of the maritime traffic, the magical skyline, all combine to fascinate: it is the kind of view that can never grow stale and Mr. Birgi admits that, even after years of residence, he finds himself stopping and staring at unexpected moments. It is no wonder: even inside the house, the light changes as dramatically as it does on the water. That is, perhaps, no accident. Although he restored the rooms to their original shapes and carefully preserved every last architectural detail, the Ambassador has blended East and West in the décor, abandoning traditional Turkish formulas for the most sophisticated of eclecticism. Thus, the floors are all covered with neutral matting while the walls reflect aqueous tints: very pale blue, gray-green, or an almost transparent écru; but then kilim rugs add touches of dark reds while, everywhere, groupings of objects testify to Mr. Birgi's wide-ranging taste.

Still, there is no lack of Turkish fantasy. The ceilings, for instance, are adorned with carved and painted wood motifs, some of which came with the house while others were assembled and mounted according to the owner's design after he had bought them from other, demolished houses. Such is the case, for instance, of the carved cabbage placed in the center of the dining-room ceiling. Because he is a skilled draftsman, the painter of fresh, charming watercolor flowers, Ambassador Birgi has felt free to modify tradition to suit his taste, so the cabbage, taken from a collapsed *yalu,* has been repainted: once monochrome, it is now dark-green, pink, and, white. And there are more surprises. The room itself is perfectly traditional in shape but it centers on a European table and is adorned throughout with a rich display of blue-and-white Chinese porcelain ranging in date, the Ambassador says, from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries; and, near the front windows, a splendid Chinese trunk fas-

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tened by a complex round lock adds yet another touch of the unexpected.

This abundance is the most characteristic aspect of the house: porcelain in one room, silver boxes in another, Turkish calligraphies in a third, engravings relating to Turkey in yet another all make it clear the owner cannot resist an attractive object; and in fact, wherever his career has taken him, Mr. Birgi has made himself thoroughly familiar with antiques shops and flea markets. "I am a decorator, not a collector," he says modestly, but he started buying well before he owned the house, and, as is often the case when someone buys what he loves, several of his collections have seen their values multiplied—especially that of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Turkish calligraphies. Sometimes a verse of Koran, sometimes an elaborate greeting or signature, these stark designs in black or gold on white look amazingly modern; and a whole wall covered with them, as in one of the downstairs salons, shows us that conceptual art was not born yesterday.

The blend of East and West continues throughout the house. The carved-wood banister underlining the curve of the stairs is essentially Turkish, as is the semicircular mini-balcony in which it ends, but its shelf is adorned not only with two splendid eighteenth-century Turkish daggers but also with a celadon Chinese dish. There, however, the Orient ends. With a few major exceptions, like two six-foot Chinese paintings in one of the small salons, the upstairs reflects a European influence. There are two guest bedrooms, for instance, whose lace curtains and flower watercolors remind one of a Victorian country house, and a third one where German Art Nouveau furniture, complete with mirrored dressing table and silver-backed brushes, takes one back to the turn of the century.

That same sense of pleasing nostalgia can be felt in the small salon at the front of the house in which the Chinese paintings are hung. There, all the furniture is what the Ambassador calls "Turkish Louis XVI." Made in Istanbul in the 1890s, it is a peculiarly Oriental adaptation of that specifically French style: stiffer than the original—one senses the cabinetmaker's effort—the seats are also much lower so we don't quite know whether to sit with our feet on the ground or our legs crossed under us; and, as always, a few unexpected details catch the eye: a Persian seventeenth-century carpet, a *blanc de Chine* figure on a painted metal tray.

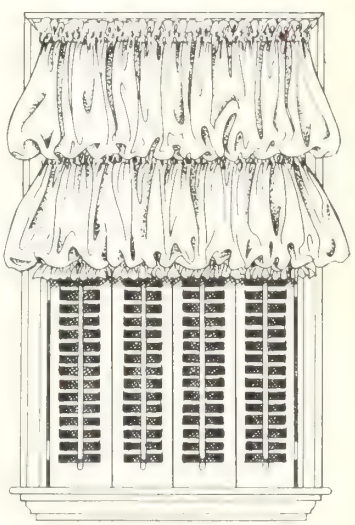
Next door, the Ambassador has set up what is probably the most thorough compromise between two cultures. Once again, we find ourselves in a room that runs the entire depth of the house. It has purposefully been left almost empty as it was, no doubt, a hundred years ago; but then, its one large piece of furniture is a red-and-gold proto-rococo sofa picked up by Mr. Birgi in a Chantilly antiques shop sometime in the early sixties and of which he says, disarmingly, that it was probably made ten minutes before he bought it. Large as it may loom, however, the sofa is merely an adjunct to the real purpose of the room which is nothing else than a music gallery. There is a grand piano, in almost daily use, as well as a stereo system, and the collection of records is almost purely European.

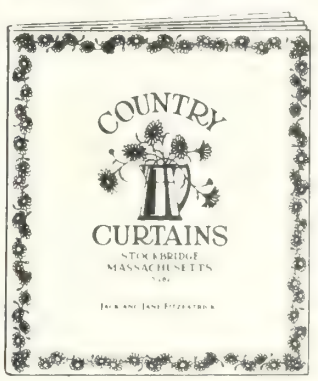
Here, as everywhere in the house, the windows look out to the view. That, however, still wasn't enough. When Mr. Birgi designed his bathroom, he made sure that even from the bath he could see Istanbul across the water; and, in the same way, downstairs, a little side loggia, dripping with stalactite vine and completely open in front, serves as a breakfast room. To sit there, with the panorama spread before us, fanned by a breeze while the sun is reflected, golden, in the water is to understand true luxury; that is quite in the spirit of a city in which past and present are joined in a love of the sumptuous. And since in Istanbul Roman, Byzantine, Arabic, and Turkish elements blend into a variety of new styles, it seems appropriate that this most modern of *yalus* should also be one of the oldest, appearing, as it does, in a drawing dated 1770 while, inside its walls, many cultures come together to create a unique décor at the behest of an owner who belongs to an old and illustrious Turkish family but is also the most cosmopolitan of men. □

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JOURNAL

ALL ABOUT EVA

Eva Zeisel: Designer for Industry, The Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn, New York, through Dec. 31.

The growing appreciation of forties and fifties design has now focused long-overdue attention on the work of Eva Zeisel, the 78-year-old creator of some of the most superbly sculptural ceramic tableware of this century. Since the twenties in her native Hungary, she has absorbed a broad range of influences—from the Bauhaus to the Russian Suprematists, from Jean Arp to Lucie Rie—and subsumed them in her own highly original designs, some 1,500 of which have been produced in Europe and the U.S. The equal at least of her closest male counterpart, Russel Wright, Zeisel is reconfirmed as a figure of enduring importance. *Martin Filler*



BRENT BROLIN



COMPOSITION CLASS

Michael Geiger: Still Lifes, Daniel Wolf Gallery, New York, through Dec. 28.

Wires and ribbons weave around flowers, fruit, stones, and other objects in one of Geiger's carefully composed photos, *above. A.R.*

SHUTTER ON THE PSYCHE

Duane Michals: Photographs, Museum of Modern Art, Oxford, England, through Feb. 3.



DUANE DUCK (SELF-PORTRAIT), 1984

In the age of the subjectless photograph, Duane Michals has never lost his belief in the expressiveness of the narrative or the power of the symbol. In his 25-year career, he has built not so much a body of work as a self-contained universe in which fantasy and desire, the flesh and the spirit are evoked with all the imagistic intensity and temporal evanescence of a dream. This most poetic of artists has no real equal today: we must go back to the Surrealists (whom he captured incomparably, especially de Chirico and Magritte) to find a psychic vision as unforgettable as his. *M.F.*



DUANE MICHALS

UNTITLED, 1982 (COVER FOR MICHALS'S *SLEEP AND DREAM*)

SAHIB STORY

The Jewel in the Crown, Mobil Masterpiece Theatre (PBS), beginning Dec. 16.

Actor Tim Pigott-Smith,



GRANADA TV

above, claims Ronald Merrick "would have been all right had Daphne married him." Lucky she didn't: without her, he is one of TV's more complex villains in a richly plotted story set in 1940s India. This 14-part adaptation of Paul Scott's *The Raj Quarte* is not to be missed. *G.W.*

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I insist on small limes from Provence — they add fragrance and tartness. Try with Gruyere and Swiss cheese, or as the perfect base for homemade mayonnaise



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STRICTLY FROM UNGERS

Not since Sir John Soane turned a series of London terrace houses into the first architectural museum has an architect enjoyed such an opportunity to create a self-referential statement about the nature and history of architecture. In commissioning Oswald Mathias Ungers to convert a 1901 Neoclassical villa on the banks of the Main River into the new German Museum of Architecture, the city of Frankfurt, Heinrich Klotz, the museum's founder and director, turned to one of the most rigorous of European Post-Modernists.

Other architects might have interpreted this brief as a license for the most eclectic juxtapositions of classical forms and images, but Ungers chose to realize a theme that has dominated his paper ruminations for years: the idea of Chinese boxes, or "the house-within-the-house." Not only did the existing villa become the first in a sequence of three "houses," but its Ionic order established the dimensions of a double square grid that orders the entire design.

From the crisply cut openings of the rusticated base that engulfs the house and garden to the grids of the tile floors and window mullions, the simple four-square cage is continually reiterated. Even the auditorium's four-square chairs echo on a smaller scale this primal square.

This grid relates an architectural story that unfolds from the museum's central core outward. In the innermost Chinese box—the basement auditorium—four pillars announce the grid. As the square rises through the entire building, it is progressively partitioned by railings and panels. At the topmost floor, the cube has become a house, or rather the "type" of a house *(left)*. It is at once the inner core of the Chinese boxes and the first in the museum's growing collection of architect's models (which already includes those for Michael Graves's Portland Building and for works by Leon Krier, Aldo Rossi, Robert Venturi, Frank Gehry, and Stanley Tigerman, as well as, of course, Ungers's own model of the museum itself).



O.M. UNGERS'S GERMAN MUSEUM OF ARCHITECTURE IN FRANKFURT



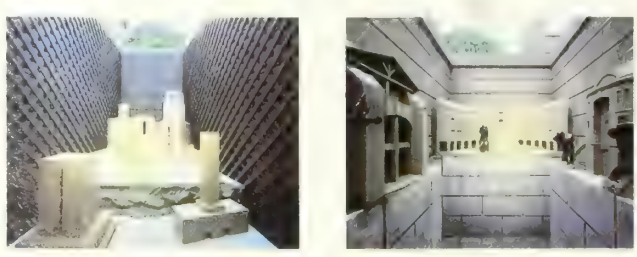
GRAVES'S PORTLAND MODEL AND THE GLASSED-IN GARDEN GALLERY

The game of indoors and outdoors reaches its peak in the garden gallery. Here the grid is juxtaposed with the stalwart trunk of a tree, suggesting an eighteenth-century meditation on the natural origins of architecture's elements.

However, the cumulative effect of these metaphors is diluted by the awkward circulation system. On the ground floor, long parallel corridors bypass the villa entirely, leaving the visitor searching for its entrance. The isolation of the narrow enclosed stair limits rather than enhances our perceptions of the transformations on each level. This creates a hermetic quality that heightens the ambiguity of inside and outside inherent in the "house-within-the house" but at the same time obscures the full richness of the tales Ungers set out to relate about nature, geometry, and architecture. The unraveling of these stories has the same cerebral quality as Ungers's sleek interiors. The building demands a visitor as self-conscious as its designer to fully appreciate the interplay between the big model and the many smaller ones within. *Barry Bergdoll*



ORTHOGONAL RULE: THE AUDITORIUM, *LEFT*, GALLERIES, *RIGHT*



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BEWITCHED, BOTHERED & BEWILDERED, BUT DECORATED

(Continued from page 144) that there were about ten thousand books to contend with, and Peter meekly addressed himself to weeding out his less-favorite eight thousand. This took two or three hours. After that they spent two hours reducing the contents of his dressing room/closet—which was the size of his new apartment's bedroom—by one half, in the process putting aside fifty pairs of linen pants in every hue of the rainbow that he'd had for years and never worn (but keeping fifteen suits of his father's from the forties and early fifties).

"Be ruthless, be ruthless," grunted his decorator. "You've got to get all this stuff into two paltry closets."

And then, the attic. It was filled with the usual debris: broken lamps, boxes of pots and pans with missing lids, rugs rolled to one side.

"No, Peter, you cannot save that rug. It's obviously up here because of all those dog-pee stains."

"What'll I put on the floor?" the client asked plaintively between sneezes.

"If we can get out of here right this minute, I'll loan you my favorite rug!"

Into the three-room apartment lumbered all the aforementioned items, plus his father's baby grand and a huge beaten-up partners' desk that had to be returned immediately because it wouldn't fit into any of the rooms. Moving day, which Peter refused to change, unfolded around the painter who was only halfway through and the carpenter who was still constructing endless bookshelves.

"What do I care?" shrugged the bandleader. "I like funk."

Funk is what he got for the next month. Wisely refusing to move in, however, he spent the time submitting to the indignity of ordering a custom-made convertible sofa for the children and buying a bed for himself at Bloomingdale's. He cursed in the linens department over sheets and pillows and down comforters and perspired in the housewares department over pots and pans. Screwing up his face with hatred, he got into the act, the decorating act, because of these brave words from his decorator:

"Under penalty of death," she warned him, "don't buy any furniture unless it's really good. No furniture is better than junk. If you can't afford the best, wait till you can. Learn to develop your instincts. You'll just have to tag along with me. I'll find the stuff and you make the decisions."

"But I don't have time—this afternoon I've got a game of squash—"

"Do you want me to spend your money without you?"

Peter was hauled, protesting vociferously, all over Manhattan. Little had the decorator guessed at the outset of this adventure that her client was a miser on the one hand, and a sentimental pack rat on the other. He was incapable of throwing anything away, and insisted on prominently displaying every gruesome doodad he's ever been given. It was a detestable experience for both.

Naturally the last argument they had was over the blue sofa. This was at the tail end of the job. Peter had broken in his new bed, had started entertaining friends around the dining table, which he had taken every weekend of six months to find, and had bunked his children on the convertible sofa.

"There's just one thing I can't do yet," he groaned mournfully. "I can't practice the piano in this living room. It doesn't have enough atmosphere."

"I quite agree," said the decorator, looking around at the rugs, lamps, chairs, desk, and cabinet she loaned him. "What this room has *always* needed is a nice, squishy new sofa."

She walked over to the phone and picked up the receiver.

"I'm going to do something I should've done a long time ago," she said. "I'm calling in an old pro. His advice won't cost you a nickel."

Over raced the redoubtable Irving Blum, undisputed authority on fine arts and interiors.

"Peter," he boomed over a glass of wine, "This place is divine! Divine and sublime! It's ninety-percent perfect! You're almost there. I have one suggestion for you, only one." He squinted, surveying the room. "What you need is—" here he lowered his voice dramatically, "*a new chandelier.*"

The client was so shocked by this suggestion that the next morning, still in a daze, he allowed himself to be taken by the hand and led over to Rose Cumming, Inc. Its proprietor, Ron Grimaldi, who is one of that rare breed of experts Peter had been hoping to avoid, was able to sell him not only a huge chandelier, but 24 yards of English chintz for some curtains and, sight unseen, a Victorian sofa that needed drastic reupholstering and had to be trucked in from a junk store on Long Island.

So in the end, everyone was happy. The old blue sofa went into storage, the new/old one was a major triumph. When last seen, Peter was at the piano practicing, and his decorator had gone back to her previous line of work. □

SPLENDORS AND MISERIES ON GRAMERCY PARK

(Continued from page 154) I could not in perfect fairness recommend the Gram to anyone whose necessities force him into my wake without conceding that its struggle against decay is now so desperate that every resident must be a soldier under environmental siege. There is, not to put too fine a point on the terms of discussion, the matter of the cockroaches, who constitute, after all, so ubiquitous a presence in New York City that even the United Nations Building is reported open to their free play. The roaches at the Gram are larger than any others in my experience; but their long neglect by the exterminators has left them so torpidly unaware of even the feebler weapons and punier wiles of the adversary relationship that anyone who equips himself with one of the tiny

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boxes endorsed by Muhammad Ali can trust them to troop in with so complete an indifference to the corpses of their predecessors that, within a day, his room will be as pest-free as a Chase Manhattan vault. It is also sensible—if possibly licentious—for the studious to carry in a supply of light bulbs; the Gram does not aspire to illumination beyond the range of forty watts.

These admonitions to self-help are put forth not as warnings but as precautions. The worm of time has gnawed too long to leave the Gram much margin for the physical amenities; its charms are all reserved for an unwearying solicitude for the social sensibilities. It travels toward its inescapable extinction without ever departing from the fundamental assumption that no one can sleep under its roof, however uncomfortably, who is not a gentleman or a lady.

I should not think that Mrs. Harry Helmsley needs to lie awake over worries like that, for it is only the hotelkeeper at the ragged edge who has to be unwearily attentive to the importance of a rent roll confined to the unoffending.

The Gramercy is an artifact of that lost time when the near-indigent New Yorker could take for granted his convenient access to a premise where he could lay down his head in peace. Reformers used to cry out against the accommodations such precincts provided; but now when the city's streets are more and more cluttered with the homeless, those vanishing rookeries are surprisingly warm in the recollection because, as one observer recently put it, nothing is worse than bad housing except not enough bad housing.

Bad housing though it inarguably may be, the Gram shines all the same as a refuge for the decent poor, because it has stood firm against all temptation to throw them into discard by selling itself for conversion into one of those warrens the realtors call "luxury condominiums" or to debase them by opening its doors to the mad, the bad, and the dangerous to know. Circumspection, good manners, and accident explain its endurance as they do pretty much any instance of protracted defiance of life's exigencies.

Bernard Berenson needed no subtler and could afford a slower eye than a clerk at the Gram has to bring to his first gaze upon an applicant for lodging. A "Sorry, No Rooms" sign has been a permanent fixture on the registration desk since it was inked in some forgotten time; but it functions less often to describe the true state of affairs than as a measure of courtesy to anyone falling below the standard zealously held up by Abraham Okun, the Gram's proprietor, and Joseph Barrett, its day manager.

"I've had my quarrels with Abe," Joe Barrett said once, "but he has scruples. He's not out for every dime he can get regardless."

Early in my tenure, a covey of New York prostitutes alighted at the corner of 24th Street and Lexington Avenue and roosted there on the scantiest ra-

Du Pont TEFLON® soil & stain mattress protector on some models. Copyright © 1984 Simmons U.S.A.



tions of crumbs for a year or so. They came like swallows and like swallows went; and, all the while before they flew away, the Gram barred them from its halls except for those emergent minutes when they were driven to cover by some raiding party from the morals squad and in simple mercy were allowed sanctuary in the lobby's outermost fringe.

Still the occasion of sin can now and then slip past the sharpest of scrutiny; and one evening a window washer gained admittance, probably because he took the precaution of hiding his pail and squeegee under his coat. Window washers are by no means unjustifiably catalogued as a suspect caste; they are accustomed to work off the books and their subsequent immunity from the Internal Revenue code too often inflates their assurance of exemption from any other. This particular representative of their clan turned out to be more than usually high-flown with insolence and with wine and I came home late one evening to find him insecurely pinned by three policemen after he had protested his eviction by kicking the glass out of the Gram's entry door. A cluster of the more settled residents had gathered at the scene of combat; and when one of them complained against this rude incursion upon his rest, a cop reminded him that anyone who lived in a place like this had best get used to an occasional breach of the peace.

"A place like this?" he replied. "This is the safest place in this city."

And so it was. I never witnessed any closer approach to a public offense throughout my stay at the Gram; and that one hardly bruised my sensibilities beyond some disappointment that the sentencing judge, if such there be in New York, had not thought to order the miscreant to atone by washing our windows.

The Gram's history is not, of course, entirely untainted by crimes and follies; but here as in everything else the brush of the painter is soft, delicate, and tending to the comic style.

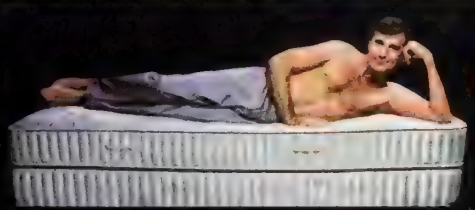
"About five or six years ago, this kid came to us," Joe Barrett remembers. "Very quiet and well-mannered. He always carried the *Times*. He ran a little behind on his bill, as they sometimes do, and one morning he stopped by the desk to tell me that he knew he was owing but not to worry because he was going down to the bank.

"The next thing we heard was that he was holding three people hostage at the bank and asking for $70 million in gold bullion and an escort to the airport. He finally settled for a six-pack of beer.

"Then there was the time when Harry Wilkerson was night clerk and two guys came in and showed him this phony badge and said they had a tip that an armed robber was heading this way and that there might be some rough stuff and Harry ought to clear out until they had collared him. So Harry went up to his room and sat there twenty minutes or so and didn't hear any noise, so he thought he'd better go down and check. They'd cleaned out

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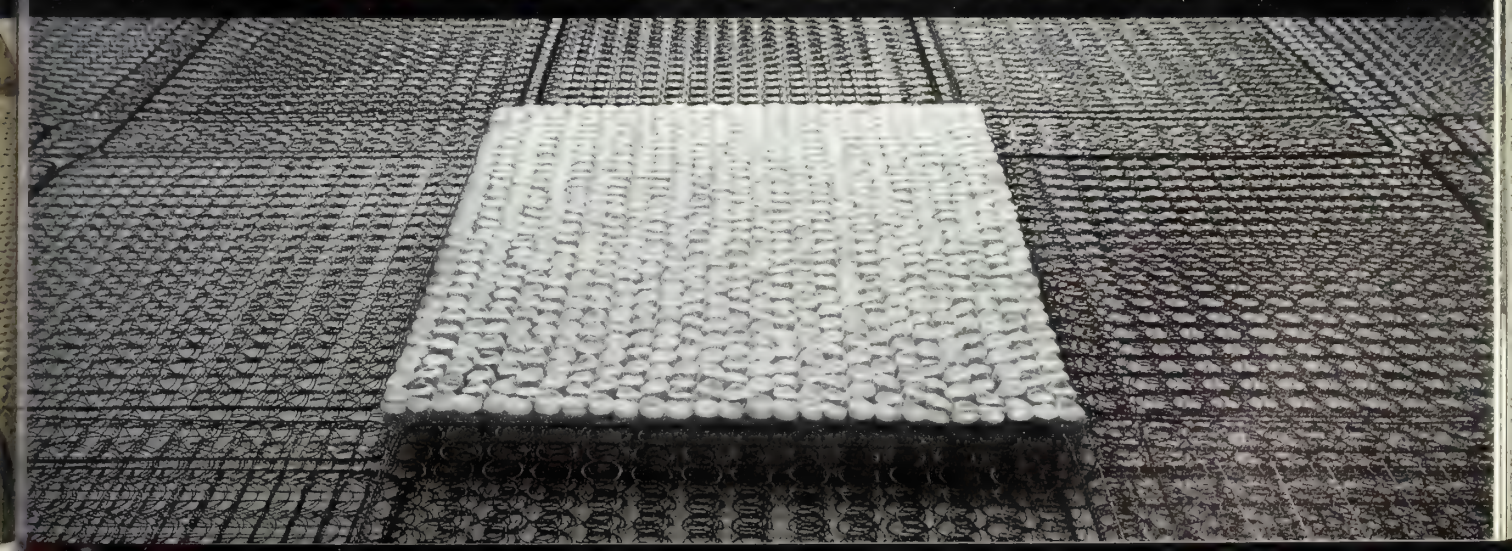


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HOW ABOUT NOW?



our cash register for what that was worth."

But such incidents are so infrequent, not to say bizarre, that this must be unique on the island of Manhattan as a hotel where the registree can close his eyes without fear of rough arousal if he leaves his door wide open on a summer's night to allow for absence of air conditioning mandated by the otherwise rewarding accident of its obsolescence.

For the Gram has never managed the conversion from direct to alternating current and is thus inhospitable to every development in the line of electrical appliances since the passing of Thomas Alva Edison.

"That's why we're so quiet," Joe Barrett says. "The kids can't use their stereos and we're safe from fires because we can't have hot plates and heaters."

The Gram's rooms are also unencumbered by telephones; a while ago, Okun and Barrett contemplated their installation and, as always, recoiled from progress and the ruination it generally brings.

"What would it be like," Barrett asked "to have some drunk yelling all night on the telephone?"

And so, to this day, when there is a call for a resident at the Gram, the clerk goes off to knock at the callee's door and inform him, with an agreeability undiminished by the climb, that he is wanted by the outside world; and, in the majority of cases where he does not want back, he has as good an option to evade pursuit as the shield of two secretaries could ever maintain for an executive of the Music Corporation of America.

One of the happier accidents of the Gram's old age is its name, which provides any resident who would prefer not to have the straitness of his gate noised about with the protective coloration of confusion with the Gramercy Park, a younger hotel with no small cachet.

"I get a lot of my fun," Joe Barrett says, "from all the people who mix up the humble Gramercy with the elegant Gramercy Park. Every Sunday somebody calls up to ask what time we serve brunch and last year I got a call from Japan trying to reserve our banquet room for October tenth."

I have moved on since to lodge with leases all else but secure on social rungs above the Gramercy's if not invariably up to the Gramercy Park's. Still I pass by the old place occasionally and wave to some remembered former sharer in my occupancy standing outside with no particular place to go but holding fast to his dignity and his distance from the bums standing on the corner of Third Avenue. There is a special comfort in knowing that he and the Gram are alive still.

The bricks that must once have been a flame of red have mellowed now to an aching evocation of Vermeer's wall at Delft; and the discreet wooden capital letters nailed up long ago to identify this haven for the hostelers and drovers of the 1890s are weathering toward fragmentation. The *H* is intact; but the *o* and the *t* are gone; and the *r*'s in *Gramercy* are cracked and sagging. But the *G* remains as elegant as ever and even lovelier for its patina. When the wrecking ball has done its office and the Gram's portion of the respectable poor is dispersed to worse, I suppose that, if I am not a ghost too, I shall come upon that *G* in some Madison Avenue shop and pay more for this scrap of departed memory than I ever had to for the real thing. □

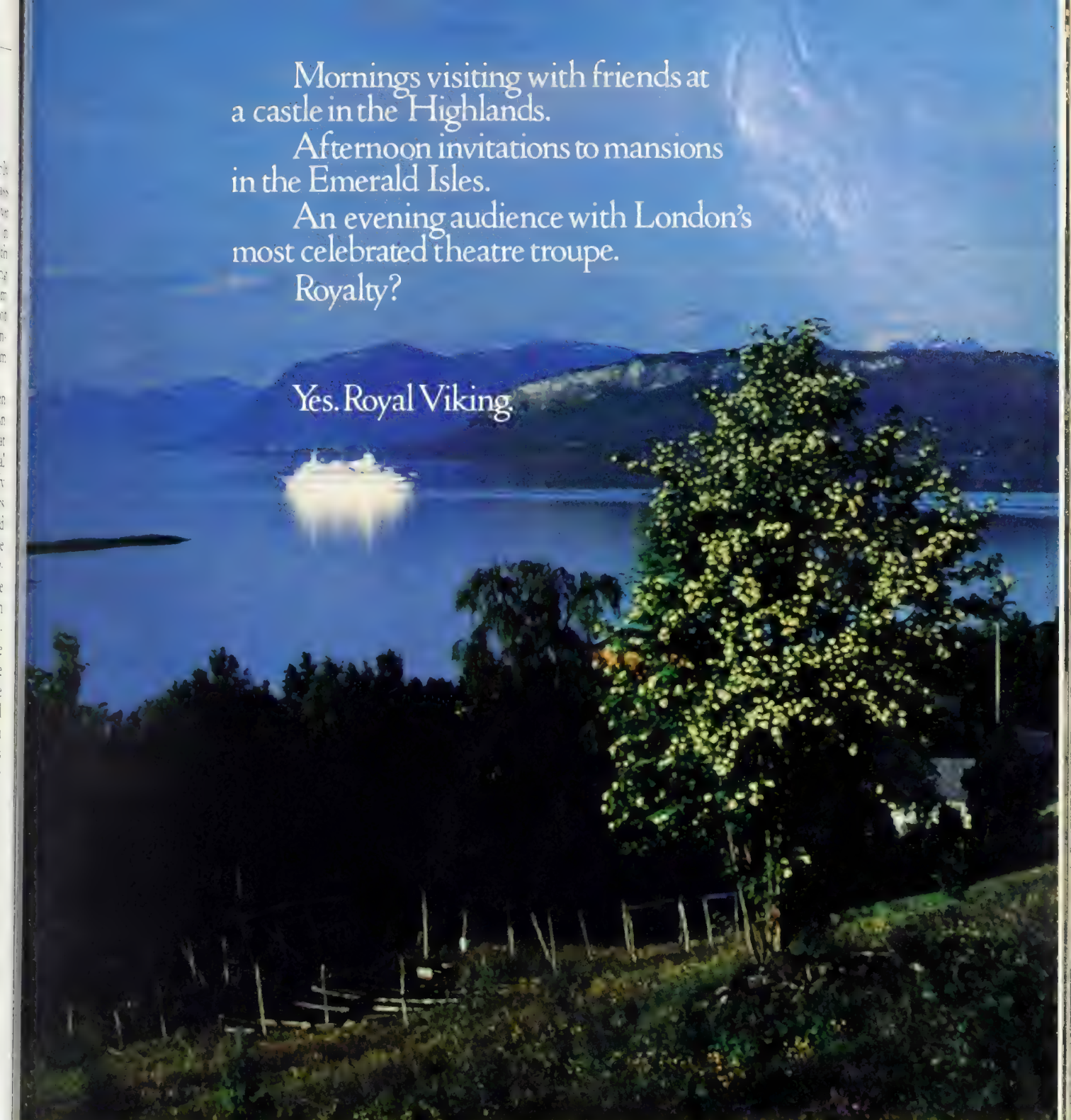
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 84) A Régence armchair covered in pink leather and a gilded Régence couch march with two eighteenth-century English chairs of giltwood covered in gray-blue velvet, which match perfectly a pair of English giltwood consoles: these last came first and crossed the ocean twice, once toward California, once toward Paris, at which point Phyllis Lapham discovered the armchairs, which feature identical faces decorating the knee. Then, as if to offset all this gold, there is an eighteenth-century English chest after a design by William Kent whose walnut framed in gilt adds just the right touch of toughness. And everywhere more Chinese objects catch the eye—late-eighteenth-century *famille rose* bowls, Canton enamel with crystal finials, Chinese architectural views—along with ivory-encrusted Lebanese side tables and Napoleon III vase bases, once black, now pink faux marbre.

Naturally there is a good deal more to the apartment: a dining room, with splendid gold-ground Japanese screens at either end, Japanese lacquer chairs made after a Dutch or Portuguese model, and, except for the spots illuminating the screens, nothing but candlelight; a tented white-satin boudoir with the most dignified of Empire day beds; a red study as per Mr. Lapham's request. But the bedroom is, on the whole, the place where Phyllis Lapham's inventiveness shows itself most vividly.

When she first started planning it, she says, she faced a problem: the Chinese-style tables, which she had designed for her previous California house, were too large to flank an ordinary bed, but this did not deter Mr. Lapham from insisting on their continued presence; so, nothing loath, she designed a huge fourposter, upholstered it in dark red, and made it as like a fantasy pagoda—complete with tall roof and hanging passementerie bells—as we are likely to find this side of Kew Gardens. That it should face a superb Chinese Chippendale mirror bought at a Paris auction house and be flanked by a first-rate Coromandel screen only reinforces the atmosphere in which all cultures meet to produce that most agreeable of consequences, an interior full of unexpected charms. □

Editor: Mary-Sargent Ladd



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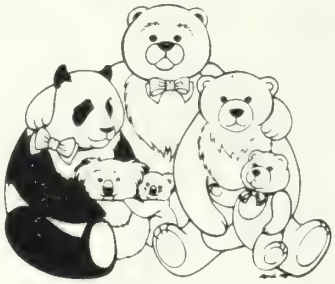
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(Continued from page 105)

II

My small picture-gallery ballroom was first ordered from Dick Kelly. I showed him designs by Percier and Fontaine, Josephine Beauharnais's favorite architects. At Malmaison, her retreat, and in the Musée Marmottan in Paris exist perfect reconstitutions of Directory, Consulate, and Empire surrounds. These are criteria for an ambience proper for a practicing contemporary Neoclassicist. At first, walls were hung in burlap, since Kelly's lighting system was costly. Floors were left pine, stained mahogany. Jute, hemp, and flax drape well, but after ten years, burlap shreds to dust. It was replaced by velour in heavy swags, the floor laid over in lozenges of teak.

Another decade passed; then Mark Hampton was asked to refurbish. He had a happy notion of installing paired columns of marbleized wood, replacing velvet with cotton moiré which made it all more cheerful. Furniture had been found thirty years ago in New York, mostly junk. Much of it bore shop-marks, and while there was nothing to connect with Jacob-Desmalter, Marcion, or Biennais, the great cabinet men, many pieces bore pyrographic initials of known makers.

Michael Hall, my favorite dealer, found table bronzes, a pair of Canova's dancers, and his head of Napoleon in a clean cast, signed "Thomire," together with a model for the Winged Victory which a nude emperor holds in his hand in the huge marble, set as a trophy in the Duke of Wellington's Apsley House. An early complete study for Augustus Saint-Gaudens's *Diana* of Madison Square is comfortable in such company.

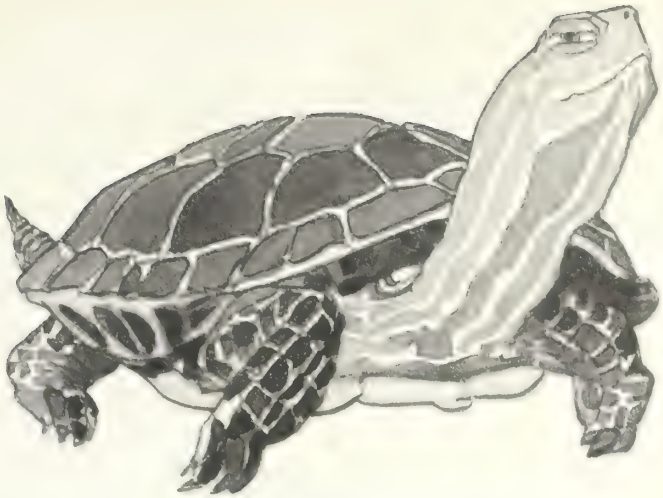
When I told Michael Leonard, the current English artist I greatly admire, that a large, dark painting of his would hang in a renovated room of which the walls were "yellow," he blenched. But Mark Hampton found a pale-lemony champagne moiré with vibrations of slight veining, a subtle and flattering background. By keeping the room rather empty, by holding a miniature metric in furnishing, it seems larger than size boasts. Although scarcely visible in reproduction, there is also a splendid oval panel by Bouguereau, set in the ceiling, of *The Birth of Venus*. This, Robert Isaacson found. An expert on this artist, he participated actively in the present revival by a retrospective for Paris, Montreal, and Hartford. On a gold, diapered ground, it seems hardly from the hand of the disdained master of saccharine infants and madonnas, which cast him as whipping-boy of modern art. If one can imagine a manner combining that of Ingres, Girodet, and Chassériau, this decoration originally done for the bureau of Émil Péreire, banker of the Crédit Mobilier, finished in 1858, is a piquant synthesis.

III

There is one other factor attached to my "collecting," which numerically, as far as individual objects go, count for the greatest. I worship cats. Lions, tigers, pumas, or panthers can't be housed, but domestic short-hairs are necessities. Egyptians and Chinese, Japanese and Persians, Seljuk and French knew the affinity of crystal, ceramic, brass, and ebony for the feline form. Live pets take furniture in its arrangement as proprietary aedicules. Despite shed fuzz, dropped whiskers, clawed woodwork, they endow an ever-shifting play in opulence, a purring vibration to static upholstery. Self-cushioned, self-stroking, constant sniffing, and dozing preoccupation burnishes metal and marble. They keep rooms busy when emptied of bipeds, and are companions for the ghosts of past owners of beds and bookcases, now mine for a season. To cats, a "collection" is only a casual combination of more or less comfy locations for meditation and laundry.

As for nostalgia, I could not have cared to have lived in another time than the one I'm content to claim. I've bridged two capital epochs, and possess riches which connect the two and exemplify both. In this, pride is taken in salvage, recovering primacies I prize, which over the last fifty years have seemed outworn, perverse, or in bad taste, but now reappear to be estimated anew.





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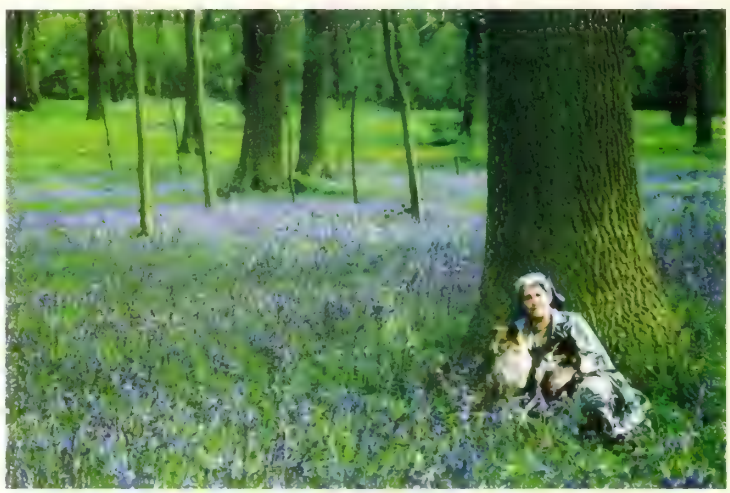
THE WILD BUNCH

Botanist Miriam Rothschild's crusade to save Britain's wild flowers

By Rosemary Verey

A sign at the start of the narrow lane leading to Ashton Wold, near Oundle, advises you to drive slowly. You are aware you are in the heart of England where land has always been loved and cared for by country people. Later, Miriam Rothschild will tell you the tale of how her father, when he was still an undergraduate at Cambridge, went bicycling in search of rare butterflies and found this sanctuary where nature has remained inviolate. Her father grew to love the surroundings so much that with the idea of buying the place he inquired locally who was the owner; an eccentric, he was told. He soon discovered this mysterious character to be none other than his own father, the first Lord Rothschild. His father gave him the land and then with the help of William Huckvale, an architect from Tring, built for his son a mansion on this ideal site.





Top: Harebells tied and ready to be harvested. *Above:* Miriam Rothschild with her collies in a field of bluebells grown from seeds gathered from her grandfather's garden at Tring. *Below:* Pammy and her girl friends, brown owls who live in one of the greenhouses.



MICK HALES TONY EVANS

Turning the final bend we come upon a large, stone-built manor so covered with creepers that most of its handsome architectural features are hidden. There is a graveled courtyard surrounded on three sides by the house, and at this moment you wish that you too had arrived on your bicycle, for there is a sea of valerian and self-sown pale-mauve and pink candytuft; to drive in would crush their beauty. We parked our car at a discreet distance, talked to the friendly dogs, entered the courtyard treading carefully through the candytuft as a small figure glided down some steps. "Please go to the front door and ring the bell," she spoke softly, "you are expected." The front door, half-hidden by honeysuckle and roses, immediately opened and we were welcomed into the house where Miriam Rothschild was born and still lives, though her scientific research and other commitments have often taken her far away from this magical place.

Miriam is short and very handsome. She was wearing a cornflower-blue scarf tied behind her head and her dress was the color of a field full of wild flowers. She has a directness of approach which is full of charm and immediately draws one to listen to every word she has to tell. Although she styles herself an amateur naturalist, educated at home, taking no public examinations and holding no university degrees, she has nevertheless been awarded a DSc by Oxford University for her work as entomologist, marine biologist, and botanist of international repute. She has published over 250 scientific papers, including a quarter of a million words on the habits of fleas, the behavior of sea gulls, the defense poisons of moths and butterflies, mimicry in insect scents, and the life cycle of the intestinal worm.

Like her father, the late Charles Rothschild, a brilliant naturalist who started the Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves and is known as the father of nature conservation in England, she is keenly aware of the urgent necessity for the conservation of the countryside. She is experimenting, with rewarding success, on the cultivation of native English wild flowers, raising them from seed in her own garden at Ashton Wold, and distributing them as plants (and seed) throughout

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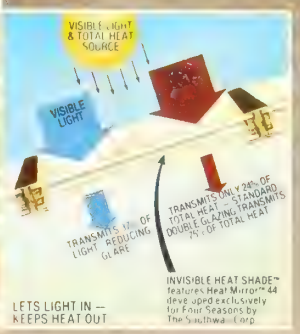


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the country. Under her guidance mixtures of grass and wild-flower seeds are sold to gardeners, small holders, and farmers. You may be certain that many projects which include the cultivation of wild flowers along roadside verges and in meadows old and new have stemmed from her influence.

While I was hearing about Miriam's discoveries and experiments with the intestinal worm and rabbit flea we were sitting in the mid-July sun beside the house. This once formally planted terrace, like every other area in the garden, is especially kept to encourage wild flowers, and provide butterflies and moths with nectar and pollen. Masses of red valerian were growing through the paving; this is a favorite flower of the hawk moth, which comes to England in midsummer in time to lay its eggs on lady's-bedstraw. Common toadflax, heartsease, spurges, and daisies were emerging between path and a long bed of roses, poppies, love-in-the-mist, and scentless mayweed mingled with groups of lavender and tobacco plants. The buddleias grown against the house would produce cascades of flowers later when they give a glorious waft of honey scent to attract flights of butterflies: peacocks and tortoise-shells, red admirals, meadow browns, and several different whites. A look around at the planting and one realizes that butterflies prefer heavy scents to delicate perfumes. In spring this same area had been a sea of cowslips, purple crocus, scillas, bluebells and aubrieta, dame's violets and lady's-smock, all growing with countless miniature daffodils and jonquils, snakes'-head fritillaries and wild garlic.

I asked Miriam if the County Councils are willing to use her recommended mixtures along new stretches of roadside. She replied: "Unfortunately they are suspicious, but we are winning. The mixtures they use are standard, and it is more difficult for a council to change a policy than for an individual." The Corporation of Peterborough has allowed her to plant stretches of roadside verges and these have been a tremendous success. In America Lady Bird Johnson is working toward the same end. Miriam has seen spectacular stretches of the lupine bluebonnet coloring the highway verges in Texas.

In her father's day at Ashton Wold there were fourteen gardeners; now there are one and a half helped by young people working through the Youth Opportunity Scheme. The walled kitchen garden is tremendously important for Miriam's experiments and her output of wild flowers. The glasshouses, though no longer in good condition (they would be too costly to repair), are every one put to excellent use. "You must see my friendly owls," says Miriam as we reach the first greenhouse. Three brown owls perch aloft staring at us, unblinking. She walks in with outstretched arm and soothing voice, "Pammy, dear, will you show your paces?" Pammy flies down instantly and perches on her arm, closes her eyes, and kisses our remarkable hostess. These three lady owls keep their one husband under strict control—he is only allowed to appear on special occasions!

The next house has a large tank, full of water lilies in flower, the one after that is even more colorful, with a collection of wild flowers from Israel—all Bible plants, Miriam explains. In the next are tray after tray of seed-heads waiting to ripen, be collected, distributed, or maybe kept to sow in another part of this unusual kitchen garden. Another glasshouse, now empty, is used each spring for butterfly breeding, and outside this is a patch of butterfly weed, *Asclepias syriaca,* so useful as a nectar plant.

These glasshouses, though not frostproof in their present condition, are invaluable in cultivating plants which require protection and for sowing special seeds, but the largest quantity of flowers is grown in lines in seedbeds. On this July day they were looking especially full of color, and some were starting to set and ripen their seeds. There were harebells, and wild wallflowers, oxeye daisies, lady's-bedstraw, field scabious, knapweed, cornflowers and meadow cranesbill and red poppies. On the other side of the path were rows of Israeli plants such as corn marigolds, horned poppies, and red field poppies.

The final joy for me was walking in Miriam's special meadow: the two acres of experimental grassland. She explained how terrible it had been during the war when the Ministry ordered that all fields, even those which had been permanent grasslands for centuries, should be plowed for cereal growing, thus destroying the wonderful tapestry of wild flowers which had evolved through hundreds of years.

Professor Kenneth Mellanby challenged her to produce a typical medieval meadow, saying it would take a thousand years. Now, after ten Miriam has made a very good "imitation." The soil is poor and calceolarious as it is here where rubble was tipped when the house was built. Wild flowers have been allowed to seed themselves each year, many have been added as plants, and now through gradual building-up there are over a hundred species of grass and wild flowers. As well as those we had just seen cultivated in the kitchen garden there are orange and yellow vetches, hoary plantain, agrimony, centaury and meadow thistles, self-heal and seed-heads of hawkbit. The orchids and cowslips are spreading but curiously the meadow-cranesbill which we had seen growing in profusion along the lanes was absent in this meadow.

Each year a different flower will be predominant; this year it is lady's-bedstraw and oxeye daisies, both of which are growing in spectacular drifts of yellow and white. It is a wonderful sensation walking through this natural meadow where each flower has its own beauty and nothing is a weed.

"Is it ever grazed?" I asked, and Miriam explained how it would be mown later, when as many seeds as possible would be ripe and the resulting hay scattered in nearby grassland. The "serious" farming of these meadow mixtures takes place in a 35-acre field on the farm. Last year it was cut during the third week in July, using a Massey-Ferguson MF 760, and the net profit from the sale of the seed (had it all been sold) would have been £857 per acre. "What will it be this year?" I queried. It all depends on the weather. Miriam's grandfather was a financial genius, her father and uncle were naturalists of great renown, and their qualities are combined in this small but truly dynamic figure, who is now helping to save Britain's natural heritage. □

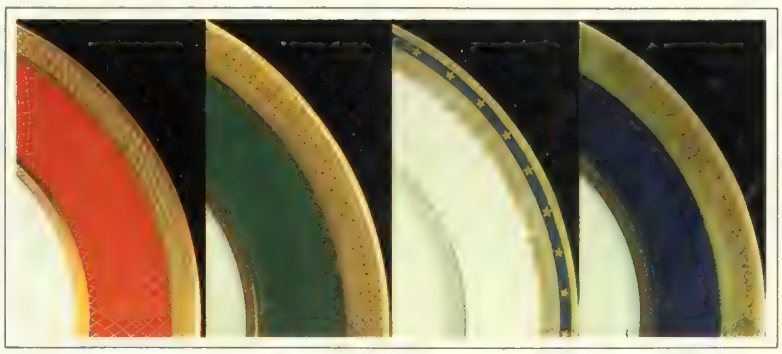
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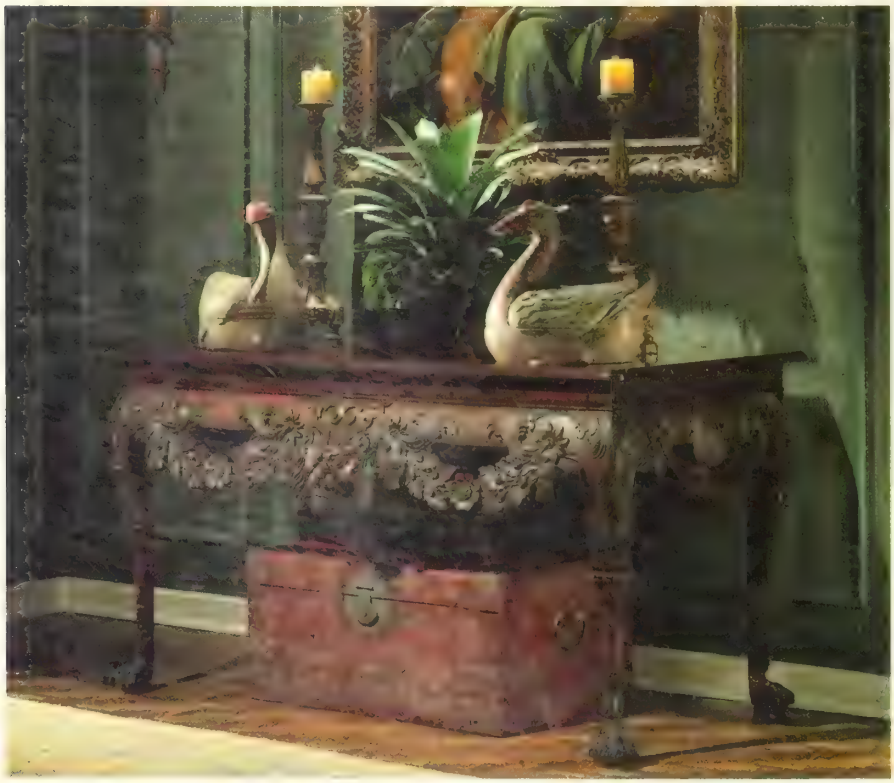
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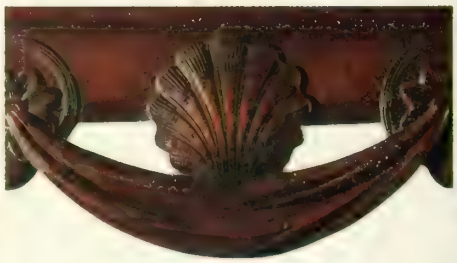
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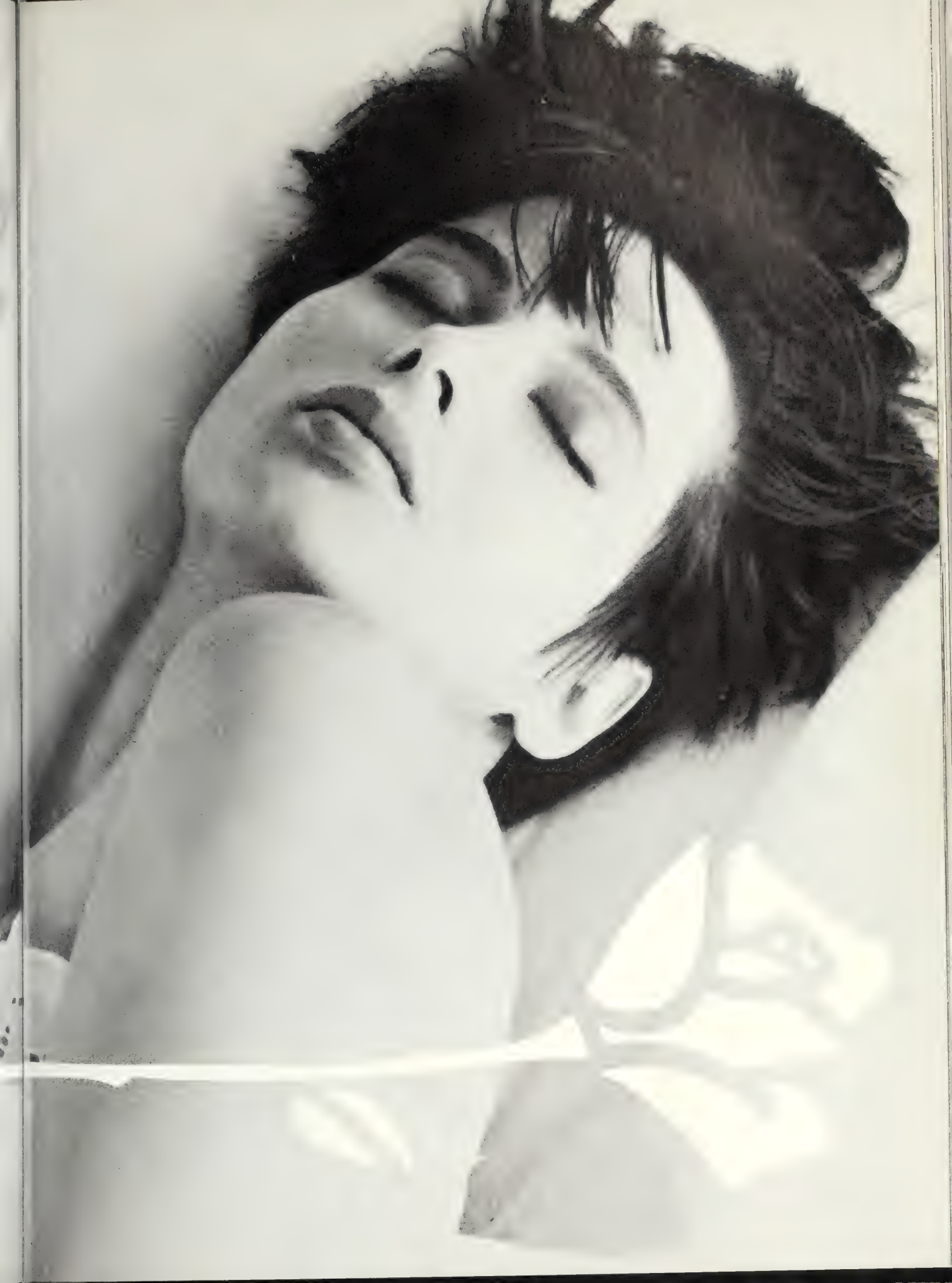
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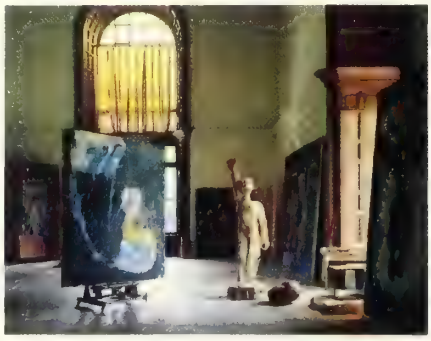
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

In a recent column on suggested Christmas presents House & Garden was described as a magazine of "delightfully idiosyncratic writing and a conviction that taste is not something one can buy." If it is not something you can buy, what is it? The dictionary talks about things like perception, experience, preference, critical judgment, and discernment. But taste also has to do with time, for as James Russell Lowell wrote, "New occasions bring new duties; Time makes ancient goods uncouth." Or as Ada Louise Huxtable has written, "A different message is delivered for each generation." In many ways this issue is a particularly striking example of just that, as pages 150–153 illustrate. The first two of those four pages show a collection of photographs in the apartment of Eugene and Barbara Schwartz, an apartment that is a dizzying depository of twentieth-century taste in art. The next two pages begin John Richardson's essay on Tissot and this nineteenth-century painter's "hauntingly elegant genre scenes" of his society. Note how much difference a century makes in both art and its appreciation.

For one thing, things happen much more quickly now. We were just photographing the Schwartz apartment when our story on the painter Georg Baselitz reached them. Our opening photograph, a painting on the easel in Baselitz's studio in West Germany, was the Schwartzes' latest acquisition, already hung in the study of the apartment being photographed. Among the other paintings in the Schwartz apartment is a David Salle with a particularly interesting history. But you'll have to read Marjorie Welish's text, page 144, to learn about that. I only bring it up because this issue also contains David Salle's new loft, the first major work of a young architect named Christian Hubert, who demonstrates how design can be "entirely of tirely of its own time and yet completely sympathetic to another."

This does not mean that anything goes. Developing our story on Laurence Booth's newest Neoclassical house in Chicago involved some interesting discussion with the architect. "Beauty is not in the eye of the beholder," Larry told us. "There is an objective beauty of proportion in good architecture that is intimately related to proportion in nature." Citing the structural ratios in a pine cone, a solar system, and a femur, he reminded us that "nature doesn't make mistakes in proportion except by accident." It's a good lesson for any of us making judgments about design; and a good introduction to his latest exercise in proportion, page 108, where you can learn more about his feelings on the relationships between style, taste, and time.





The Georg Baselitz painting in the artist's studio, *top,* and hanging in the Schwartz apartment, *above.*

An interview with the French interior designer Christian Badin, page 98, indicates some international agreement among design professionals on this point. According to Badin, "Style originated with proportion. . . . Before there were all of the possibilities of color we have today, moldings and cornices were necessary to regulate proportion, and that's what determined style." In working out the proportion there is only one rule, he says, and that is to please the eye.

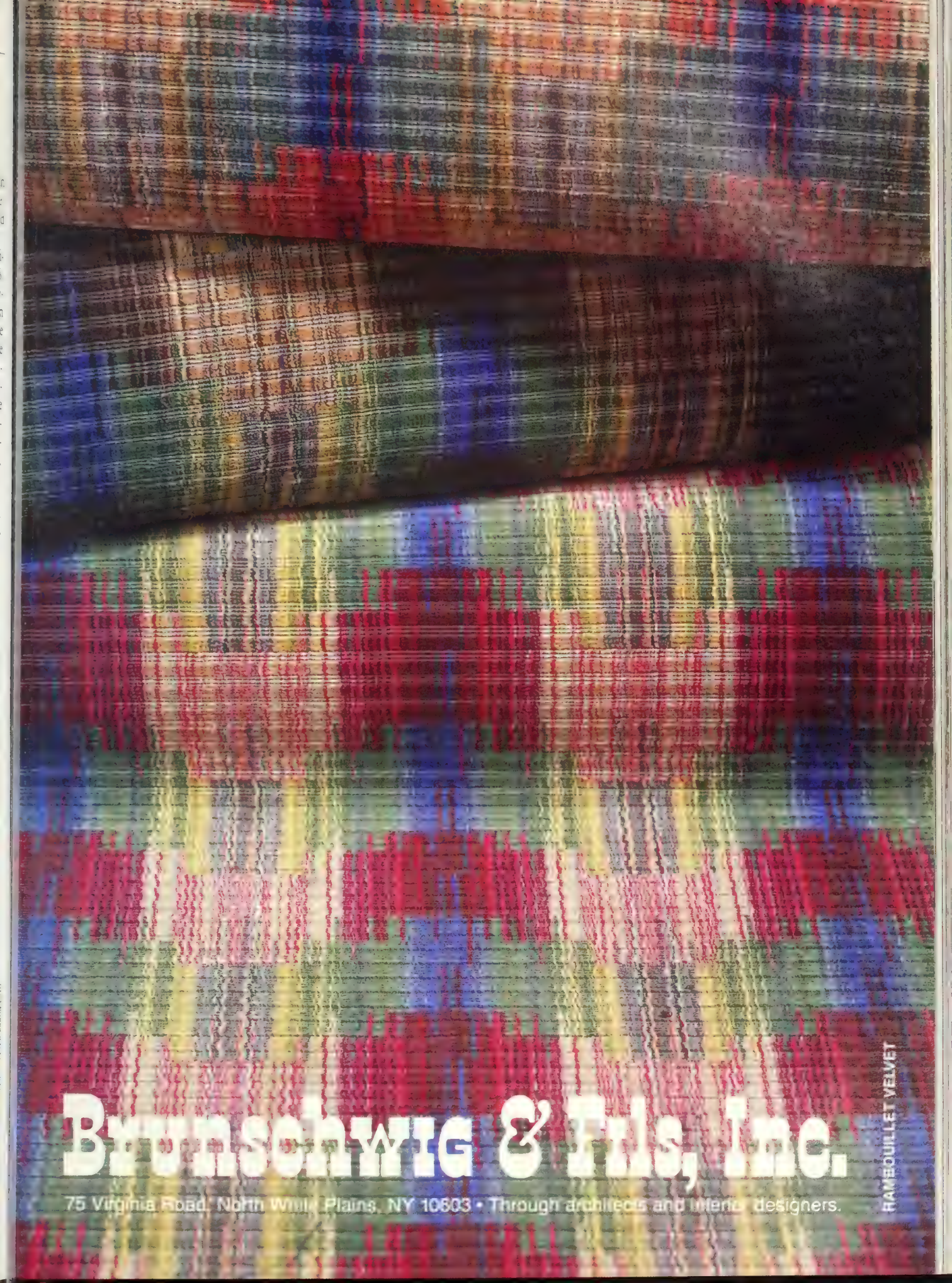
In our reportage on houses and gardens we often discover the secret is in a symbiotic collaboration between professional and client, but seldom have we seen one so finely tuned as the collaboration between Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. and the landscape architect Beatrix Farrand. For an intimate glimpse of just how well this collaboration worked be sure to read both the Paula Deitz text accompanying the photographs by Alan Ward of the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Garden, page 116, and the companion Garden Pleasures, page 208.

And then of course there is the ongoing collaboration between any two people making a home together. For a particularly delightful look at this more personal side of decorating read Christopher Buckley's account of how that kind of collaboration works at the home of his parents, Pat and Bill Buckley, page 78. Perhaps it isn't our writers who are idiosyncratic, but the delightful subjects we include in the pages of a magazine where "taste is not something one can buy."

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief

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VICTORIAN IN VOGUE

Who paved the way for its revival?

By Mark Hampton

How many years has it been since you last heard the gloomy prediction that pretty soon even Victorian furniture would be back in style? You might have heard it five or ten years ago, but you sure don't hear it any more. Victorian is definitely back. Why the vogue for this style of decoration is so widespread now is difficult to explain. There is a mania for new fashion that keeps decorating addicts churned up and imitating each other year in and year out, but why Victorian? Perhaps, as in the nineteenth century, it is the general prosperity that enables people to turn their attention to a style of decorating symbolic of financial ease; Puritanism isn't exactly a driving force in the world of the happy consumer nowadays. But simple momentum is surely a major cause. Don't for a minute think that a bunch of fashion coordinators sat down a few years ago and mapped out a strategy aimed at promoting a rebirth of the Victorian style. The fact is that there have always been individuals with a special love for decorating in the various nineteenth-century modes. While all the New Trends of the past twenty years have come and gone, decorating in the Victorian taste has been practiced all along with great skill by an increasing variety of people. Their influence, regardless of other forces, has been of prime importance.



Michael Taylor's Victorian room has Syrie Maugham overtones

The decorator whose way with things Victorian first entered my consciousness was Madeleine Castaing, who in spite of her great age continues to operate a shop of incredible charm on the Left Bank in Paris. Mme. Castaing's rooms were published constantly in the years after the Second World War. She revived a great number of mid-nineteenth-century designs, and with them she created a decorating vocabulary that was on the one hand very personal, but on the other hand hugely influential in the work of others. There were chairs and stools with frames of wood carved in the form of twisted rope; there were carpets densely patterned with leaves and palm fronds and flowers, usually on very dark grounds; there were numberless little tufted chairs and settees in fantastic shapes; and everything was lit by lamps with tiny peaked lampshades lacquered Bristol blue or brilliant green. Her patterned materials resembled the shawls worn by the women in Ingres portraits. Brass canopy beds were draped with miles of starchy dotted Swiss. Bookcases and desks were often Regency or Biedermeier. Gothic motifs were a great favorite. These wonderful rooms were funny-looking in the best possible way. There was a distinct unwillingness to be too serious. What counted was a rather hilarious prettiness, obvious comfort, and a bit of the desire to surprise. It was a rarefied taste, but it was very chic, and it certainly did spread. Billy Baldwin, with his genius for fashion, created a number of rooms using carpets and patterned materials that were among the Castaing staples. Mrs. Vreeland's red sitting room on Park Avenue is the most famous of these dense, moody rooms. If tasseled and fringed décor wasn't exactly the rage in the fifties, there were enough people marching to that distant drum to keep the beat alive.

Twenty years ago, Albert Hadley took me to see the New York apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Logan, where he was working at the time. I cannot remember what I expected to see, but it certainly was not the marvelous fantasy that greeted my eyes. The

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vast drawing room overlooking the East River had dark walls, glazed a warm, deep red. The floor was covered with an enormous quantity of antique Brussels tapestry carpet. Strewn—and I mean strewn—across the flowered carpet was a collection of I suppose French and English chairs. The frames of these wonderful chairs were made in various fanciful shapes, and their covers were a combination of velvet and tapestry, twisted and shirred and corded in ways appropriate to their original designs. Nothing had been simplified. No details had been omitted. Fringes of extravagant complication finished everything off. The atmosphere was intensely warm and comfortable. I felt like Aladdin entering the cave. I was seeing what I felt was the best possible interpretation of a then rare and offbeat style, an example of truly personal taste. (Can there be any goal more sought-after in decorating than that of expressing personality and individuality?) Furthermore, all of this atmosphere was achieved through decoration. The architecture of the building was not Victorian. One of the most compelling aspects of the Victorian style is the fact that it has often been achieved by decorative and not by the architectural means, a fact that contributes greatly to its applicability today.

At the same time that the Logans were collecting and decorating in their way, Betty Sherrill of McMillen was using Victorian furniture in her way to furnish her graceful house in Southampton. The Sherrills' house, far from being anonymous architecturally, is a rambling Shingle Style example of that uniquely American phenomenon, the summer cottage. Built in the last years of the nineteenth century for Elihu Root, it is a deliciously complicated house that was once, no doubt, full of dark wood and heavy drapery. Now it is light and airy. The color schemes are typical of those perfected by the firm of McMillen: pale greens and yellows and a dozen shades of white, that most complicated of colors. To punctuate this pastel palette, Mrs. Sherrill used a quantity of Victorian furniture in its original black paint decorated with flowers and mother-of-pearl inlay. The effect was—and is—one of charming playfulness and coziness.

Also in Southampton and just a stone's throw away is a house decorated by Billy Baldwin in the fifties. The house itself is huge and ponderous. Everything has been painted white, from the heavy architectural woodwork to the tables and chairs that are probably from the 1850s. Leggy and curvy, it is the sort of furniture you expect to find in Natchez, Mississippi. But painted white, it relinquishes all its fussiness and none of its charm. The upholstery is the beautiful tulip pattern from Margaret Owen, that marvelous and now-lamented fabric house.

These three rooms still exist, they were all done twenty or thirty years ago, and incredibly they are more in fashion now than when they were first seen. They are comfortable and amusing and they aren't too serious. Rigid styles are limiting in every way, but the world of Victoriana is very permissive. Its impurity is its virtue.

In 1964, Mario Praz published a book entitled *An Illustrated History of Furnishing*. It is a book noteworthy, among other things, for its illustrations, which consist largely of minutely executed and unbelievably lovely watercolors of nineteenth-century interiors from throughout Europe. Every decorator knows this book and it has been an inspiration to many.

The rooms influenced by Praz as well as the Logans' apartment were more European than American. Surfaces and materials were rich and very complicated. As in the days of Queen Victoria, every period from the past was utilized: Turkish carpets, Renaissance bronzes, seventeenth-century delft ware, sixteenth-century majolica, Chinese porcelains, plus a copious supply of Victorian copies and interpretations of every conceivable period. These rooms in the European Victorian style that began to appear with greater and greater frequency were noteworthy for their deeply comfortable atmosphere and whimsical richness. Now that the style is firmly fixed in our line of vision, we are accustomed to it. Not so many years ago it was very unfamiliar. However, there were several practitioners already established in the genre seen in Praz.

In New York, the firm of Denning & Fourcade has for 25 years been creating rooms that appear to be waiting for the reincarnation of Princesse Mathilde. While glass and chrome were get-

ting scratched and chipped all over America, Robert Denning and Vincent Fourcade were busily re-creating an atmosphere of shadowy luxury that made you forget the world outside. And that, of course, was the point. In the midst of the Industrial Revolution, when Europe was torn up by the construction of new railways and streets and factories, it must have been wonderfully comforting to come home to your Renaissance Revival town house or your Louis Quatorze–style apartment. And sure enough, after a couple of hours of gridlock, it is heaven to stoop under a Genoese velvet portiere and set foot on a dusky Persian-made Ziegler carpet (When asked about plain carpet, Bob Denning replied with a laugh that he "couldn't conceive of using it") as you head for some piece of enveloping Victorian furniture made for the well-fed entrepreneurs of the 1870s. Moreover, if you have any interest in arts and crafts there is something very encouraging in the year 1985 to see what wondrous handwork can still be done.

The people who love the actual work of decorating also love working with the craftsmen who produce it. As the fashion for Victorian decoration gains in popularity, the number of people who can execute the necessary finishes increases. It's the old law of supply and demand, and it's a very happy situation. Europe is still the training ground of these craftsmen. No discussion of this type of work would make any sense without mentioning two seminal forces in what my stereo man calls the state of the art. Renzo Mongiardino and the late Geoffrey Bennison have created a continuous stream of work in the past few decades that has brought with it a band of workmen who can stencil and marbleize and create faux anything with remarkable skill and charm. Old lace and velvet is skillfully mended and patched and reused in rooms where all traces of the present seem to melt away. The advent of this sort of work seems to me to be almost a public service, insuring for the future a steady supply of the sort of workmanship that cheers anyone who blanches when home computers are mentioned.

The room I have chosen to illustrate is to me a perfect example of the amazing combinations that come together to create a popular style. It is a room done a few years ago in California by Michael Taylor, another decorator whose ability to translate and interpret fashion has gone on for many years. The house itself is Victorian and clearly retains its plasterwork and its fireplace. The upholstered furniture is derived from Victorian models, but, and this is what I find so amusing, it is also derived from the great Syrie Maugham, a decorator about whom Michael Taylor knows a great deal. She, of course, was simply playing around with Victorian furniture, which she gave a new look to. Michael Taylor's interpretation moves closer to the original style, but the colors are of our time and the fringes and tassels look light and fluffy rather than heavy. The walls are very patterned in a way appropriate to a nineteenth-century paper. Actually it is a Chinese paper that we more often associate with Rococo rooms. But the effect is just right: amusing, colorful, and unpredictable. There is no question about the beauty or the comfort of this room. There is also no question about whether or not it is in style. Pin any date on it: it embodies the appeal of decoration that is at present in fashion and will never, thank goodness, be seriously out of fashion. □

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STRONG, DARK, AND HANDSOME

Margot Johnson was one of the first to succumb to the seductive lines of American Victorian furniture

By George Whitmore

Several years ago, when Margot Johnson's friends were avidly collecting English Regency furniture, she was filling her apartment with Victorian wicker. "I'm sure they hated it," she says now, "though they were too polite to say so. But that didn't bother me. It was such great fun to discover all these wonderful things no one else wanted—to me they were like abandoned babies."

Well, Miss Johnson (who was born and raised in North Dakota and must have inherited a good dose of the pioneer spirit) persevered in her rescue work. Victoriana became a mission for her. And while her penchant for what she terms "the whimsical and madcap" often led her to collect castoffs like wool birds perched on branches under glass domes, it also turned her into a serious collector of fine nineteenth-century furniture. So if her friends once allowed themselves a few discreet smiles behind her back, surely Margot Johnson has the last laugh now.



Margot Johnson leans on an Egyptian Revival ebonized pedestal, Kimbel and Cabus, circa 1870. To the right and behind are Aesthetic period Herter Brothers ebonized pier mirror with side cabinets and bed, inlaid with Japanesque floral designs, circa 1880.

For, displaying exquisite timing, Miss Johnson turned from collecting to dealing just four years ago, when interest in Victorian decorative arts began to surge. Then, in 1983, she opened a light-filled, ground-floor gallery in Manhattan's landmark American Radiator Building, Raymond Hood's golden terra-cotta and black-brick skyscraper on West 40th Street. Facing the Beaux-Arts flank of the New York Public Library and the leafy London plane trees of Bryant Park, the Gothic-Deco American Radiator is an oddly fitting setting for a gallery devoted to the frequently eclectic expressions of the Victorian sensibility Miss Johnson loves. And although she herself pronounces 40th Street "*nowhere* in relation to the rest of the antiques world," collectors, museum curators, and not a few interior designers have had no trouble finding their way downtown.

Not surprisingly, she sells a lot of vintage wicker, made by such firms as Heywood-Wakefield. Miss Johnson also carries brass, horn, twig, and faux bamboo—all redolent of the period's elegance and eccentricity alike. Miss Johnson's primary focus, however, is on the sophisticated style called Aesthetic and her gallery is the only one in Manhattan that specializes in it.

It wasn't until 1970, when the Metropolitan showcased nineteenth-century American decorative arts, that the general public sat up and took notice. After that, a number of museums—in Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Houston, Minneapolis, and Brooklyn—hopped on the bandwagon, often bringing out of storage pieces they'd been accessioning for years. Atlanta's High Museum exhibited its collection in its new Richard Meier building in 1983. The elaborately carved 1855 rosewood parlor suite attributed to John Henry Belter caused a sensation as it was just the kind of fruity, rococo extravaganza people used to love to hate, but seen in the imposing context of a new museum installation, it was an eye-opener.

From Miss Johnson's point of view, however, Belter and the other more ornate revival modes only reinforce common misconceptions about Victorian

JERRY GORDON

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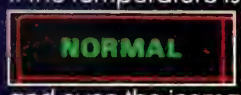
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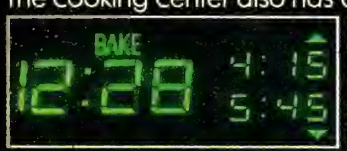


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furniture. "People retain their preconceived notion that Victorian is heavy, dark, and ugly. But the nineteenth-century furniture I like is just the opposite—light, graceful, and airy. For this reason, it has a very modern appeal and I try to display it accordingly." She is especially fond of Aesthetic furniture because it is modestly scaled and signaled the beginning of a truly American style.

New York firms like Herter Brothers, Pottier & Stymus, Cottier & Company, and Kimbel & Cabus catered mainly to the likes of Jay Gould, Jacob Ruppert, Mark Hopkins, and J. Pierpont Morgan. Fashionable decorators as well as cabinetmakers, Herter Brothers, for example, furnished Lyndhurst, Gould's Hudson River estate. They also executed the interiors of William H. Vanderbilt's Fifth Avenue mansion and might have acted as architects for it too. The firm of George A. Schastey and Company did the Anglo-Japanese Rockefeller rooms just renovated and reopened at the Museum of the City of New York. Louis Tiffany's Associated Artists, active between 1879 and 1883, also worked in the Aesthetic mode. Tiffany probably used Herter furniture in the George Kemp mansion, another famous house in its day, and placed at least one Herter chair in the White House, as contemporary photos show.

Aesthetic-style furniture was, thus, staggeringly expensive at the time. One cabinet that recently passed through Miss Johnson's gallery with its original bill of sale was made by Herter for the Minneapolis home of Senator W.D. Washburn and cost $500 in 1884, the price of a small house. Partly as a consequence, Aesthetic is rare and auction prices for it have skyrocketed in the past few years. Miss Johnson learned firsthand the current high value of Herter last fall, when she bought an exemplary rosewood cabinet for $36,300 at Sotheby's and set a new record for Herter at auction.

Two museums were vying for the cabinet, which displays in fine marquetry and shallow, stylized carving an abundance of chrysanthemums, lilies, and sunflowers. It also has Japanesque rondelles painted with butterflies on the doors, delicate brass galleries, and pulls. This piece and an 1880 ebonized Herter side chair with gilt decoration and a carved back panel depicting two swallows in flight illustrate how Aesthetic makers capitalized on the craze for all things Japanese that followed the London International Exhibition of 1862.

"Exoticism is one of the things about this style that appeals to people nowadays," notes Miss Johnson. "Also the extreme refinement and richness of the decoration, very self-contained. Another is the frequent use of ebonizing. People like the sleek lines of ebonized furniture, which is usually Aesthetic and mixes well in contemporary interiors."

Miss Johnson's enthusiasm is by no means limited to Herter. She also has on display a gilt-cherry-and-alabaster boudoir cabinet made for a Newport house by the firm of Herts Brothers, who made furniture for the Vanderbilts as well, and who until recently the uninitiated often confused with Herter. Some other non-Aesthetic styles have passed Miss Johnson's muster. The machinelike turnings and cogwheel forms of an 1869 walnut armchair by George Hunziger bespeak the Victorian fascination with mechanization. Two Egyptian Revival pedestals were "bizarre enough" to find their way into the gallery. Of ebonized cherry with gilt incised decoration, their most arresting features are disembodied gilt mounts of Egyptian ladies' busts and their sandaled feet. More akin to most people's notion of Victorian are a pair of armchairs, signed virtuoso pieces carved by Luigi Frullini ("since they were made for an American house, I call them half-American"). Crawling with bats, griffins, ivy, cherubs, sea shells, and lions' masks, the chairs were exhibited in Philadelphia in 1876. "I've always had a taste for the grotesque," Miss Johnson cheerfully admits. Then, standing back and admiring the chairs: "Edward Gorey would love these. I should just send them over with an invoice."

Other arresting pieces stand in an alcove dubbed the Rustic Corner. They include "a mad Gothic halltree," circa 1860, made out of twig and rhododendron roots ("early twig is so hard to find") and an oval pinprick picture of watercolor pansies, zinnias, and morning-glories in a mica-encrusted vase, with the inscription "Drawn from flowers taken from the garden where Charlie loved so well to gather them to deck his mother's hair." Miss Johnson has had notable success with such artifacts. Incidentally, that Victorian glass dome with the wool birds is now in the Belter parlor recently opened in the Metropolitan's American Wing.

Miss Johnson's own home is a mixture "of everything I've bought over the years—even American Empire. I was crazy for Duncan Phyfe when I first started collecting. Actually, my interest in the nineteenth century—in collecting really—stems from my friendship with my cousin, Marilyn Johnson, who was a curator at the Met. I became her self-appointed protégée and went around with her to buy furniture for the museum. There could obviously be no conflict in what we were able to buy, so soon I found myself spending every cent I had on nineteenth-century furniture. It was a hobby but it got to be something of a disease. I was a commercial artist, quite successful, but the time came when I was unhappy in my career. I'd already decided to make one major change in my life—which was to get married for the first time—so I thought, why not change everything?"

Asking herself what it was "I could do as well or better than anyone in New York," Miss Johnson hit upon the obvious answer. And since there wasn't another dealer in New York, or indeed in the country, with quite her approach, she immediately prospered.

She had to learn some hard lessons. "I really like finding things better than I like selling them, and I hate selling my favorites. When you've started out as a collector, it's always your instinct to hold onto the very best. But I had to learn that as a dealer you sell the very best. So I have a strict distinction between my own collection and what I buy for the gallery."

This did not, however, prevent her from wondering aloud to her husband recently, apropos of a Herter dressing table in the gallery, "if we could cut a couple of holes in the bedroom ceiling—the finials are only a quarter of an inch too high." □

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DESIGN IDENTITIES

New books reveal the object as product of national pride and prejudice

By Stephen Bayley

FROM THE BALLETS RUSSE TO VOGUE: THE ART OF GEORGES LEPAPE
by Claude Lepape and Thierry Defert
Vendome Press, 174 pp., $50

RUHLMANN: MASTER OF ART DECO
by Florence Camard
Harry N. Abrams, 312 pp., $49.50

ART DECO FURNITURE—THE FRENCH DESIGNERS
by Alastair Duncan
Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 192pp., $35

FORMS, TEXTURES, IMAGES: TRADITIONAL JAPANESE CRAFTSMANSHIP IN EVERYDAY LIFE
by Takeji Iwamiya, Mitsukuni Yoshida, and Richard L. Gage
John Weatherhill/Tankosha, 304 pp., $120

JAPANESE LACQUER ART: MODERN MASTERPIECES
edited by The National Museum of Modern Art, Tokyo/ translated by Richard L. Gage
John Weatherhill/Tankosha, 299 pp., $150

WHITE BY DESIGN
by Bo Niles with foreword by Ralph Lauren
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A WOMAN'S TOUCH: WOMEN IN DESIGN FROM 1860 TO THE PRESENT DAY
by Isabelle Anscombe
Viking Press, 216 pp., $20

MEMPHIS
by Barbara Radice
Rizzoli International, 208 pp., $35

ENGLISH STYLE
by Suzanne Slesin and Stafford Cliff
Clarkson N. Potter, 228 pp., $35

MID-CENTURY MODERN: FURNITURE OF THE 1950s
by Cara Greenberg
Harmony Books, 175 pp., $30





Georges Lepape's gouaches, *left,* of his house at Sainte-Maxime, a cover for House & Garden, 1931, and, *above,* of a Poiret coat, *La Gazette du bon ton,* 1914.

Nearly thirty years ago Douglas Kelley wrote an article in New York's *Industrial Design* magazine which attempted to distinguish manufactured products on the basis of national identity. He asked why Swedish typewriters did not look the same as Italian ones. Unless I have him wrong, Mr. Kelley's was a heterodox, somewhat irreverent, approach which gently suggested that familiar artifacts may, indeed, betray their country of origin in characteristic details unconsciously invested by their creators.

This sort of treatment of design is less unusual today. Now that every archive in Florence and Rome has been read, reread, and carbon-dated by successive generations of scholars, even the dullest art historians appreciate that everyday things can be as legitimate an expression of culture as painting or sculpture. The National Endowment for the Arts is even sponsoring a research program into national characteristics in design. The study of design is on the up and up.

Yet, compared with art, design is still a poorly researched area whose standard books have yet to be written, but publishers are ever more aware that there is market potential and each season produces harvests of books which stake out the area like a nervous scoutmaster establishing his patch. The latest crop brings to mind the question of national characteristics which Douglas Kelley introduced thirty years ago. It also brings to mind some questions about priorities in publishing.

The most conventional are three books about French Art Deco. One concerns the graphic designer Georges Lepape, another the furniture designer Jacques-Emile Ruhlmann, and the last is a survey of the style by critic and dealer Alastair Duncan. Since the exhibition at Minneapolis in 1970, Art Deco has been an authentic concern of collectors and historians; Lepape and Ruhlmann among its most distinguished creators. With their lesser colleagues, men of stature such as Maurice Dufrene, Edgar Brandt, and

BALLETS RUSSES TO VOGUE BY CLAUDE LEPAPE/THIERRY DEFERT



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Introduced in 1935, the Gazelle Bowl was Steuben's first engraved piece. It is now in many museum collections including the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. By Sidney Waugh. Height 6¾". $19,850. Signed Steuben. Steuben Glass, 715 Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 1-212-752-1441. Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

even Robert Mallet-Stevens, the Art Deco designers were responsible for bridging the gap between the turn-of-the-century Art Nouveau and the austere realities of Modernism. Art Deco was a French taste that mediated between traditional cabinetmaking and the fantasy mass-productions of the International Style. In his illustrations for *Vogue* and *La Gazette du bon ton* Lepape established a graphic medium to express a concurrent interest in art, fashion, and frivolity. In his work we can sense the transition from "commercial art" to graphic design. In a different way Ruhlmann's luxurious furniture is another hiatus: it is the solid evidence for a French taste which the Modern Movement expressed only very partially. In his refined, but heavy, furniture Ruhlmann demonstrated that, to the French, chic luxury was not all that far from gauche bad taste. To see his Elephant Noir chair of 1926 next to a contemporary Grand Confort of Le Corbusier's is to have the sides of the gulf of French modern design illuminated in a coruscating glare. The thin, strong bridge between them is the shared sense of luxury and the pleasure in rich materials. The range of expression between the two extremes is fully documented in Alastair Duncan's well-researched, but weakly designed book. Although it is very useful as reference, the publishers fail to pay respect to the essential quality of the subject in producing so coarse a volume.

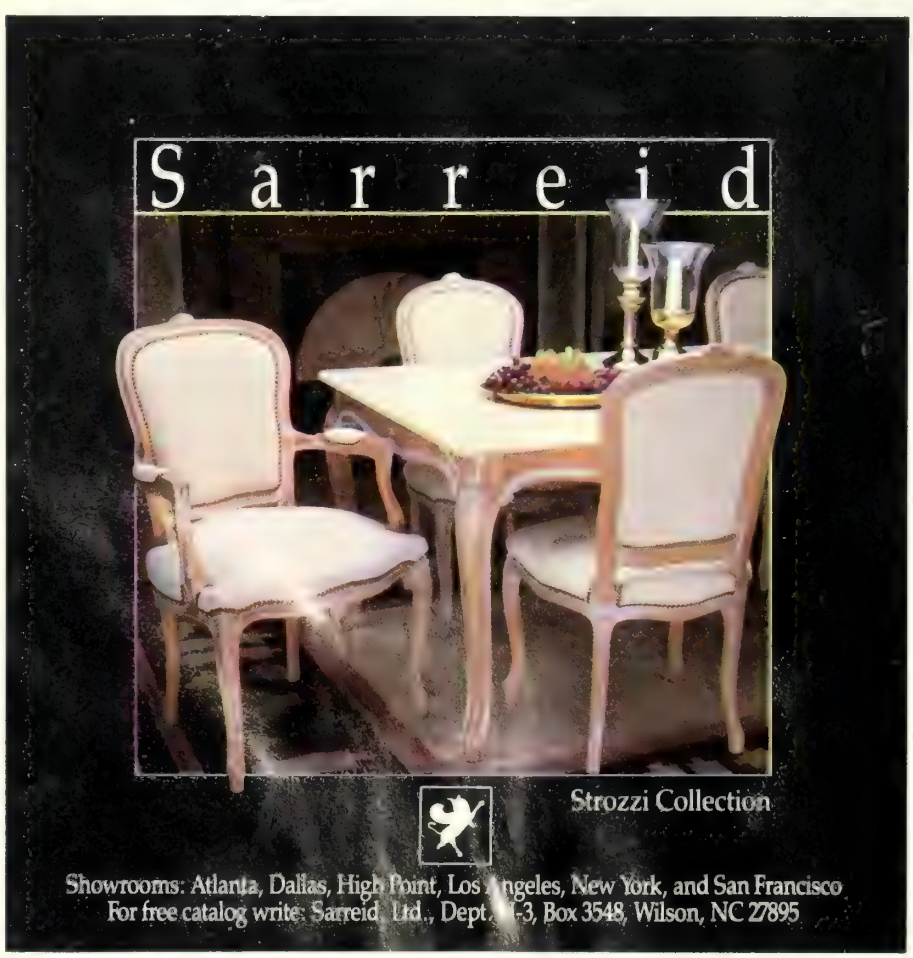


Jacques-Emile Ruhlmann's oval salon from his Hôtel du Collectionneur, 1925.

While the French established a norm for chic taste before the war, during the fifties Scandinavian countries offered home builders a wholesome design for living, but now Japan has been declared utopia for the eighties. *Forms, Textures, Images* presents a familiar and predictable view of Japanese culture in what the publishers choose to call a "photo essay" rather than a book. The images are the traditional *nokogiri* (pull saws) and *geta* (clogs), but while the four-color offset and gravure are of astonishing quality, the physical character of the book is out of all proportion to the beautiful (if unrepresentative) *nokogiri* and *geta* illustrated in it: its pages are so large it's like trying to fold barn doors in a gale. In *Japanese Lacquer Art* the same aestheticism is used to approach the traditional skills of Nippon, but readers more inclined to the severe tests of Western criticism will be disappointed by Richard L. Gage's pedestrian translation of a rather slack and self-congratulatory Japanese text, although there is compensation in useful reference illustrations to lacquer techniques.

Women are another territory where prejudice dominates perception. When Condé Nast took over House & Garden in 1915 it was his intention to provide a journal to persuade the growing market of women readers that the home could be as satisfactory an expression of self as fashion. One of his first contributors was the remarkable Elsie de Wolfe who, with her motto of "plenty of optimism and white paint," might be considered the *éminence blanche* of the *Moderne* in America. Ms. de Wolfe's spiritual successor is Bo Niles, author of *White By Design*. It is the weakest species of magazine journalism writ large, an affront to that tiny, enraged minority who still believe that to be a book, a bound collection of

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printed pages must contain at least one good idea as well as typesetting.

Following *White By Design,* Isabelle Anscombe's *A Woman's Touch* is like being hosed down by matron after getting mired in the psycho-babble. Ms. Anscombe, a London journalist, takes a very firm hand with her subject of women in design from the 1860s to the 1980s. Although a book of fine intelligence, Ms. Anscombe's subject does not quite have the cohesion to support the energy of her ideas: there have, alas, been few influential women designers and the inevitabilities of history and geography make her text somewhat episodic and anecdotal, although this does nothing to diminish its interest and value.

Memphis, as Barbara Radice fails fully to emphasize in her otherwise excellent book, is not new. It is just Italian. Its creator is Ettore Sottsass. I found Sottsass some years ago Scotch-taping children's magazine images of dinosaurs to the kitchen wall in Ms. Radice's Milan apartment. Sottsass is a skeptical observer of Pop who has inspired an adoring clique of disciples to do what he tells them and "quote from suburbia" in their outrageous furniture designs. His Memphis style, while radical in origin, has become international chic through a series of garish media starbursts (i.e., Karl Lagerfeld's apartment). The ironic Sottsass may yet have to take himself seriously, a possibility that Ms. Radice's book happily ignores.

The spectrum of values in taste that begins with Memphis ends with *English Style.* Sottsass once said, "Why should homes be static temples?" Suzanne Slesin's and Stafford Cliff's new book suggests a part of the answer. English Style is an elusive subject, and not something the English are much given to think about. It took an American and an Australian to write and design this book while London's best-known decorators are called Mlinaric and Stefanidis. The degree of attention the English traditionally devote to appearance can best be experienced in the ancient gentlemen's clubs: if you go into Brooks's or White's the shabbiest man will be at least a duke, the furniture a thousand years old.

English Style follows Slesin's epochal *High-Tech,* the first word in matter-of-fact-hand-it-to-them how-to books about decorating with names, addresses, and appendices, but is somewhat different. While *High-Tech* was a masterpiece of the higher journalism, *English Style* is more of a photo essay. It provides a fascinating, voyeuristic tour of some smart homes, not unlike *French Style* which immediately preceded it. The English have always made an association between comfort and morality, distrusting the one and holding the other in veneration. *English Style* misses this point and makes it all look like decoration: the roots of the English way of doing things run deeper than surface appearance. The shabby duke was not *designed.*

A wholly legitimate subject for a monograph is Cara Greenberg's *Mid-Century Modern,* a clever, liberally illustrated account of the spiky mid-century, mostly American, furniture which made Modern into a style label as evocative and dated as Directoire or Victorian. Preceded by Bevis Hillier's ambitious but flawed *Austerity/Binge* and by Christian Borngraber's obscure and difficult *Stilnovo,* Ms. Greenberg has written an ambitious design book. After Art Deco it was inevitable that the fifties would be rediscovered, but she did not get there first: Memphis did a short loop and Sottsass got back to where he started. The Japanese and the English are lost elsewhere in time. All these books reveal our prejudices about national characteristics and about period. Perhaps the next generation of design books will be less respectful. □



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BAVARIAN PILGRIMAGE

In search of the haunting masterpieces of Gothic sculptor Tilman Riemenschneider

By A. Alvarez

I first heard of the Gothic sculptor Tilman Riemenschneider almost thirty years ago. I had gone to Germany in pursuit of a girl—thin, clever, unhappily married, with blond hair and a face like alabaster, smooth and almost translucent. She had been born in Swabia, orphaned in the war, found her way to England, and now was going home because her English life seemed temporarily impossible. When I followed she found me a room at the local pub and left me, mostly, to my own devices. It rained for a week, a heavy, unforgiving rain that seemed as if it would never let up. But one day the sun broke through and she relented enough to suggest a trip to a local beauty spot, Rothenburg ob der Tauber, a medieval town preserved, by a fluke of history, as though in amber. We wandered the gabled streets, drank the local wine, and visited the echoing Church of St. Jacob to see Riemenschneider's Altar of the Holy Blood. While we were waiting for the the bus back to our muddy village, she bought me a little picture book of Riemenschneider's work and showed me a photograph of a group of weeping women from his altar in the neighboring village of Detwang: Mary half-swooning front center; John on her right tenderly holding her up; Mary Magdalene close on the other side just touching her robes; behind them three other grieving shrouded heads, one a mere outline; all six mourners strangely fused together, like so many flowers growing from one stem. "That's how I feel," she said. "I don't know which person I am any more." It was the most romantic thing I had ever heard, and certainly the most adult. For the first time in my student life I had an insight into the world beyond literature; I felt as if I had come of age. A few days later she returned abruptly to her husband, leaving me with mixed feelings



Riemenschneider's altars, *top left,* from Rothenburg, and, *top right,* Creglingen. *Above:* A view of the Residenz at Würzburg.

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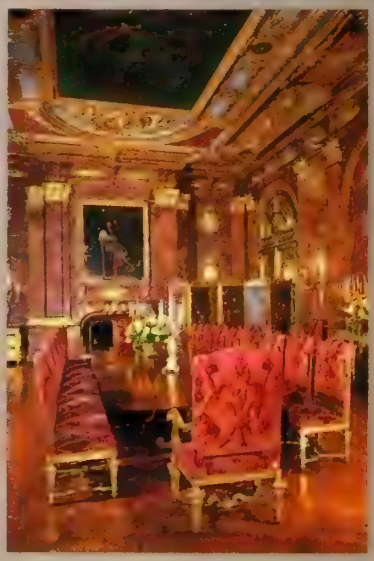
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and a book of pictures.

Last summer — 28 years later — I went back with my wife and two children, en route for Italy. We spent the morning in Würzburg admiring the Residenz, the most perfect of all Baroque buildings, with its white-and-gray interior that is chaste despite all the elaborate decoration, and its Tiepolo ceiling in which the painted figures step out into space and become sculpture. After lunch, because it was a beautiful day and the Residenz has a lightness and gaiety that makes you believe that cultural tourism isn't necessarily a chore, we drove south on side roads to see three of Riemenschneider's most famous altars — at Creglingen, Detwang, and Rothenburg. The road after Creglingen is called the Romantische Strasse and is as lovely as it sounds. It follows the valley of the River Tauber — narrow, winding, wooded, and curiously small-scale. The hills are low and intricately folded, the river itself is barely ten feet wide. The farmhouses and villages have half-timbered façades, and apart from the metaled road, the twentieth century seems to have passed the valley by. As for the altars: seeing them now in the wood, not in photographs, and for themselves, rather than as extensions of a Grand Passion, was like finally meeting a pen pal and discovering a great beauty.

The day seemed a kind of miracle — the secret valley and solemn carvings that no one in England seemed to know anything about — but as the London gloom deepened toward Christmas, I began to think it had all been a delusion, some trick of the light and the weather. So on the last day of 1983, when the whole of Europe was aching with the cold, I went back for a third look.

After I flew to Munich I took the autobahn west to Augsburg then cut north up the southern end of the Romantische Strasse through a tidy countryside: white farmhouses, pink-and-white churches with blue onion domes, pine forests like regiments on parade, the hundred-foot bare trunks crowned with needles so thick they seemed black. On the car radio there were cheerful Strauss waltzes from the New Year's Day concert in Vienna.

I stopped at Dinkelsbühl, the only town along the road that was open for business on that holiday Sunday. Like Rothenburg, it has survived intact from the Middle Ages and now is reaping the rewards of tourism. The houses are gabled and painted — yellow and pink and green and coffee and gray. In the graceful Church of St. George, the slender pillars go straight up like the pines in the forests around. Just inside the church door is a ten-yard-square model of the town with Bible stories spotted around the landmarks: a toy-town within Toytown. Yet the place is beautiful in its way, even miraculous considering the centuries of pillage that have swept the country.

It was almost dark when I reached Rothenburg, which is no less touristy than Dinkelsbühl but grander, purer, more muted. The great mansions on Herrengasse are more stately than picturesque; the town hall is Renaissance with a Baroque arcade; on the town walls are roofed walkways with spectacular views of huddled roofs and towers. From the balcony of my hotel room I watched a blood-red sun set behind forested hills while flocks of birds wheeled round and round in a final companionable good-night.

The Eisenhut is a hotel in the grand style, spreading across four noble medieval mansions. It has elegant public rooms with tapestry chairs, suits of armor, crossed spears against the pillars, polychromed Swabian statues, and gloomy paintings in heavy gold frames. In contrast, my bedroom, though large and comfortable, was hideous: white with red plastic trimmings, a photo-collage of sixties-style swinging faces on the wall, and a scattering of dreadful knickknacks. The bathroom fittings were red and orange and the tub big enough for two people to drown in without ever touching. Perhaps all the stories you hear about German bourgeois taste are true. But everything worked, and the food excellent — particularly the local Franconian dishes with wild-mushroom sauces.

The town, too, is a curious mixture of beauty and kitsch. Behind their love-



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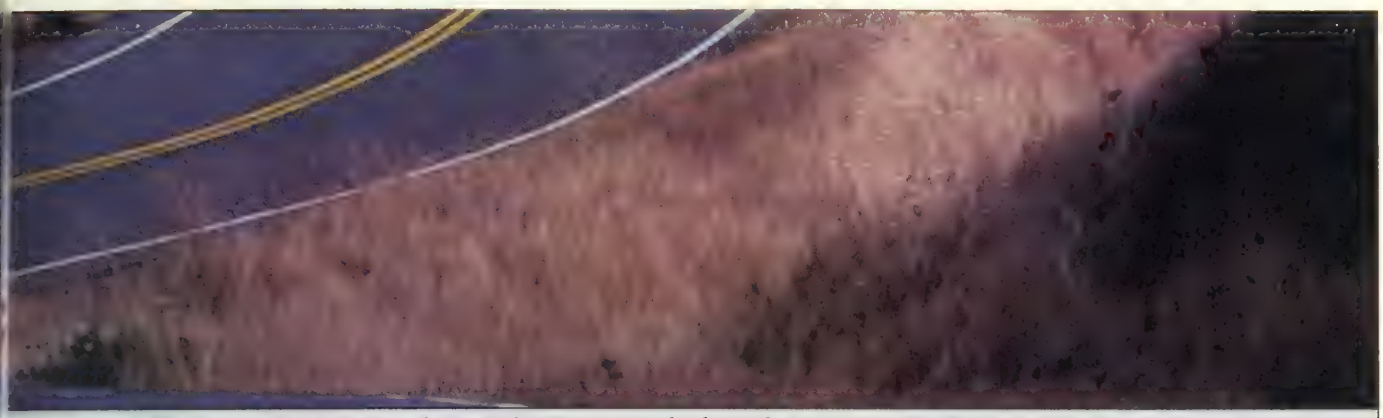
This is one substantial five-passenger sedan that doesn't flinch but seems to flourish when the going gets rough underfoot.

The absence of pitching and rolling in this solid 3,740-lb. machine marks another sharp contrast with soft-sprung luxury sedans. (Note that sturdy anti-sway bars are fitted fore *and* aft.) Yet the ride is never harsh. "The contours of the road's surface simply become a secondary matter," comments one automotive journalist.

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ly medieval façades half the shops seem to be given over to the sale of painted wooden dolls: dolls on musical boxes, on Christmas trees, in elaborate wooden pagodas, or simply piled by the hundreds in display boxes like key rings on a Woolworth's counter. So much for the great tradition of Swabian wood carving. Even the grocery shops have their windows lined with miniature bottles of booze — the alcoholic equivalent of the dolls. On one side the graceful houses and the carefully preserved heritage, on the other the irresistible urge to kitsch.

In 1631, during the Thirty Years' War, Rothenburg was saved from destruction by the whim of an enemy general called Tilly, who offered to spare the town if one of the councillors could empty a three-and-a-quarter-liter tankard of wine. Ex-mayor Nusch duly obliged and his famous *Meistertrunk* has been celebrated ever since. On either side of the great ornamental clock in the Market Place are two lattice windows. Six times a day, just before the hour, the windows swing open to reveal effigies of the general and the mayor. While the clock strikes, the effigies go through their historic ritual: Nusch slowly raises the great tankard to his mouth and seems to swill down the wine; Tilly, equally slowly, turns to stare at him in wonder, then looks away. More painted dolls.



Full view of expressive figures of Riemenschneider's Creglingen centerpiece.

But it is worth enduring all the kitsch in the world for the high, pure church of St. Jacob and Tilman Riemenschneider's Altar of the Holy Blood. Riemenschneider carved wood as subtly and expressively as Rodin modeled clay. He made every vein, every wrinkle, every finger joint seem alive. The folds of his figures' clothes move intricately, but the faces are still and their sadness stops your heart. (Ironically, in 1531, after a long and distinguished career, this master of grief died at the age of 71, broken by prison and torture for having meddled in politics on the losing side.) His great carving of the Last Supper in St. Jacob's is dense and animated yet utterly still, the scene caught at that moment of shocked silence after Jesus said, "One of you will betray me." Dead center, his back half-turned to the church, Judas reaches toward Jesus across the table. The faces of the other apostles are perplexed and grim. Two of them lift their slender hands questioningly, one pointing to himself, the other at him, as though their argument were about to spill into the hush and chill of the church.

Riemenschneider's other local masterpiece is the triptych of the crucifixion in Detwang, which I had seen in a photograph all those years ago. Detwang, in the valley below Rothenburg, is a cluster of pointed gables, a tilted village green and a thousand-year-old church, its neat cemetery planted with trees. The church is tiny, its interior green and white and ocher; the arches, vaulting, and deep window embrasures are painted with elaborately entwined flowers. On either side of the nave are two vividly colored Swabian altars with plump, cheerful saints. The Riemenschneider altar is set back from all this behind an arch, the crucified figure in the center, the grieving women on its left, and on the right a turbaned Pharisee and a group of soldiers. The women's eyes are downcast, the soldiers look warily away, their expressions bitter and haunted. The face of the hanging Christ is emptied-out, mouth slack, eyes blank. It is a monument to grief and stillness, lamentation and silence.

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triptych of the crucifixion. The first morning was cold and wet and the church in Detwang was closed. So I drove to Würzburg up the Romantische Strasse — still beautiful despite the mud and rain. The Mainfrankisches Museum, in the great walled Marienburg Fortress that lowers over Würzburg, has a whole roomful of Riemenschneiders: stone carvings, including an Adam and Eve as youthful and tender as Donatellos, and dozens of exquisite wood carvings, from little crucified Christs with bodies so delicately muscled they seem to have been drawn, not carved, to the great painted Trauernde Maria, pulling her robes close for comfort, her body bent slightly sideways, and the saddest eyes in the world. By any standards, Tilman Riemenschneider is one of the greatest of all religious sculptors, and it is puzzling that the Germans should be so reticent about him that he is scarcely known outside his own country.

It was a Monday, so the Residenz was shut. (I was beginning to feel like W.C. Fields: "I was in Germany once; it was closed.") I wandered around the red-brick cathedral, a Romanesque building transformed into Baroque in 1701, its great vaulted nave cut off square with an embossed ceiling, the stone painted pale yellow and gray, the ornamental flourishes lost in the shadows of its immense height. Afterward I ate lunch at a little side-street café: bratwurst with herbs and a delicately flavored weisswurst as good as any French boudin-blanc — both fresh and homemade, both delicious. In Germany, as in Italy, the smaller and less pretentious the restaurant, the better the food seems to be. Then back to Rothenburg in the fading light through the bare soft countryside.

When I finally returned to Munich a couple of days later I remembered the pub meal in Würzburg and drove a few miles out of town to the Brauereigasthof in the village of Aying. The inn-cum-brewery has an interior as pretty as a doll's house, wooden and painted with flowers, which makes some of my Munich friends dismiss it as touristy. But it brews its own marvelous beer, there was a big fire blazing in the dining room and roast suckling-pig with dumplings on the menu. After days of Riemenschneider's exquisitely carved sorrow, it was time for a little cheerfulness and a lot of beer. □



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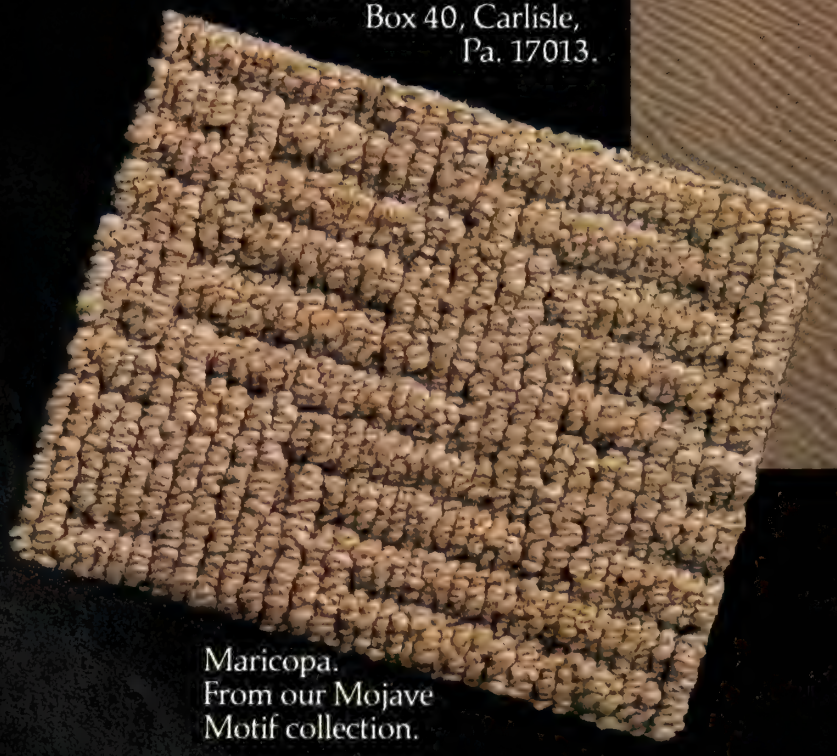
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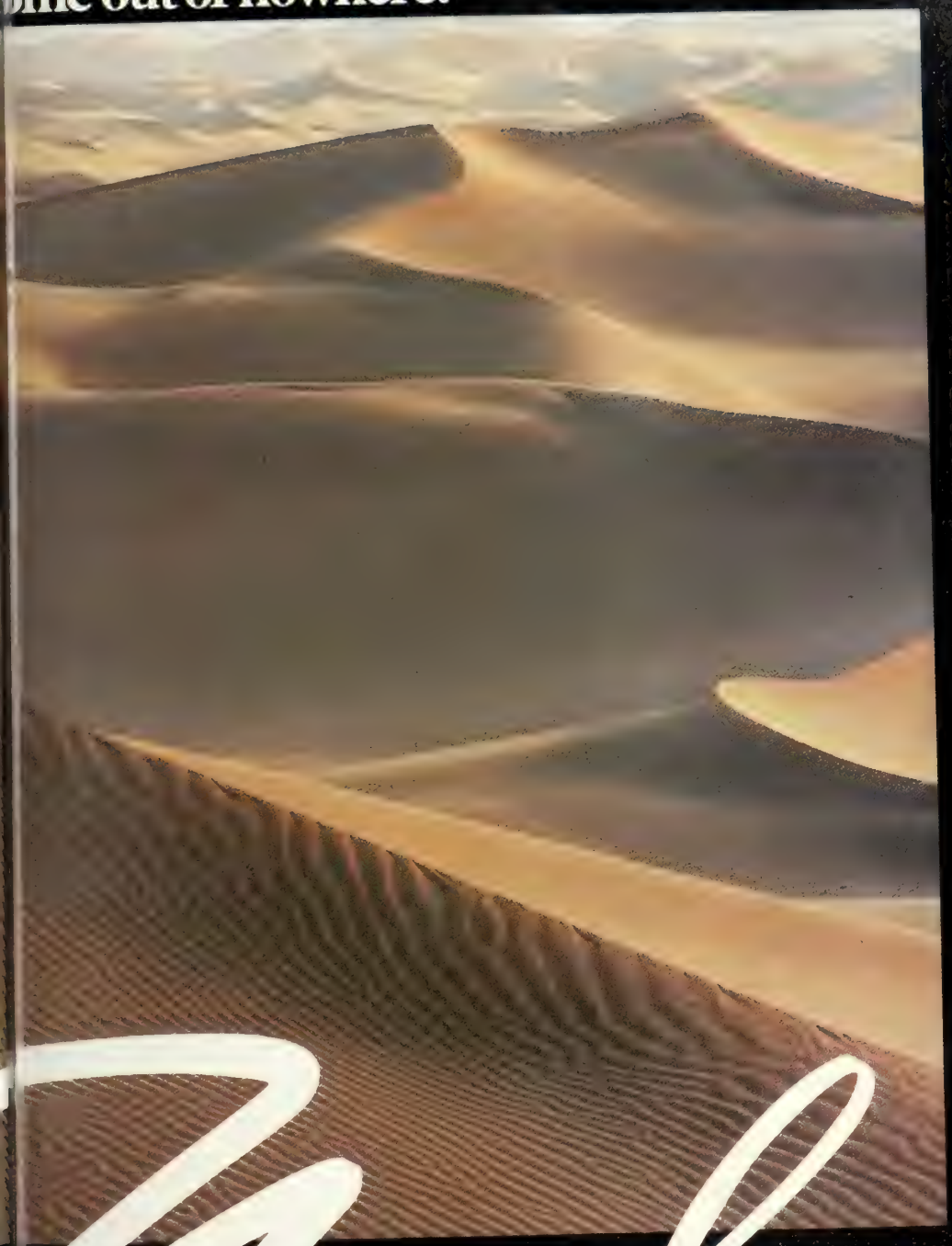
Some idea

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Each doll has her very own precious personality.

Each doll is a joy. And each is unique – endowed with a precious personality all her own. There's *Julia: A Victorian Bride*, whose gown features the fine embroidered lace so typical of the Victorian period. *Catherine: A Gibson Girl Bride* is dressed in a gown with high wing collars and leg-of-mutton sleeves. The gown is recreated from an actual Charles Dana Gibson design. *Betsy: A Bride of the Flapper Period* steps straight out of the roaring twenties. Notice the casual bob hairdo, the swept-back veil, and the straight-fitting drop waistline of her gown – all authentic to the period.

From the more distant past comes *Sarah: A Frontier Bride* dressed in an apron-style pinafore gown that's distinctly American in style. The embroidered bonnet, too, is typical of the period the 1830's and 40's.

When completed, your collection will consist of twelve stunning bride dolls – each beautifully different from one another – representing more than two centuries of American fashion.

Each doll will come with her own display stand and serially-numbered Certificate of Authenticity.

With the display stand, you will be able to display each prized doll wherever you like – on a table or a shelf, on a mantle, or in a cabinet with your other prized collectibles.

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Sarah • Frontier



Betsy • Flapper

Shown smaller than actual size of 12" in height

RICHARD AND FAMOUS

The J. Paul Getty Trust awards architect Meier the commission of the decade

By Suzanne Stephens








The days before he was announced the winner of the Getty commission were filled with anxiety for Richard Meier. So he took his mind off the decision-making going on in L.A. by celebrating his fiftieth birthday in New York. Well-wishers included (*top row, from left*) Charles Gwathmey, son Max and Amanda Burden, James Polshek; (*bottom row*) Edgar Kaplan (with Meier's high-school photo), Helen Frankenthaler, Julia Bloomfield.

The announcement in late October of Richard Meier's selection as the architect of the new J. Paul Getty Fine Arts Center in western Los Angeles ended months of tip-passing and bet-placing among architectural aficionados. The stakes were that high. The race was that long. The three-part arts center—one part Museum, one part Center for the History of Art and Humanities, one part Conservation Institute (all of which are related to but separated physically from the Pompeian-style Getty Museum in Malibu)—is clearly an architectural commission of some weight. Since the complex has the benefit of having a rich client (the J. Paul Getty Trust), a prominent and ample site (over seven hundred acres on a hill in Brentwood), and a yet-to-be-determined size and program for an institution committed to cultural goals, getting the Getty quickly became the architectural world's answer to winning the Triple Crown.

Among the three final contenders, the odds-on favorites, according to architectural punters, were the United States' Richard Meier and England's James Stirling, with Japan's Fumihiko Maki the dark horse. Stirling had been very much in the architectural press in the early fall, just before the deliberations, because his Staatsgalerie in Stuttgart, Germany, had opened in the summer to enthusiastic praise. While Meier had run off in the spring with the prestigious Pritzker Architecture Prize (and its $100,000 purse), his last big building, The High Museum in Atlanta, had opened earlier, in the fall of 1983. In the meantime, this exquisitely sculpted, white-porcelain-paneled building, enthusiastically greeted as the definitive "museum as object," began to spark debate about the emphasis architecture had been given over art. Stirling's Stuttgart museum—more building than "object" and loaded with historical, often witty references to Classical and Modern architectural idioms—had the advantage of being known mostly in photos and thus had not yet been subjected to second-thought evaluations.

A few bystanders were taking bets on the third contender, Fumihiko Maki, as the long shot. Although Maki is singularly eminent in Japan, his buildings are virtually unknown stateside except by very avid readers of architectural tip sheets. But Maki, according to insiders, produces build-

DOROTHY ALEXANDER

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ings crafted like Piaget watches, and the same cannot be as easily said about some of the work built by the two prominent forerunners.

Unlike the Kentucky Derby—or even your normal invited architectural competition—this has been the most drawn-out and arduous contest in recent history. First, the architect alone was being selected; the design will come in the next stage. Second, the race for this winner began almost two years ago when Harold Williams, president and c.e.o. of the Getty Trust, put together a group of outside experts, including Ada Louise Huxtable and Reyner Banham, headed by architect Bill Lacy, president of Cooper Union. This committee compiled a list of 33 architects, who were then asked to submit portfolios.

In November 1983, the committee members narrowed their choices down to seven architects. They then toured the seven's buildings with nonvoting Getty staffers John Walsh (director of the museum) and Kurt Foster (director of the art history and humanities center). Then the seven architects were brought to L.A. to look at the site and be interviewed.

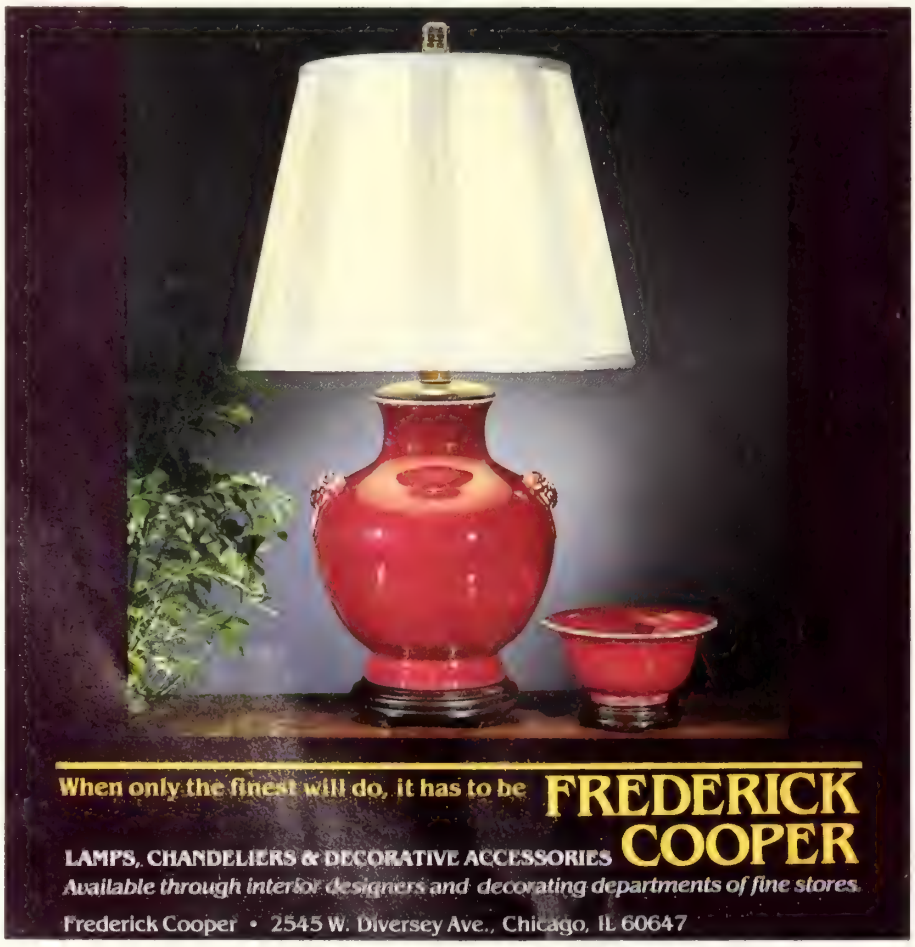
By April 1984, the committee narrowed its choices down to the final three architects and then disbanded. A new committee took over—four members of the Board of Trustees of the Getty—with Bill Lacy as adviser. This committee also traveled to Germany, England, Japan, and parts of the U.S. to see buildings by those on the short list. Four buildings in particular struck them: Stirling's Stuttgart, Maki's YKK Guest House on Toyama Bay in Japan, Meier's Hartford Seminary and an almost-finished museum in Frankfurt, Germany.

Interest and tension mounted as the three contenders were galloping down the home stretch. During the summer one member of the original selection committee, Reyner Banham, published an article in *California* magazine, prompting accusations from the sidelines that he was trying to throw the race. The reason: Banham wrote about a selection process that wasn't over yet, violating an unspoken architectural jury taboo. But more to the point, Banham, an English architectural critic, sounded out ten knowledgeable observers for their choices. Six came out for Stirling and four of the ten comments included anti-Meier references. Bad form.

Meanwhile back at the Getty: no one knew who would win, place, or show, and some of the contenders were asked for yet *more* information. The committee noticed that Meier had a strong affinity for certain materials (like aluminum and white porcelain), and was concerned that the center respond to local building patterns so it would not look "imported." Meier was asked to clarify materials he might use: sandstone, granite, limestone, he wrote, also mentioning his attraction to L.A. whitewashed-stucco walls. Maki was asked to explain how he would guarantee the same attention to detail that is exhibited in his geometrically precise but idiosyncratic buildings in Japan. As for Stirling, new visits were paid to his first U.S. museum nearing completion—the Arthur Sackler Museum at Harvard, which joltingly illustrates Stirling's personal mix of rugged and Classical motifs.

When Richard Meier was announced the winner some members of the architectural equivalent of the Turf Club attributed it to his being American—a consideration pooh-poohed by Kurt Forster, who, with John Walsh, will be working closely with the architect. "Why travel the world if you make the decision on this basis?" Forster replied. Adviser Bill Lacy remarked that the judges agreed most strongly on Meier's ability to use natural light, to address a program imaginatively, and to manipulate space architecturally. As Forster further elaborated, the Getty people thought that with a site so distinct it would be good to have a building that could "stand on its own, that would be very much its own kind of thing—to the very bone."

And so emerges the winner in the architectural sweepstakes of the decade. Meier, who plans to open an office in L.A. (and not associate with a local architect) seems prepared to take the rest of the decade to work out the program, develop the design, then build the thing. But, oh, what a thing. □



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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson

■ EMPIRE AT THE MET The last great wing of The Metropolitan Museum of Art will be devoted primarily to European decorative arts and sculpture. Its only existence at the moment is on a drawing board, but soon enough it will be a place to see the finest examples from every stylistic episode in the last four hundred years of European history. The new wing will offer the pleasure as well as the fundamental educational experience of starting at the beginning and proceeding gallery by gallery, era by era, from the Renaissance through the late nineteenth century. Major collections of eighteenth-century European silver and porcelain will come out of storage and nineteenth-century furniture and objects will be displayed in full for the first time. A taste of what is to come, and part of director Philippe de Montebello's continuing efforts to get permanent collections displayed properly, is a new exhibition wedged in between the Wrightsman and Linsky galleries. Here a few bold and overscale pieces of French Empire furniture, porcelain, silver, and decorative sculpture have been brought out of seclusion in the basement by James Parker and Clare Le Corbeiller, associate curators under Olga Raggio in the department of European Sculpture and Decorative Arts. Their choice represents the most high-style Napoleonic artifacts on view in any American museum today. ■ SPANISH LIGHT What do you hang on your walls these days if you're not a big-league collector? Bad art is inexcusable in a room where simple furniture is considered just fine. And so it becomes a game to find good quality in categories that aren't expensive. The hunt for overlooked material often results in works on paper but sometimes it is rewarded with a group of little-known paintings overlooked by the market but too good to be ignored. A recent example is the work of a group of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Spanish painters that has been selling modestly, unexplained and little understood, in New York auction rooms for the last few years. Now an exhibition at the National Academy of Design in New York has set out for us fifty paintings—all from Spanish museums—by these Spaniards, thereby forming for the public both a context and a standard to go by. The best artist of the group is thought to be Joaquin Sorolla, but all are involved in the depiction of the effects of light in a realistic and illusionist manner. One charming example by Mariano Fortuny, the father of the painter and fabric designer who went to live in Venice, shows a baking midday sun as it beats down into a simple cypress-punctuated garden. The figure of the woman, in fact Fortuny's wife and sister of the painter Raimundo Madrazo, was added by Madrazo after Fortuny died. How does this exhibition happen to be here? The National Academy's director John Dobkin is married to Inmaculada de



Imperial furniture at the Metropolitan.









Garden of Fortuny's House, Fortuny and Madrazo.

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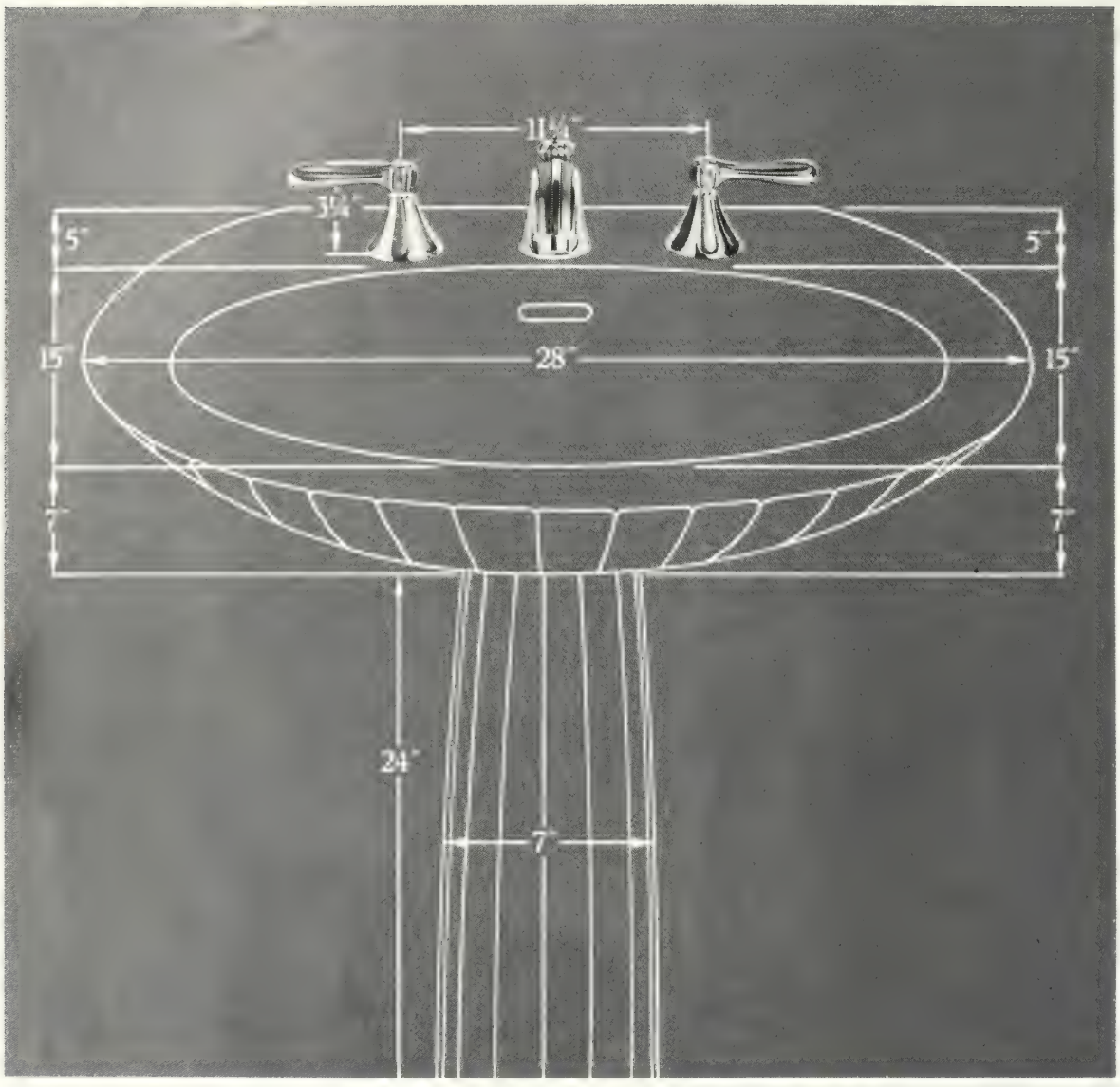
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Habsburgo, director of The Spanish Institute, whose father was the Carlist pretender to the Spanish throne. Through her to us, until February 15.

■ BEFORE BOUGUEREAU Today it is probably as satisfying to like a work of art commissioned as decoration as it was until recently to dislike it. But as the nineteenth-century academic tradition comes back into focus it becomes evident that some of the most appealing works were decorative commissions rather than, say, the elaborate history pictures considered the highest level of endeavor by the French Academy. In the tradition of Ingres and by a favorite pupil, Henri Lehmann, this panel was probably executed as a sample for a series of wall panels for a Second Empire dining or sitting room. It is an enigmatic, pleasantly erotic mythological fantasy of the triumph of love. The border of the picture, with its arabesques, corner sphinxes, and cameo-like roundels, reinforce the impression that this suave panel was meant above all to please the eye. At Wheelock Whitney, New York.



Decorative panel, Henri Lehmann.

Modern black-and-white carpets.





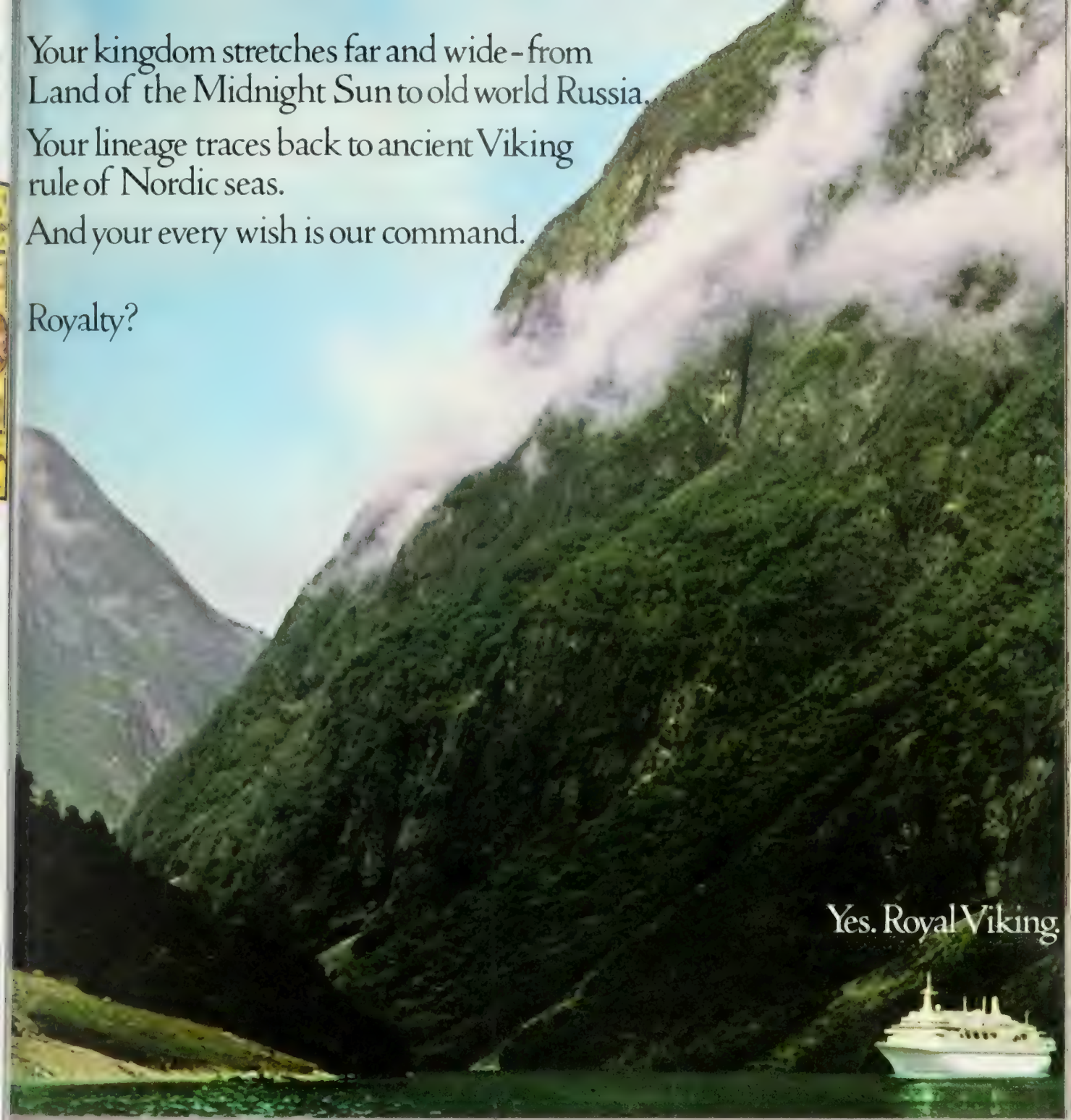
■ THE BLACK AND CREAM There is a Victorian Gothic house laid out on a Georgian plan that is part of my family's life on the weekends. In it is a large, high-ceilinged dining room with a big fireplace, an elaborate stucco cornice, and walls hung with bright Japanese wallpaper panels. The mid-nineteenth-century rosewood dining table, when held down to a leafless minimum, is a bulky happy round with a massive clawed base. It sits on a Regency rug now more than threadbare, since my children use it as a racetrack for their cars on rainy mornings. This rug, the point of the story, is Regency black and cream (or perhaps natural white) wool in a large geometric pattern punctuated from time to time with big medallions and bordered in a wide contrasting design. In case black and white suits your sense of the neutral or even unexpected, have a look at two designs at Stark Carpet. The two shown here are a snowflake-and-wreath pattern taken from a Regency design and a crisp geometric inspired by an old Inca fabric.

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■ FRUIT AND FLOWERS Clare Potter is a recent example of a well-established tradition of women with talent who disengage themselves periodically from the pleasant bonds of social usage and family routine to produce little works of art that surprise and delight. With an eye to eighteenth-century porcelain of fruit and flowers, Mrs. Potter creates trompe-l'oeil confections that are rarely more than six inches across. Some of the most charming examples are tiny lidded baskets filled with a mass of little flowers or folded "napkins" that hold smaller-than-life-size fruit. Some of the fruit and flowers aren't attached to their container and can be arranged as a still life that need never be the same twice. For information write Mrs. Clare Potter, Box 624, Locust Valley, N.Y. 11560



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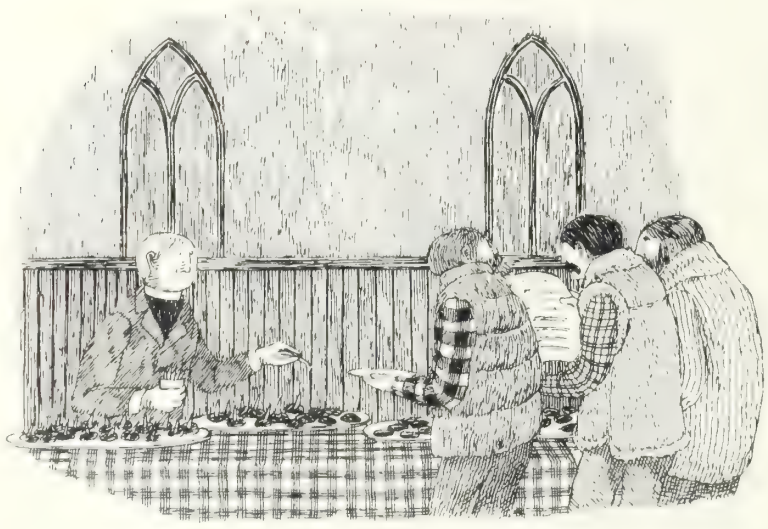
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ARE YOU GAME?

Skip the salad bar, at a legendary church supper you can have all the beaver, bear, and woodchuck you can eat

By Andrew Kopkind



I do not come from a household of hunter-gatherers. In the postwar suburban world where I learned about the provenance, preparation, and consumption of food, meat trotted through the kitchen door once a week in the arms of Albert the butcher. Wild berries were assumed to be toxic until proven edible by a foolhardy friend, and root vegetables were considered unclean unless julienned or minced by Birds Eye. Aside from the gray squirrels who romped under the adolescent oak on my father's manicured lawn, the only wild game I ever saw was the odd dead deer strapped across the bumper of a car racing along the Merritt Parkway on a Sunday evening in the fall.

Now I can't say much about the evolution of gathering, as a social phenomenon, since then; the movement sparked by Euell Gibbons in the late sixties never became more than a pleasant pastime for those with the time to stalk the roadside berm, and a taste for parboiled milkweed. But it seems clear that hunting, or at least the fruit of hunting's labor, is making a major comeback.

A sizable bookshelf of new frontier culinary texts is growing with such landmark volumes as *The L.L. Bean Game & Fish Cookbook,* in which Angus Cameron and Judith Jones offer recipes for "crumbed and fried beaver tail" and "baked young woodchuck in sour cream and mustard." At Christmas time, the great urban gourmet boutiques are decked out like natural-history museums, with stuffed swans suspended from the ceiling, enormous salmons snarled in *aioli* nets, and menacing boars poised against the patrons on the countertop. Smaller shops along gentry row in several cities are stocking quail and venison where just recently they were content to carry franchised patés and frozen quiches, limp relics of an earlier trend now fading.

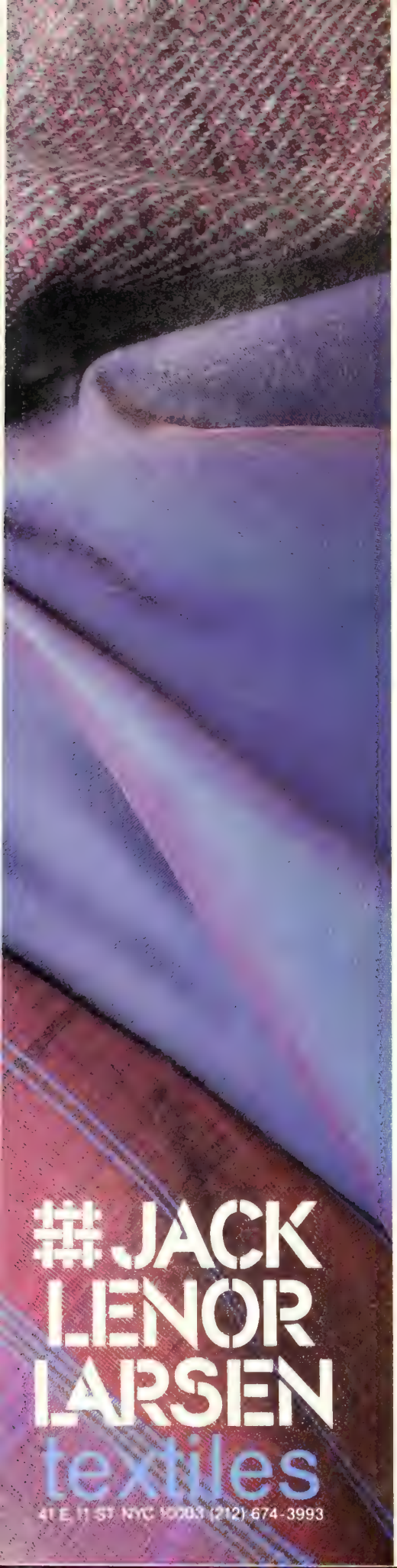
The transit from mousse to moose is marked by the emergence of the hunter as a defining hero of American life. The solitary figure of the frontiersman, clad in the skins of dead animals and armed to the teeth, has come to signify the new American cuisine, which is to effete old-world cookery as the ringtail coonskin cap is to the starched white toque. It certainly must be a powerful myth if it can get city people to eat baked woodchuck, of any age.

Far from the swinging swans of SoHo and long before Cameron and Jones created "ground billy [goat] with peppers, zucchini and eggplant Parmigiana," folks began trooping to Bradford, Vermont, for an extraordinary supper of wild game laid on each year at the end of hunting season in November by the gentlemen and ladies of The United Church of Christ. The frontier never quite died in the Vermont historical identity; it merely hibernated during the middle decades of this century while local inhabitants made a kind of peace with the stockyard system and the supermarket culture. But in villages like Bradford, where 1,200 souls huddle between the Green Mountains foothills and the upper Connecticut River, the men still hunted and trapped, and sometimes they would get together for a feast of their prey.

"The men really liked beaver the best," Eris Eastman, a townswoman who has helped run the game supper for almost twenty years, told me not long ago. There was beaver on the menu that night in 1957 when the men decided to convert their occasional meals together into a benefit supper for the fund to build a cement sidewalk from the street out front to the vestry-room door. A hundred people paid $1.25 each—75 cents for children—to eat venison, roast raccoon, 'coon and rabbit pies, and, of course, roast bea-

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ver. The church made $83.15, as the story goes, so the sidewalk was built and a mythic pageant of the hunt was born that persists to this day.

For ten years the local exemplars of frontiersmanship ran the show as a male preserve, Eris Eastman recalled with a slightly rueful smile. The men brought in the game, cooked it to their taste, organized the whole affair, and served the guests, whose number steadily increased as the years went by. Women were allowed to make the gingerbread for dessert, in their own kitchens, and they were invited to dinner, but the pageant maintained a strictly masculine cast. By 1966, some three hundred game-hungry diners would arrive at the church, and the contradictions of the tumultuous times as well as the limitations of the modest facilities began to impinge on the peace of the pageant.

"It was a cold, cold night that year," Eastman recounted, dropping her voice and drawing closer as we chatted across the table in her kitchen, not far from the church in Bradford. "Hunters came in from the field, maybe they had had a few beers, and things got a bit rowdy in the vestry. The men thought they had to wait too long for their food. If it hadn't been a church, there would have been a fight, I think," she continued, "but when things calmed down, the men decided they'd better let women run things from now on."

Eastman took over as co-chairman in 1967, and there has been no trouble at all since then. These years, upward of a thousand people are served in shifts running from 2:30 in the afternoon to 8:30 at night, the tariff is $15 for adults and $7 for children, and the menu has expanded to include, at various times, wild boar, moose steaks, buffalo, Catalina goat, mouflon ram, Dall's sheep, caribou, elk, pheasant with rice, bear sausage, mixed-game sausage, venison in three or four different styles, and the old stand-bys of raccoon, rabbit pie, and beaver.

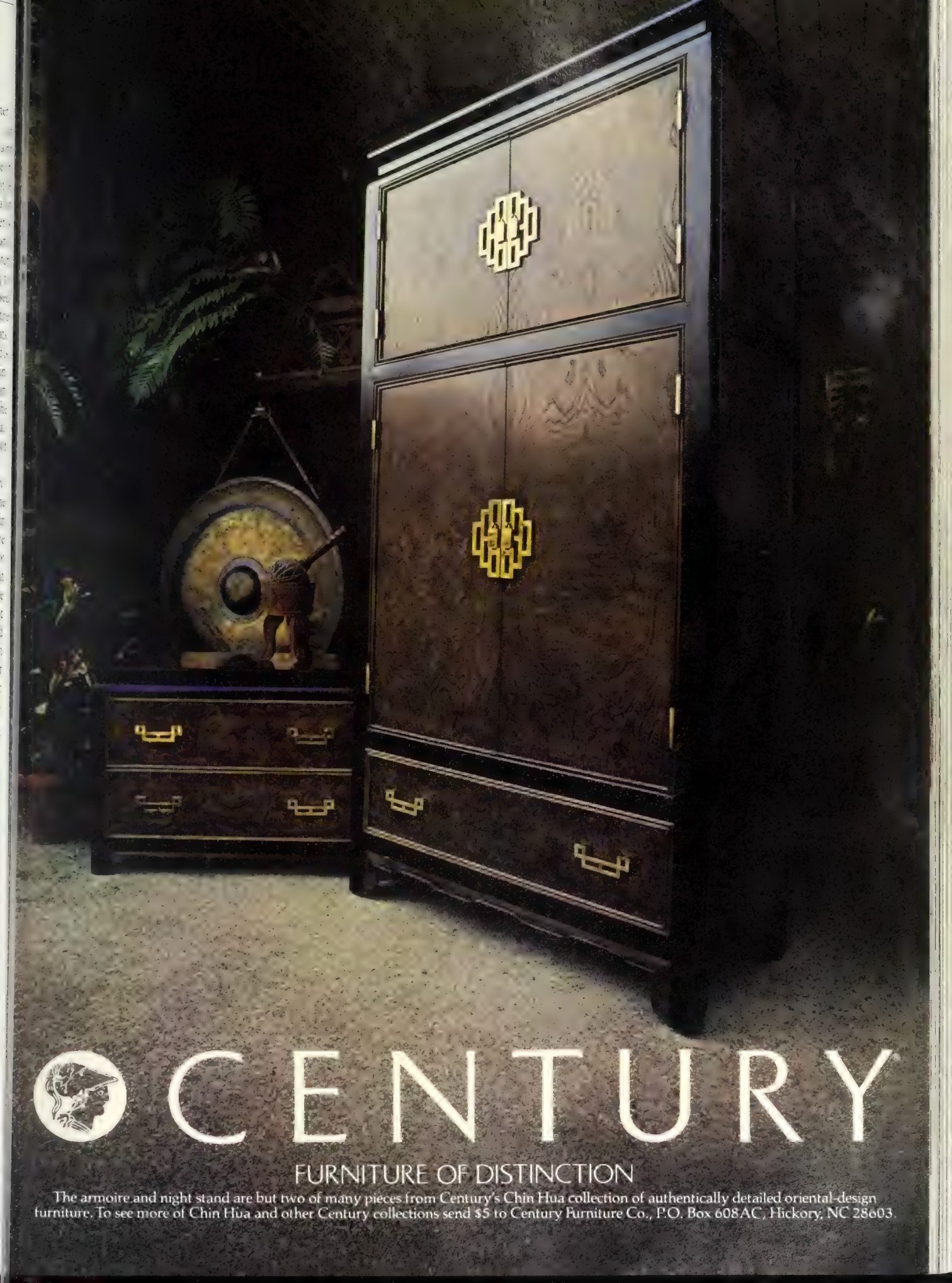
There have been fewer gastronomic disasters than one might have expected. "The time we had woodchuck, everyone said it tasted just like chicken," Eastman said, "but for some reason it was not popular. We never had it again. Then there was the year we served pigeon pie. One pie went the whole meal, and there was some left over. We never had that again, either.

"The worst was when we lost our beaver," she continued with a faint shudder. There was big trouble in Bradford that year. "Some people come just for the beaver, although a lot think it's too gamy. Well, the beaver is shot early in the year, in January and February, and one of the ladies put ten beavers in her freezer and went away to Florida. Her husband had just passed away and she didn't come back by the time we started to prepare the meats. We *do* keep track of where our food is stored, we have a system," Eastman insisted, "but that year, for some reason, no one could remember who had the beaver. We looked *everywhere*. Finally, we had to go without it, and a lot of people were *very* disappointed."

It would be exciting to think that every species that hits the table roams the wilderness on the edge of town, but in fact few of the target animals are brought down by local townsfolk *in situ* with their .22s. "We don't go out and kill anything specifically for the supper," Eastman emphasized. But bear, beaver, and raccoon are indeed trapped in the area, their pelts taken for sale, and their meat is donated for dinner. Buffalo comes from a rancher in South Dakota, and the exotic viands, such as Catalina goat and mouflon ram, are culled from the stock of Web Keefe's private game preserve in neighboring Ely, Vermont. Pheasant and rabbit are provided by commercial suppliers (wild hare cannot be legally sold in the state), and the occasional moose, elk, or caribou turns up when a friend or parishioner happens to shoot such a beast in the distant wilds.

Venison has a more problematic provenance. Thousands of bucks (and in some years, does) are bagged in Vermont's sixteen-day big-game annual shooting spree, but hunters cannot easily sell their prizes, and the church cannot rely on the generosity of parishioners who might have an extra haunch to donate. So much of the deer meat is collected, hit or miss, throughout the year. The hitting is, unfortunately, often done by cars, and game wardens around the state are alerted to scoop up road kills and turn over illegally shot animals to the supper's organizers, who place dressed meat in villagers' freezers for eventual preparation.

The men still do the grilling and



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I picked up a menu from a stack on the hymnal table and saw that mouflon ram loaf was the special feature of the supper that year

roasting, a gender-identified ritual in the hunter mythology that contemporary sexual politics has not yet altered. The women whip up the fancier concoctions—the loaves, stews, and game pies—as well as the vegetables and dessert. A hundred or more townspeople are engaged in supper activities; they store the meat (not forgetting the beaver), cook at home or at the regional high school's institutional kitchen, tidy up the church, and serve the food. Minister John Knight has a crucial responsibility; he is in charge of dyeing 15,000 toothpicks in rainbow hues to color-code the meats. Guests are handed a small mimeographed card with the key for each year's menu: aqua for boars, for instance, or green for beaver, yellow for mouflon ram. Nowadays, the supper makes a heady profit: a good $10,000 is cleared with a capacity crowd, and that goes for church repair and redecoration and a scholarship fund to send local youngsters to the Green Mountains Conservation Camps in the summer.

I first heard about the Bradford supper in the early seventies, when it was already well-established but not yet part of the gentrified trend of frontier cuisine. With a rather jolly group of friends from Boston, we drove up Interstate 91 on another cold, cold afternoon in the late New England fall. There was ice on all the ponds and a thin crust of snow over the brown meadows, and by the time we got to Bradford, the main street was full of cars with out-of-state license plates disgorging people dressed in heavy winter gear. No wonder L.L. Bean is pushing game recipes this year; they might have outfitted the entire guest list that night.

We had sent in for our reservations a month earlier. Each year a date is set for applications—usually in mid October—and would-be diners are accepted according to the postmark on their letters. The event is generally sold out after one or two days' mail. We had been assigned to a six-o'clock seating (you can list three choices), but like eager beavers we arrived at the lodge before nightfall. A state policeman directed us up the steep front steps of the white wooden church to the main sanctuary, where we would await our call to supper in the vestry below.

Katrina Munn, the church organist, was seated at her instrument behind the pulpit, facing the pipes at the rear but watching the crowd in a mirror. "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past" was the Sunday service hymn, but Saturday supper was show-tune time, and "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outta My Hair" set the expectant diners to humming and toe-tapping.

"Sometimes we have a little community sing," Munn told me recently. Retired folks from Rhode Island like to sing the old songs, but hunters can be boisterous as well. One night one of them let out a moose call that was heard halfway to Fairlee, they say. The wait in the sanctuary allows visitors to fraternize, and also to pick up copies of the church cookbook, subtitled *From Beaver to Buffalo.*

I picked up a menu from a stack on the hymnal table and saw that mouflon ram loaf was the special feature of the supper that year. I couldn't imagine what that animal was—I had not yet learned much about game beyond gray squirrels and dead deer—but none of the women selling cookbooks or keeping the reservations clipboard could help me. I was, at last, directed outside behind the church, where the premier venison chef was grilling cutlets on a barbecue. "Mouflon ram?" he repeated. "I guess it's one of these," whereupon he dropped his long-handled fork and made swirling, counterclockwise circular motions with his fingers around his ears. He then let out a short, deliberate bleat. I got the picture.

Only a few minutes behind schedule, we were sent downstairs into the food line. Politely but firmly, the servers hurried us along. "We serve three people per minute, 180 per hour," Eastman noted with Taylorist efficiency. Once, she clocked her own movements as chief hostess and figured she traveled seven and three-quarters miles during the day of the supper.

Bits of this and smidgens of that were plopped on our plates. The pheasant with rice was easily identifiable by the rice, and rabbit pie by its crust; the bear sausage looked like a tiny hamburger patty. But everything else needed the Reverend Knight's colored toothpicks. In three minutes we were through, just as the efficiency expert claimed, and seated at a long refectory table loaded with baskets of bread and bowls of vegetables. An apple-cheeked cider girl came around to fill our cups, and before the gingerbread lady arrived with dessert we were back in line for seconds of the best dishes, which were the bear and the venison.

The cuisine, to be honest, is not the greatest attraction of the day. Eight or ten different meats cooked in fifteen or twenty different ways tend to blend into an indistinguishable common denominator of cooked animal protein, and only the gamiest items retain any memorable character of their own. Perhaps the new American cuisinards have the right idea; a dollop of dilled sour cream and mustard sauce, or a ragout of provençal vegetables atop the bobcat, or whatever that was, might have made a delectable difference.

Still, the food is part of a scene in the church that is incomparable for its pageantry, something between a Texas chili contest and the Oberammergau passion play, with sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, textures of flannel, and flavors of deep woods and upland meadows. And on the best nights, a bellowing moose call. My friend Charles, who is on the radio in Boston, had driven four hours for the food and the scene, and as he contemplated the long return trip home he wondered whether it was all worth the trouble.

"It's a long way to go for beaver," he chuckled. But two years later he came back for more, and I think he's now a regular. □



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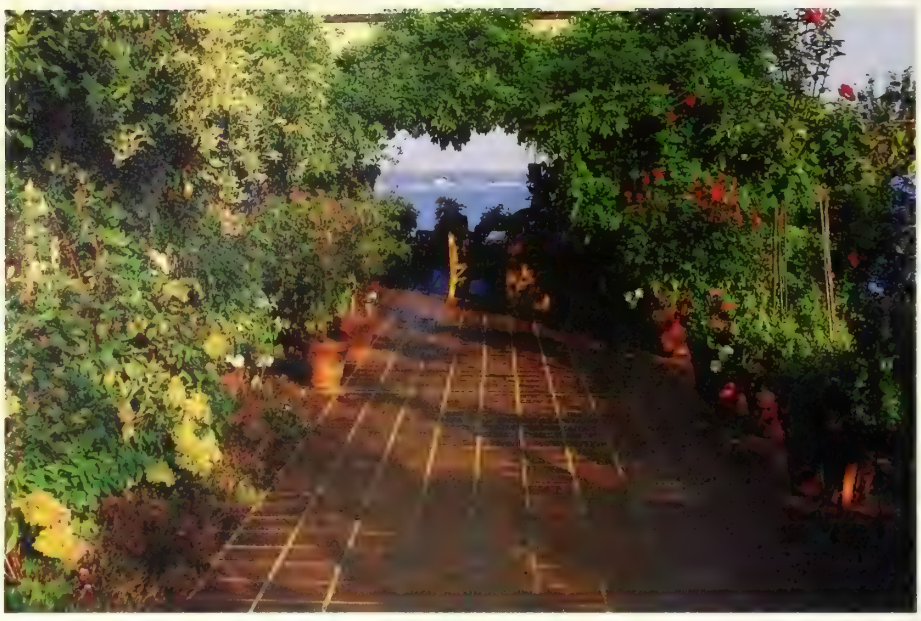
THE BUCKLEYS IN HIGH GEAR

Christopher Buckley remembers the way it was at home

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI




The Robin Master



In the sun room, *preceding pages,* bright with many batiks from China Seas, Pat Buckley—who worked with Keith Irvine and Thomas Fleming throughout the house—used marble from an Etruscan floor for the coffee table. A Chinese porcelain lamp with a bandana shade sits in the foreground on a terra-cotta table. *Above:* Terrace outside front door is lined with pots of lantana and tea roses mixed with petunias and hibiscus. *Right:* Pat Buckley with King Charles spaniels Blenny and Sam.

A few months before I was born, my mother called my father at the office to tell him that after looking at fifty or sixty, she had finally found it. "It" is the house you see in these pictures, and "it" looked a lot different then. The dining-room ceiling, for instance, was embedded with bright red plastic roses that twinkled like Christmas lights. "I want you to use your imagination," she told him, as the possibility of eating beneath illuminated roses did not amuse him.

That was 32 years ago. The house I grew up in was a wonderfully cozy place, full of big overstuffed sofas, heavy silver, and French paintings. In the sun room there was a small fountain with a bronze statue of a young boy feeding a fish. The dining-room wallpaper was a 360-degree panorama of Paris: the Arc de Triomphe, Eiffel Tower, the Champs Élysées, streetcars, *tout le monde* strutting about with Afghan hounds and parasols. The table was made of Mexican mahogany inlaid with brass. You could see your face in it, and there were convenient ledges underneath for hiding pieces of liver and Brussels sprouts. (Flood, my cocker spaniel, would take care of the overflow when the ledges filled.) In those days the driveway crunched with gravel and the apple tree down the water spread its huge branches wider than any other apple tree in New England. In spring it rained white blossoms and in summer it carpeted the lawn with green apples that turned brown and squished beneath your feet.

I don't mean to revisit Brideshead. The house *is* still there, after all, and to hell with Thomas Wolfe—you can go home. I do all the time. But it's changed. The driveway is asphalt now, and the apple tree, after two centuries of New England storms, is in declining health and strung with more cables than the Brooklyn Bridge. And the house! About fifteen years ago, my mother cast her eye on the dining room, and nothing has ever been the same again.

My parents were in Switzerland. Workmen arrived, spread canvases, banged away. For days the house smelled of paint. When they left, I looked. The Champs Élysées—gone. The *boulevardiers*—gone. In their place were flaming-orange walls. Mauve molding. *Mauve*! The floor, old wooden floors where you could still see the now-departed Flood's claw marks, was now blue linoleum, crisscrossed with massive black stripes. I looked up. I could not focus. I rubbed my eyes. Looked up again. Blue and silver patterns stamped on a kind of gold-leaf paper. Where the lovely wooden table had once been was a round thing covered with what looked like the hides of two thousand red lizards. Perhaps there had been some mistake. Perhaps they had gotten the name wrong and had redecorated the wrong dining room. In due course it became clear that this was not the case. Years later I came to realize that her eyes see possibilities that mine and those of lesser mortals do not. It was about this time that my father developed the first signs of a syndrome that affects him still. My mother calls it his "edifice complex," as in "your father's edifice complex will be the death of me." The symptoms were recognizable. A stillness would come over him when contemplating a blank wall. "Say, . . ." he would murmur. He would tell my mother of his plans, and the weeks and *(Text continued on page 198)*



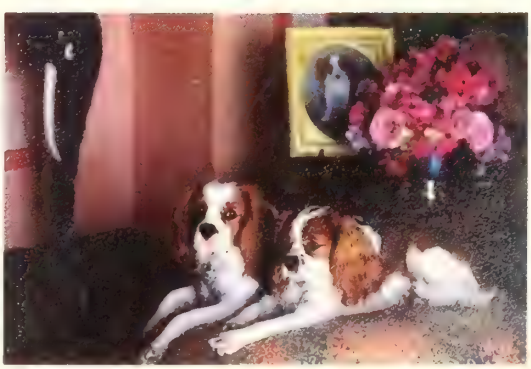








Pat Buckley chose a bright chintz for the living room, *above,* which is carpeted in green sisal. Pictures of family and friends are in foreground. *Opposite top:* A view up the stairs leading from the garden to the terrace. *Opposite center:* In the sun room, under a Raymond de Botton painting, Chinese porcelain and two Thai antelope in turquoise and brass sit on a blue marbleized elephant table. *Opposite:* In the music room is the harpsichord made by Eric Herz of Boston. *Right:* Sam and Fred pose in the sun room in front of a pastel of Fred by Annette Reed.



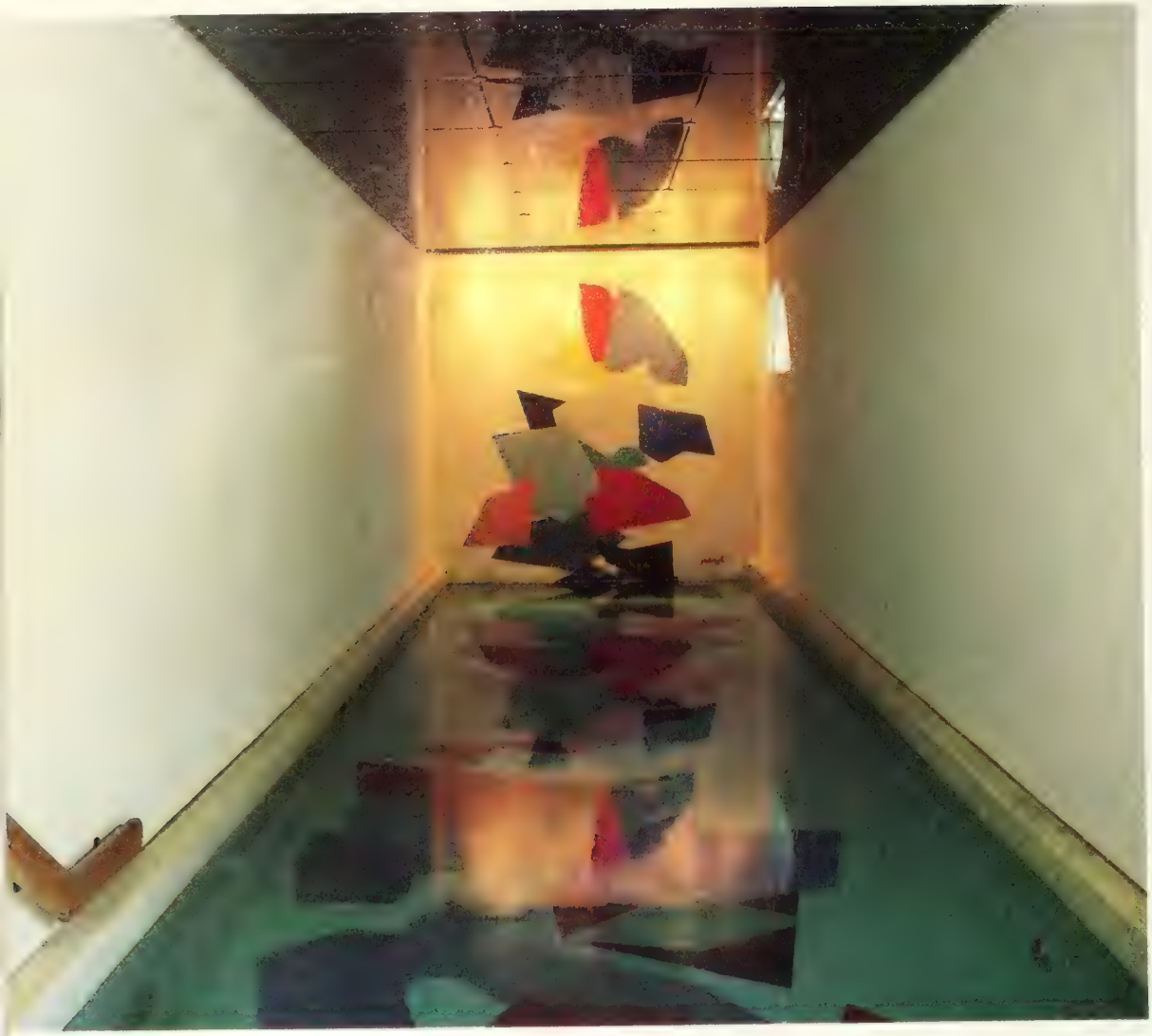


In the dining room, *above,* where different shades of pink and orange are mixed, a Moroccan print wallpaper frieze runs along the orange walls set off by a bright blue linoleum floor. Under a collage by Diana Nelson, two tole palms are on the table between the portieres. On the table are English finger bowls on ironstone dessert plates. Chairs are covered in soft-hued Stroheim & Romann fabric. *Left:* The Sound at sunset from the sun room. *Opposite, top:* The contrasting fabric on the other side of the portieres frames the view from the front hall through to the dining room and terrace beyond. *Opposite:* Detail of a dining-room corner with pictures of family and friends in front of a mercury lamp.





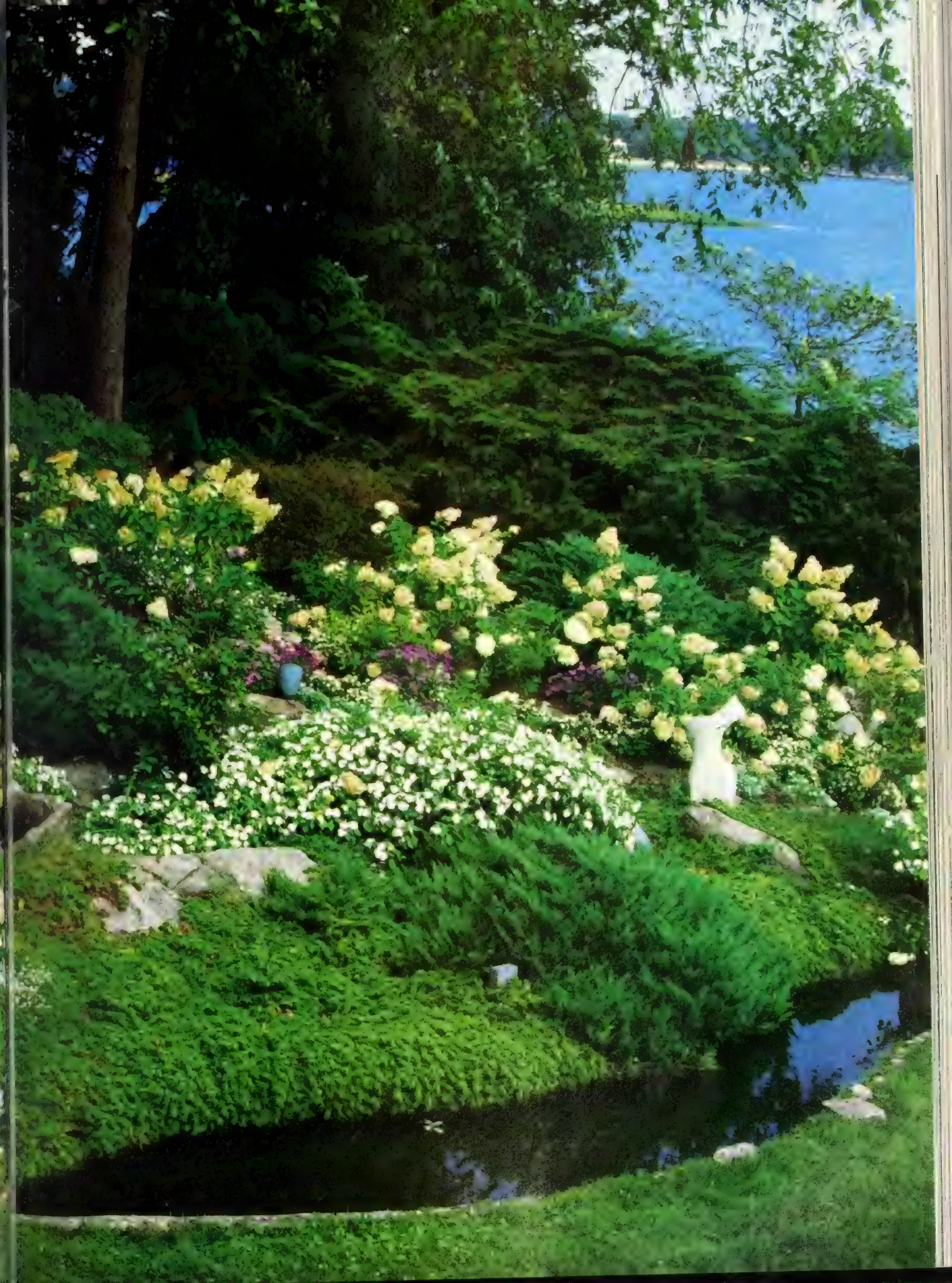




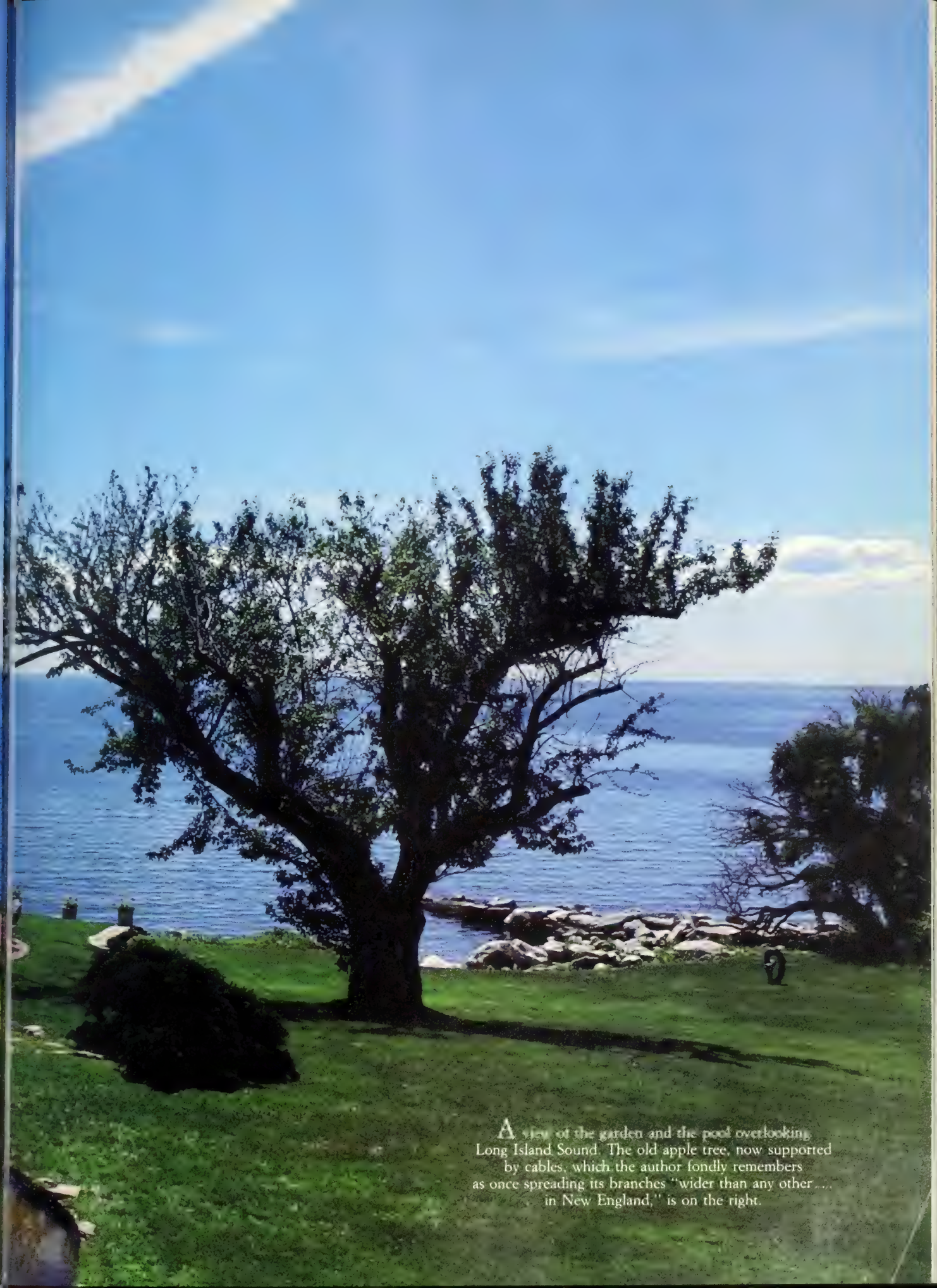
Under the terrace is the indoor pool, *above,* with mosaics designed by Robert Goodenough. *Below:* Chairs covered in Brunschwig & Fils fabric sit in a corner of the master bedroom with its sweeping views of the water. *Right:* Only white flowers were used in the rock garden and among them are petunias, white rhododendrons, peegee hydrangeas, lilies.











A view of the garden and the pool overlooking Long Island Sound. The old apple tree, now supported by cables, which the author fondly remembers as once spreading its branches "wider than any other . . . in New England," is on the right.





MATERIAL MATTERS

Gwathmey Siegel gives a luxurious new style to a Manhattan duplex apartment

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN McGRATH

The stripped Classicism of late Art Deco design is evoked by the columns framing the double-height window in this pied-à-terre for a European banker. Oak paneling covers both walls and ceiling; floor is slate. Charles Pfister's 1971 Weyerhaeuser sofas for Knoll flank Isamu Noguchi's 1946 coffee table for Herman Miller, on a rug designed by Sir Frank Brangwyn. In the left foreground is a Border Peony floor lamp by Louis C. Tiffany. On the wall next to it, a monumental oil on canvas by Picasso, *Seated Man with Glass,* 1914.



The duplex is entered on the upper floor, *left*, with sitting and dining areas at right. The living room is reached by descending a stairway, *opposite*, bounded on one side by a gray lacquer built-in cabinet that is an exceptionally refined evolution of one of the architects' most familiar space-planning devices. Its capsule-shaped slate top is flecked with natural gold inclusions. At the top of the stairs is a standing female figure by Alberto Giacometti.

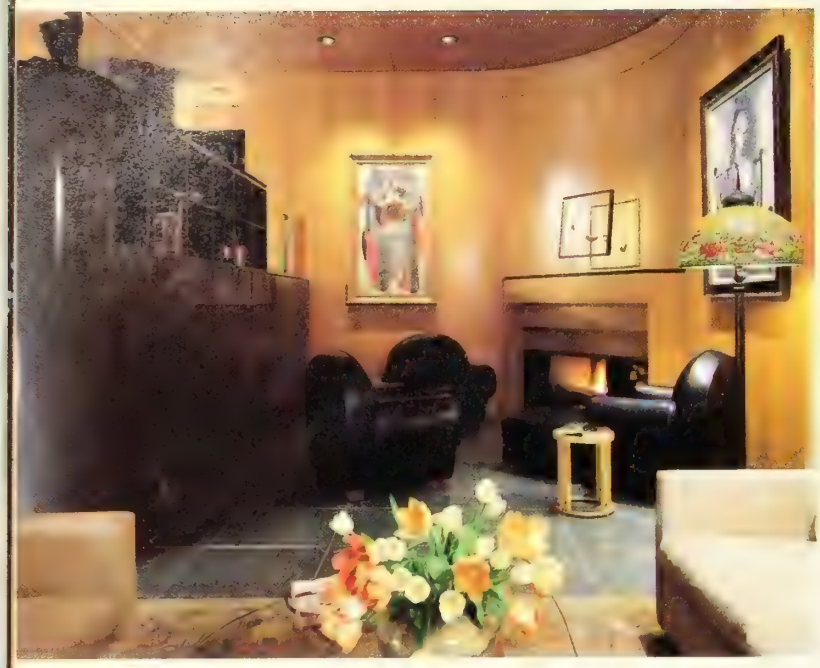
The New York pied-à-terre is becoming an increasingly common component in the lives of the multinational upper class. A pleasant and practical alternative to hotel living, it offers a constancy, commodiousness, and sense of privacy difficult to find in a transient setting. But rarely is a small apartment intended for part-time use lavished with the degree of architectural attention that Charles Gwathmey and Robert Siegel have given this duplex on Manhattan's Upper East Side. It is a confident demonstration of why that firm has developed a strong constituency among clients who are looking for both architectural problem-solving and a high degree of design distinction.

In this case, the existing apartment—in spite of a capacious, two-story-high living room—was spatially awkward because it had originally been part of a full-floor flat that was divided in two some years before. Furthermore, the contrast between the generously proportioned main room on the lower floor and the low-ceilinged dining room and two bedrooms on the entry floor provoked a feeling of imbalance. The space needed to be at once pulled together and released, and the architects were notably successful in achieving that seemingly contradictory goal.

Their primary strategy was to make the predominant volume of the living room seem even larger by tearing down the wall that separated the dining room from the living room. The dining room—now an open area perched like a balcony over the living room—extends the expanse of unobstructed ceiling from a rectangle to a cube almost twice the size it was before the remodeling. Thus a much more pronounced sense of geometric strength now prevails. The weighty new atmosphere also comes in large measure from the oak paneling on both walls and ceilings, slate flooring, and the most elegant and imposing of the architects' numerous built-in units: a capsule-shaped, gray-lacquer storage wall, which separates the living room from the stairway that leads down into it. For years now Gwathmey and Siegel have been known as the kings of architectural cabinetry, and this latest example of their furniture-as-architecture shows why.

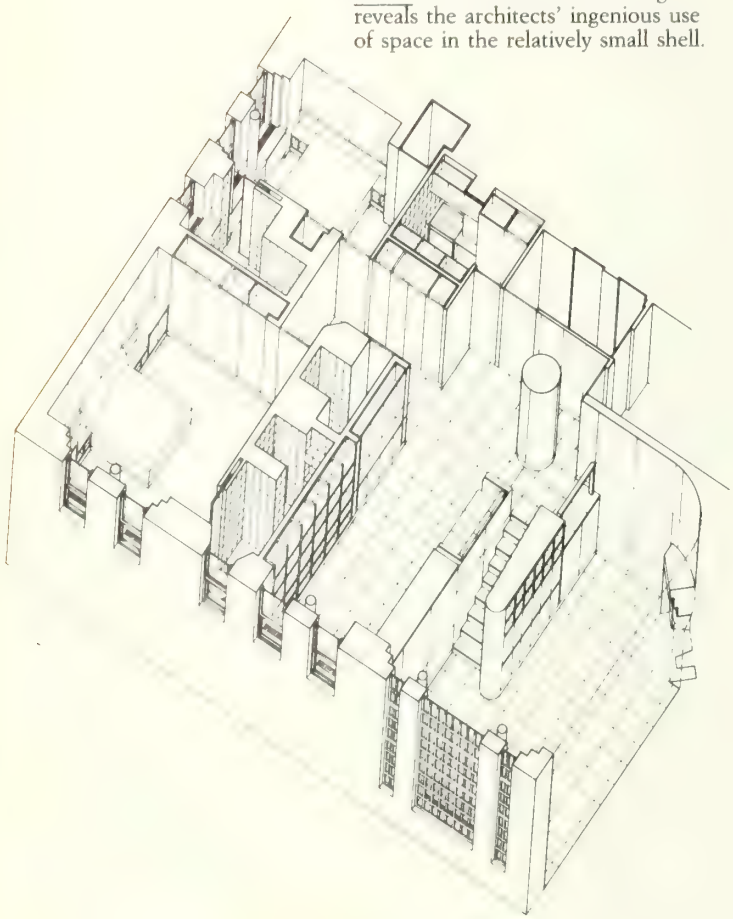
In contrast to the impression of expansiveness they have restored to the main living area, the architects have imbued the remaining spaces with the tightly worked logic of a ship's cabin, making them efficiently compact and without an inch of waste. The costly, richly finished materials give those smaller rooms the feeling of concentrated posh that one associates with *objêts de luxe* from Dunhill or Asprey. Particularly substantial are the bathrooms, with verde antique marble walls that impart a gravity far greater than such small dimensions would normally allow. The owner's surprisingly stellar art collection (what must he have at home?) provides yet another remarkable indication of New York as a lodestar on the international scene. □ *By Martin Filler. Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*







One corner of the living room, *above,* is claimed by three huge black leather armchairs (copies of Jacques Ruhlmann's 1926 Elephant chair) grouped around the Deco-inspired fireplace. On the mantel is a Calder stabile, to the left a Braque, and at right a Picasso. *Right:* A sense of spaciousness is promoted by making the two levels read as components of one continuous volume. *Below:* An axonometric drawing reveals the architects' ingenious use of space in the relatively small shell.

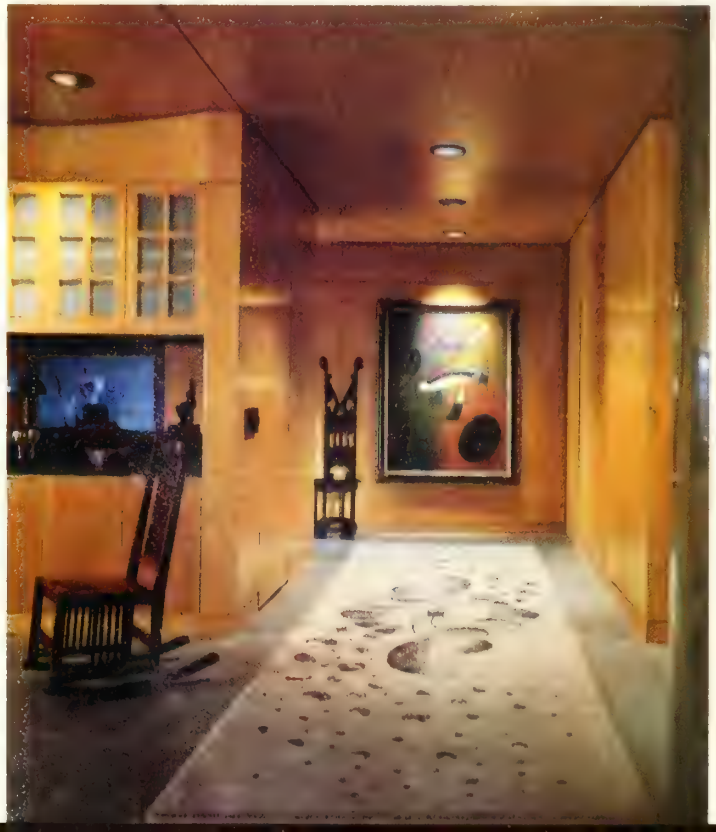






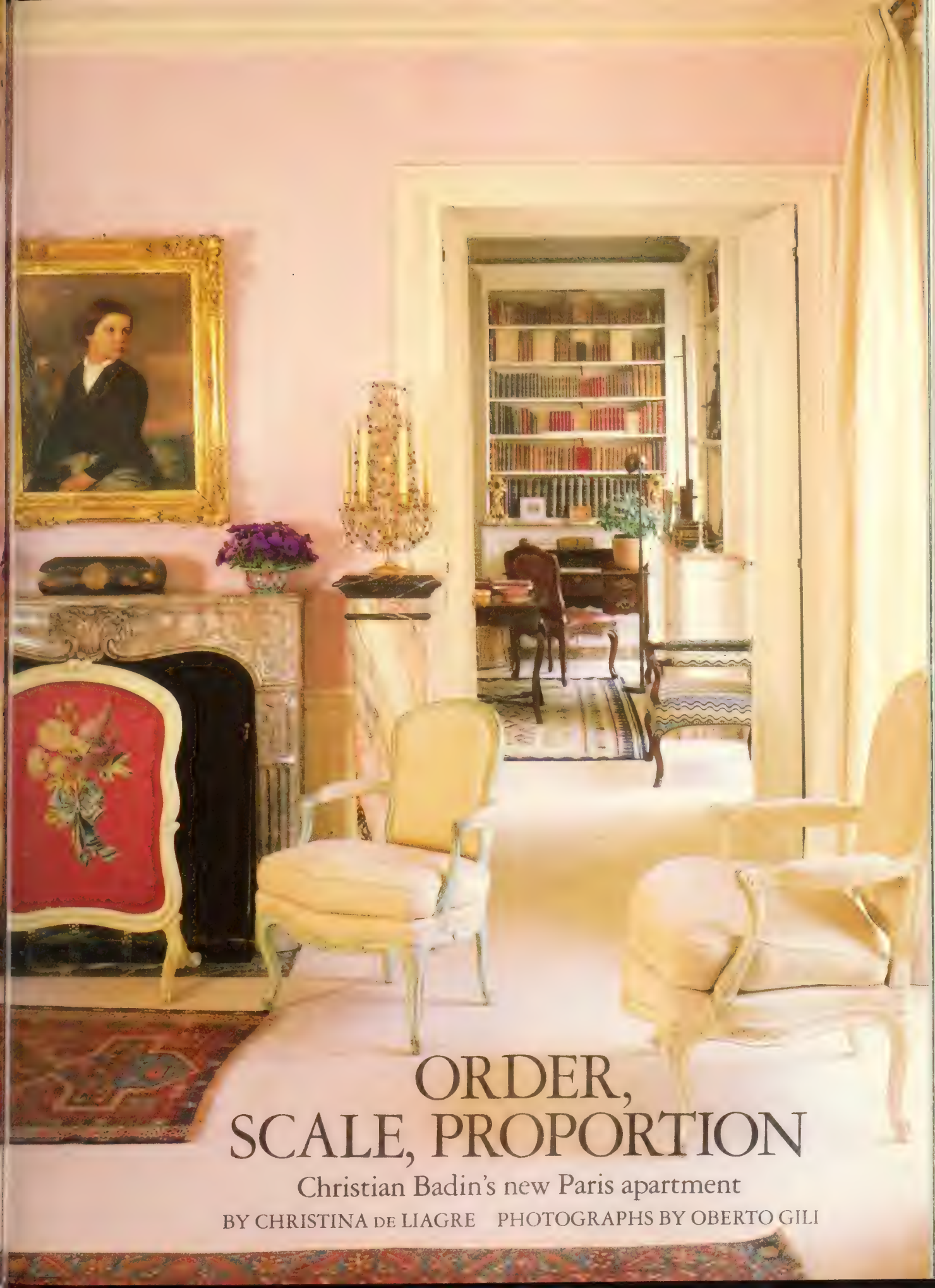


The strongly defined surround allows a great deal of art to be displayed in close proximity without competition. *Above:* A French Art Deco rug is an amusing paraphrase of a Joan Miró oil, *below.* A follower of Charles Rohlfs made the chair to its left. *Right:* In the dining area, chairs by Gustav Stickley were the inspiration for Gwathmey Siegel's slat-based table.









ORDER, SCALE, PROPORTION

Christian Badin's new Paris apartment

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



In the sitting room, *preceding pages,* portrait over 18th-century mantel painted by ancestor is but one of many *souvenirs de famille,* including Gobelins fire screen. *Above:* Christian Badin. *Below:* In dining room, a play of blues: David Hicks cotton print curtains, batik tablecloth, and copy of 18th-century pattern on chairs. Painting by Badin's father, Jacques.



Despite the demands of his longstanding career, interior designer Christian Badin always finds time to attend to essentials. One of them is smoking three Havana cigars a day. Another is filling a watering can to the brim and proceeding down a 21-meter-long picture gallery in his Paris apartment, watering the rush matting underfoot. This is but one of many tricks of the trade ("keep it humid, it lasts longer") that are second nature to Badin, who complements his own international clientele by being David Hicks's associate in France.

Laying down rush matting over parquet de Versailles creates a contemporary look with historical points of reference and that is what Badin is all about: conjugating the past to become the present perfect. Although it looks unmistakably modern, rush matting dates back to Shakespeare's time and was frequently used in some of the best French châteaux, most likely in Versailles too.

"It so happens it's historically appropriate in this *hôtel particulier,*" says Badin, whose company spares one the use of an encyclopedia. "But I used it because I like the mélange of something raw and natural against polished parquet. That's also why I used plain brown sheets of kraft paper on the gallery walls—for that raw unrefined texture—and because it's flattering as a background to my collection of set designs and architectural drawings."

Not just any brown paper, mind you, this is reject wrapping, considered too thin to be used for packages. Asked whether he'd used it on walls before, the reply is a definite *no:* "good ideas are no longer good if they're used too often." A much-publicized library he did entirely in white sheets of printing paper, however ("badly pasted on purpose"), was clearly a forerunner.

Earthiness and elegance go hand-in-hand in Badin's world. Steeped in the grand traditions of one of the fine French families—at various times ancestors ruled the works, whether Sèvres porcelain, Beauvais tapestries and Gobelins too—Badin nevertheless has managed to escape the confines of any fixed period. His apartment stands for the success of a style all his own, "call it brown-paper-and-silk-curtains."

Clearly nourished by history's *belles époques,* Badin uses spare moments for pouring over imposing volumes that line the library walls, though he is quick to brush off his curator's knowledge: "You *(Text continued on page 203)*

In the gallery, *opposite,* walls are brown kraft paper with paper braid painted faux marbre; two chairs "inspired by Louis XVI" flank console designed by Badin on which sit two masks by Robert Courtwright, a 15th-century head, and Roman bronzes; Gallo-Roman pots are on Louis XIII appliqués; scenic designs for operas by atelier Séchan-Dieterle.





At the halfway mark in the gallery two columns with painted wood vases frame the vista that finishes with a *copie ancienne* of Charles Le Brun's *Le Sacrifice d'Iphigénie* and Louis XIII trunk. Opposite: At the end of the gallery, a French faïence vase tops a plywood column, whose vertical lines introduce the 18th-century architectural drawings on door that leads to Badin's chambers.





From the library, *above,* a view into the apartment's entrance. The Nine Muses seem to be falling into the 17th-century chair, slip-covered in a modern hand-painted fabric. *Opposite:* In the library is an 18th-century ladder on rollers, an heirloom among others like the Régence fire screen. Baseboards and bookshelf counter are faux marbre to match 17th-century chimney piece on which statue of Actaeon stands between two "fake trees made out of real plants." *Below:* In the master bedroom, baldachin frames a ladies' writing table and family portraits. Panorama of Roman ruins on the right is by designer's father, Jacques. David Hicks fabric on the bed is the same as that used for walls, chairs, and curtains, though with a more elaborate motif.









Between the windows in the library is a 17th-century Austrian clock surrounded by Italian and French drawings dating from 16th century, and books on music and architecture. On easel, a view of Rome by Corot; tapestry on Louis XIV armchair is an antique pattern which the designer revived for its unusually modern look.

IN CHICAGO'S BEST TRADITION



Laurence Booth's limestone-and-granite design takes its place in a historic neighborhood

BY ELAINE GREENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY

Guests enter most three-bay city houses on the left or right to arrive in a dark, narrow stair hall, but in this house they are admitted in the center of a generously glazed house-wide vestibule. *Opposite:* Two sets of stairs on the long walls are entirely open to a skylighted well. From this second-floor balcony can be seen the vestibule's marble floor.





The couple who built this house, an engineer and an art historian, asked architect Laurence Booth for a building with "a Classical sensibility." Booth, who says that "any good architect has a Classical foundation," was delighted to oblige, but he felt his design should be American and contemporary. The architect thought the works of Palladio "too grand" and those of Robert Adam "too finicky" to adapt for a young Chicago family. And though John Soane might have suspended domes, "he couldn't have done it in Sheetrock," says Booth, who suspended barrel vaults instead.

The Chicago neighborhood in which the building was inserted flourished in the last century, declined after World War II, and flourishes again as a National Register site. Side by side behind front gardens stand clapboard Greek Revival cottages, Renaissance Revival houses with elaborate wood trim, rusticated stone piles, and a five-unit brick row by Louis Sullivan. Booth's Neoclassical design fits in easily, sharing the two qualities common to all the others: meticulous craftsmanship and a certain American spirit of openness, freedom, and individuality.

The limestone-and-granite façade is formal, symmetrical, and cool, yet arriving guests, who catch glimpses of light and movement inside, find it thoroughly inviting. Though the interior is equally symmetrical and formal, it is warm and intimate. Within the parallel lines of a traditional row-house shell, numerous curved forms—barrel vaults, concave screen walls, circular light cutouts—gently enclose the individual spaces. Fifteen wall and ceiling colors—pinks, melons, creamy whites, tones of greenish blue—glow richly under the play of changing natural and incandescent light.

The owners were determined to have daylight throughout the building, so Laurence Booth dealt first with the problem of the dark center intrinsic to a long narrow plan, coring out of the three-story volume a large vertical skylighted well. The owners say he made daylight the primary pleasure of a house of many pleasures. □

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

Glazed panel separates vestibule and sitting room. Rear kitchen/family room ends in tall bow window.



The dining room, *these pages,* and the kitchen/family room behind it occupy the main level of the first floor; the vestibule and sitting room are five steps below. On the long sides of the dining space, a pair of stairs rise: one from the front, one from the rear. The proportions and details of the stairs—small-gauge pipe railings, tread nosing carried around three sides and extending into half-round molding applied horizontally to the walls—make them almost all the decoration this room needs. Four columns define the dining zone, which is bounded on the short sides by a low convex wall and a tall concave niche topped by a lunette where it meets the kitchen's vault.





The least symmetrical room in the house is the family room, in which a limestone fireplace, *above,* faces the spiral stair installed to meet fire-department regulations. In a vignette that typifies this house, various shapes and soft colors are juxtaposed. Jar by Evanston potter Mary Seyfarth from Semel/Liff. *Opposite:* Seen from the second-floor library, whose large single-pane window overlooks the street, is the circular ceiling cutout for night lighting, the pipe-railed square opening of the light well, and, at the rear, the master suite. Keith Campbell of Booth/Hansen & Associates was associate in charge.



The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Garden

A brilliant blend of Oriental and English inspirations, the extraordinary Maine garden designed by Beatrix Farrand has been cherished by two generations of Rockefellers

BY PAULA DEITZ
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN WARD

Some moments are never eclipsed by others. Though many years have passed since I first entered the inner garden of the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Garden in Seal Harbor, Maine, the vivid impression remains of walking from dark woods through the pagoda-like portal of the Chinese wall into a wild sod garden and then through a Bottle Gate, shaped like some giant inverted magic keyhole in a second wall, into a world of dazzling light and color, an immense rectangular sunken flower garden around a central greensward.

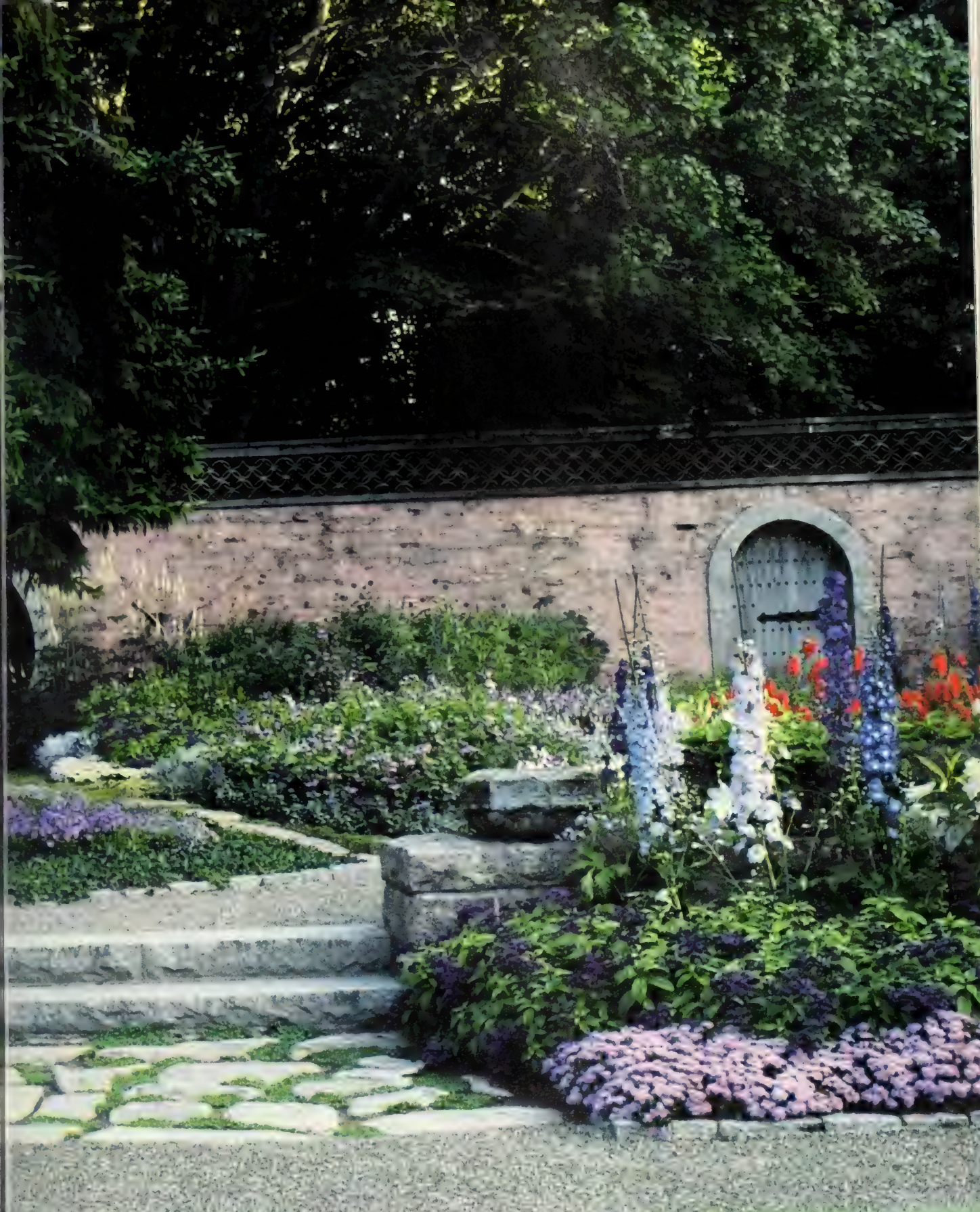
There was a literary counterpart. I felt like Mary Lennox in Frances Hodgson Burnett's 1911 story, *The Secret Garden,* when she turned the key, pushed open a formerly hidden door in the garden wall and "stood with her back against it, looking about her and breathing quite fast with excitement, and wonder, and delight. She was standing *inside* the secret garden." (The only way Hollywood could adequately render this moment in the Margaret O'Brien film of the book was to switch from black-and-white to Technicolor. I am sure that childhood memory also fed my impression.) The impact of that entrance has never lessened on repeated visits, nor have any other gardens, which have their own pleasures to offer, produced a similar effect.

The Secret Garden may not have been one of Mrs. Rockefeller's conscious references in creating the garden, but her son David Rockefeller, who now owns and oversees the garden with his wife, Peggy, remembers his mother giving him the book when he was a child. She loved solitude and would escape to solitary places, according to her biographer Mary Ellen Chase, and David recalls that his mother went out to the garden often in the late afternoons just to sit by herself listening to the birds and looking at the flowers. She always insisted that her guests enter the garden through the Bottle Gate for that first startling view along the south-to-north axis over a reflecting pool set in a grass oval to the tall red spruce that anchors the north flower beds in front of a traditional Chinese Moon Gate set in the far wall. Behind the quiet moments of repose in this Oriental setting juxtaposed to

The traditional Chinese Bottle Gate, *opposite,* is the entrance to a green oval called the Sun Garden with borders of funkia and other leafy plants bearing tiny mauve blossoms. One turns left for the initial view of the sunken flower garden.







Where the cool pastel borders to the left meet the warmly colored borders to the right at the single red spruce on the north side of the garden, Peggy Rockefeller has created a neutral bridge between the two sides with mauves and grays and interesting foliage. In addition to creating a mosaic of lobelia, ageratum, and santolina near the spruce, she uses branchy plants like thalictrum and sea lavender, which grows profusely on nearby islands.



a Maine interpretation of an English flower garden with its brilliant seaside hues is a richly documented history of the massive creative effort it took to build this garden at the top of a hill in a spruce forest—an effort of the principals, architects, art dealers, contractors, gardeners, and stonemasons.

John D. Rockefeller Jr. married Abby Aldrich in 1901, and they purchased The Eyrie, their house in Seal Harbor, in 1910. In 1908, acting for his father, Mr. Rockefeller began construction of a Japanese hillside garden with a teahouse near Kykuit, the family residence in Pocantico Hills, New York. Although they had this initial experience with an Oriental garden, and two Japanese landscape architects, clearly the galvanizing event in the couple's life was their four-month trip to the Far East in 1921, primarily for the opening of the Peking Union Medical College, which was supported by the Rockefeller Foundation. Yellowing newspaper articles pasted into a scrapbook chronicle their itinerary to Japan, especially Kyoto, and to China, where they visited the tombs near Peking, as well as to Korea and the Philippines.

A few days after the dedication of the college on September 19, 1921, the Shanghai *China Press* printed an interview with Mr. Rockefeller about the architecture of the college: "He explained the Chinese type of architecture adopted for the buildings as being an effort to make the Chinese feel at home thus expressing concrete friendliness and a desire to incorporate in the institution all that is best in Oriental life." Looking at *China Press*'s photographs of the tiled pagoda-style roof over the entrance to the chemistry building, one realizes that the architecture of the medical college became the architecture of The Eyrie garden, as it was soon to be called.

What happened then is recorded in the hundreds of letters and drawings that went back and forth between the Rockefellers and their landscape gardener, Beatrix Jones Farrand (the major correspondence, of great charm and *politesse,* was between Mr. Rockefeller and Mrs. Farrand though it was always called Mrs. Rockefeller's garden), and that have now been preserved at the Rockefeller Archive Center in North Tarrytown, New York. Additional drawings and records, those specifically from Mrs. Farrand's office, are deposited at the College of Environmental Design, University of California, Berkeley. The sheer quantity of material and intensity of focus make one wonder how any of them did anything else in their lives at this time. The Rockefellers' other accomplishments are well known. Mrs. Farrand, preeminent in her field at age 54, was a natural choice for them. She was Edith Wharton's niece, and Ogden Codman Jr., who had collaborated with Mrs. Wharton on *The Decoration of Houses,* had advised the young Rockefellers on the interiors of their West 54th Street town house in Manhattan and no doubt told them of her early work. Also, between 1917 and 1921, she landscaped the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in Plainsboro, New Jersey. Finally, her own summer house, Reef Point, where she maintained an extensive native garden, was in nearby Bar Harbor.

During Mrs. Farrand's own career, which spanned the years from 1897 to 1950 and included 176 gardens and landscape designs, mostly for residences and universities, she had designed one other mixed Oriental-European garden from 1914 to 1924 for Willard Straight in Old Westbury, Long Island. Her first letter to Mrs. Rockefeller was dated October 5, 1926, and it announced her fee of $100 a day "in the field or in the office" along with other charges, such as traveling expenses, a lower day-rate for her assistants' time plus a separate account for nursery expenses. She only hired women in her Manhattan office, including draftsmen trained at the Cambridge School of Architecture and Landscape School for Women. Mrs. Farrand herself trained with Charles Sprague Sargent, the first director of the Arnold Arboretum in Boston.

She already had in her file an article entitled "Within the Moon Gate: The Gardens of China Are Made to Appeal to the Inner Eye of Contemplative Man" by Philip N. Youtz from the March 1926 issue of House & Garden, illustrated by an old Cantonese Moon Gate. With the publication of the present article, 59 years later, the ideas she gleaned then have come full circle to a new audience. Mrs. Farrand never went to China, but she and Mrs. Rockefeller pored over books on Chinese architecture and sought the advice of Mr. Nagakawa of Yamanaka and Co., dealers in Japanese and Chinese art objects in Bar Harbor as well as in Boston and New York. Most of the sculptures placed in the garden were purchased from him. With a small variation, Mr. Nagakawa's drawing for the Moon Gate dated September 19, 1928, was the one adopted. All of the gates and portals were first made up in cardboard and reviewed in place before actual construction.

In the contours of the garden, they sought that harmony of architecture in nature so important to the Chinese, who arrange each building or shrine in a rapport with the spirits of earth, wind, and air and vary the aspects of the garden to correspond with different moods. In one of her last letters to Mr. Rockefeller on the garden, dated September 6, 1950, *(Text continued on page 183)*

Leading directly to the Spirit Path, *above,* the south gate has a pagoda-style roof made of yellow-glazed tiles from the walls of the Forbidden City in Peking. *Opposite:* The visitor's first view of the sunken flower garden from behind the reflecting pool looking to the Moon Gate. The trees extending from the northeast and northwest corners of the garden are trimmed annually to open up two vistas to the distant hills.





The pastel side of the garden is accented by tall stalks of delphinium, which are continually replaced with fresh ones during the summer months. Peggy Rockefeller plans the planting so that there are drifts of flowers in shades of one color and varies the texture, form, and height of adjacent groups. In recent years she has introduced white flowers into the warm colored side of the garden across the greensward. For more about the planting please see Garden Pleasures.



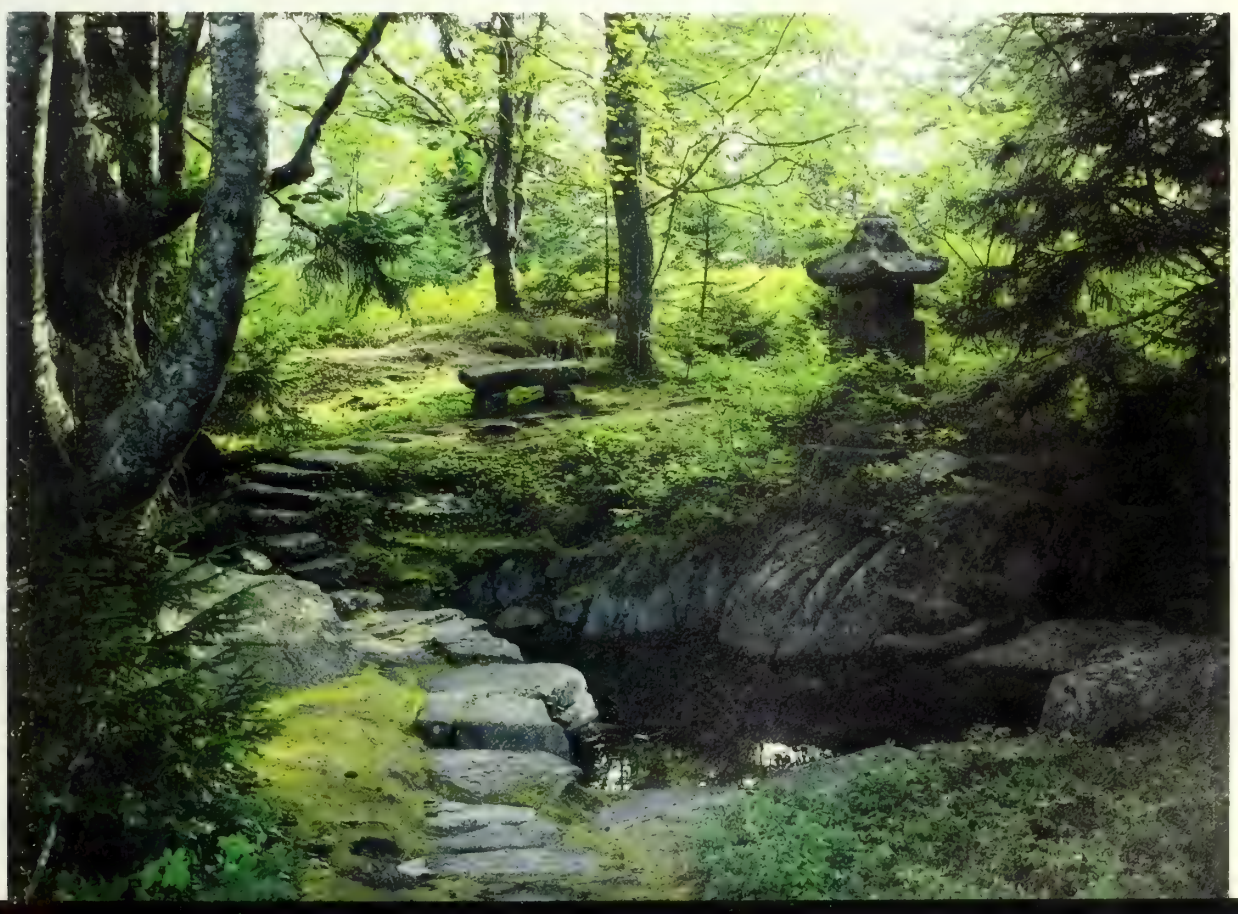


In the left border, *above,* the original west perennial border, Peggy Rockefeller is reintroducing new perennials she found recently in English gardens. Clematis and honeysuckle clinging to the stone walls carry color from lower to upper beds. *Below:* Korean gateposts at the end of the Spirit Path stand like sentinels before the 6th-century stele.





The pine-needle path through the woods, *above,* leads to the rosy stucco wall that bounds the garden on three sides. *Below:* In the woods that surround the formal garden are Far Eastern shrines, steles, Buddhas, and quiet spaces designed for contemplation, like this small naturalistic pool with its stone bench and Korean snow lantern.





The Spirit Path leading to a 6th-century stele is lined on both sides with processions of 17th- and 18th-century Korean stone sculptures depicting civil and military officials. Ranging in size from 7-foot-6 to 6-foot-3, they are placed in descending order of size which increases the sense of a distant perspective. Beneath them is a carpet of low-growing indigenous berry plants—blueberry, cranberry, juniper, bunchberry, huckleberry, bearberry—their small points of deep color bringing a richness to the solemn green.







TRIBECA TEXTURES

Architect Christian Hubert's New York loft for painter David Salle is a sympathetic framework for a collection of curvaceous fifties furnishings

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

Strong forms and unusual textures make the front room of the Salle loft an appropriate contemporary context for fifties designs including armchairs and sofa by Marco Zanuso, *opposite,* as well as Popsicle table by Hans Bellmer for Knoll, circa 1948, Eames wire shell chairs, 1951, and starburst chandelier, *above.* Photograph on wall is Louise Dahl-Wolfe's *Nude with Shadow Pattern,* 1940s, Staley-Wise Gallery. Flowers by Mark Isaacson of Fifty-50.



Salle in his studio, *above. Below:* His 1983 canvas *Brother Animal* incorporates pieces of Charles and Ray Eames's famous 1946 molded plywood chairs. *Opposite above:* The architect's major organizing principle is a spine of Le Corbusier–inspired pilotis created by encasing the loft's cast-iron columns in concrete. Ernest Race designed the Antelope chairs and table for the Festival of Britain in 1951. *Opposite below:* The kitchen pass-through.





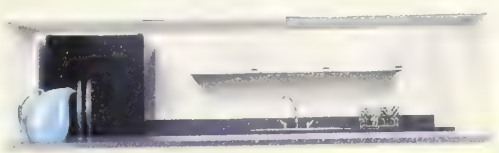
COURTESY MARY BOONE GALLERY



TIM STREET-PORTER

Artists are no longer expected to live in garrets, but neither is it their standard practice to have their brethren in architecture design their homes. Often when such a commission is given, the personality of the architect is so subverted that the results are virtually indistinguishable from those of a competent contractor. Exceptions—such as Richard Meier's 1965 Manhattan loft for Frank Stella or Frank Gehry's 1972 home and studio for Ron Davis—are rare. But they show that first-rate architecture does not have to compete with the work of an artist; it can in fact enhance, clarify, and focus the essential qualities of the things displayed within it.

Such is the case with the new loft that architect Christian Hubert has designed for David Salle, the controversial young painter whose canvases have earned him seemingly equal amounts of praise, condemnation, and financial success. Salle is perhaps the most noteworthy example of the 1980s artist who feels no compunction whatsoever about living in a manner that the masters of the New York School two generations ago would have considered unthinkable (or, until the very last years of their lives, unaffordable). But many artists, from Rubens to Renoir, have lived very well indeed, and Salle was determined to have a design that suited his way of life. "I've been to a number of artists' lofts that have been 'architected,'" he explains, "and they're always terrible. They could be anyone's house and they could have been done by anyone. On the other hand, I didn't want a big-shot architect. I wanted someone who would be on the job every day and wouldn't bring a set of preconceived notions to the project. And being the same age was important, too. I didn't think I could get what I wanted from an architect of another generation."



He found the right architect in Christian Hubert, whose diverse approach to



Arne Jacobsen's Swan sofa provides a graceful closure to the vista down the corridor at the rear of the loft, *above*. Purple glow is created by an ordinary Gro-Lite bulb. To the right of the portal is a fifties French cabinet by an unknown designer. *Opposite:* In the corner, one of the chairs Carlo Mollino designed around 1948 for Lisa Ponti, daughter of architect Gio Ponti. On the wall next to it is Salle's *Tennyson,* painted in 1983.



design is quite different from that of most of his peers, who, able or not, hope to develop a distinctive manner (cynics would call it an easily identifiable "look") to give their work the consistency generally associated with important careers. "I've never wanted to develop such a coherent, personal style that a piece of mine could be instantly recognizable," Hubert says. Certainly he is not without his sources of inspiration—what architecture is without precedent?—but Hubert makes the scheme wholly his own.

The loft in New York's TriBeCa district occupies a full floor of a building that Salle has split with fellow artist Bryan Hunt. It is typically long and narrow, and the main structural given is the row of columns that runs down the center of the space. But rather than adopting a fashionably reverential attitude toward those Corinthian-capitaled cast-iron columns, Hubert wrapped their spindly forms in boldly modeled concrete pilotis inspired by the flaring supports of Alvar Aalto's Turun Sanomat Building of 1928–29 in Turku, Finland, and Le Corbusier's famous Unité d'Habitation of 1946–52 in Marseilles. These pilotis now define the volume of the loft instead of merely occupying it and are surprisingly effective in creating what Hubert terms "spatial episodes."

Not only do the pilotis echo the strongly biomorphic component in Salle's painting (especially his latest work), but they also act as the perfect foil for the artist's estimable collection of high-style furniture of the fifties, including pieces by Marco Zanuso and Charles and Ray Eames. Such evocative motifs as the fieldstone-paved wall of the loft's innermost room or the sliding glass doors that separate the bedroom from it will remind many of the postwar period. Other treatments—such as Hubert's diamond-pattern corrugated mesh bolted onto the peeling green paint of another wall—could have been done only in the eighties. The Salle loft is an accomplished design that is entirely of its own time and yet completely sympathetic to another. It is an indication of Hubert's promise as an architect that he has carried off that seemingly contradictory task so well.

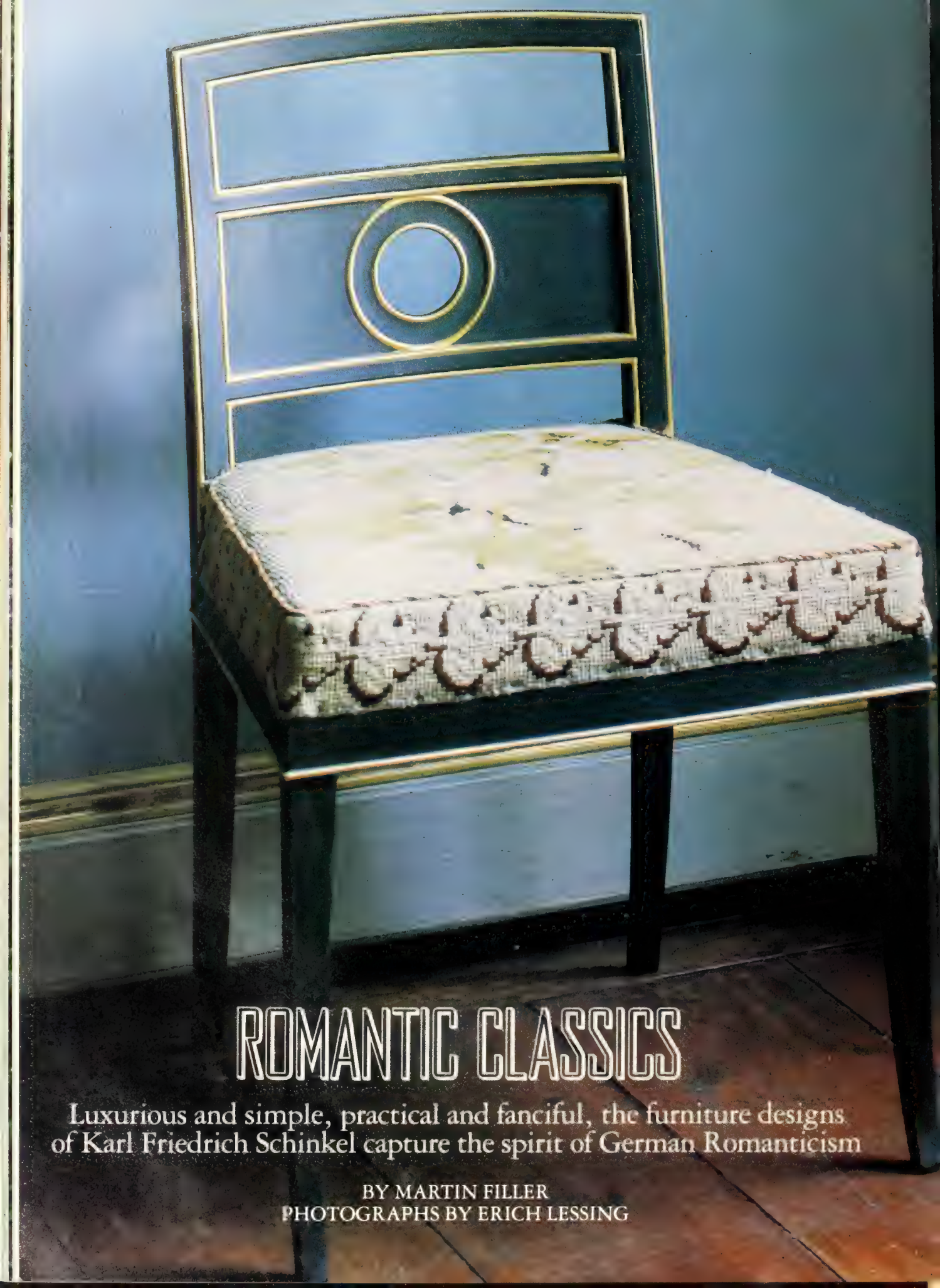
The owner, in a neat turnaround, has been inspired by the setting to acquire more fifties furnishings. A particularly fortuitous discovery was Ernest Race's 1951 Antelope chairs and table, whose delicate bent-wire profiles provide precisely the calligraphic counterpoint to the rounded forms of the architecture that Salle's schematic outlines give to the sensuous shapes in his paintings. If life does not exactly imitate art, then here it at least has found an appropriate reflection. □

By Martin Filler. Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac



Fieldstone walls in the living room, *right,* and the bedroom recall the love of natural materials and the air of informality typical of postwar American architecture. Wendell Lovett's 1953 Firehood fireplace and Marco Zanuso's Lady chairs, circa 1950, stand up admirably to the demands of the background. The sliding glass doors at left close off the bedroom. Visible through the central panel is the Anywhere lamp, designed by Greta von Nessen, circa 1952.





ROMANTIC CLASSICS

Luxurious and simple, practical and fanciful, the furniture designs of Karl Friedrich Schinkel capture the spirit of German Romanticism

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH LESSING



In the living room at Schloss Charlottenhof (the small pleasure palace at Potsdam designed by Schinkel for the Crown Prince of Prussia in 1826), two chairs by the architect: an alder side chair painted dark blue-green and edged with gilded fillets, and a folding chair recalling the campaign furniture of the Napoleonic Wars. The seats of both are needlepoint worked in botanical patterns.



A dark-green glass toilet set in the bedroom of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess at Schloss Charlottenhof, *above,* has the purity of form that makes much Biedermeier design seem prophetically modern. *Opposite:* One of Schinkel's most accomplished furniture designs is this fall-front secretary of mahogany with an interior of maple, made in 1826. Its deft melding of Classical and Gothic motifs is evidence of the architect's deep understanding of both traditions.

History has never copied previous history. . . . Every epoch has left behind its own style of architecture. Why should we not try to find a style for our own?" Those words were written not by an exasperated observer of the latest trends in contemporary architecture but by a man who a century and a half ago was incomparably successful in answering his own question: the German architect and furniture designer Karl Friedrich Schinkel. In the appreciative aftermath of his recent rediscovery, Schinkel's standing as the major architectural figure of his age is once again uncontested. But architecture was far from the sole focus of his creative pursuits, and the current interest in the furniture and interior design of the nineteenth century leads us back to Schinkel just as surely as did the past decade's revival of historicism and Classicism in architecture.

During his lifetime and for decades after his death, in 1841, the furniture designs of Karl Friedrich Schinkel were enormously influential, reproduced in publications that were as closely followed in Central Europe as the pattern books of Chippendale, Adam, and Sheraton had been in England a century before, or those of Percier and Fontaine on the Continent during Schinkel's youth. Well into the Wilhelmine Era (simultaneous with the late Victorian Age in England), echoes of Schinkel's schemes, especially for sofas, ottomans, and his signature concave banquettes, could frequently be found in German and Austrian interiors. A surprising number of rooms done by or inspired by him survived into our own century. But World War II laid waste to a significant portion of Schinkel's extensive architectural achievements, and the loss and dispersal of his furniture was even more devastating.

Fortunately, thanks to the scholarship of Johannes Sievers, Schinkel's furniture was definitively documented before the cataclysm, and enough examples are left for us to comprehend the scope and variety of Schinkel's con-





This table of carved and gilded wood with a red marble top, made for the dining room of Schloss Charlottenhof in 1829, is a vigorous reinterpretation of the furniture of Classical antiquity. *Opposite:* In the Pavilion on the Lake at Charlottenhof, a square ottoman upholstered in printed cotton, circa 1832–34. Its limewood column is carved with reliefs of Amazons and their captives. On it once stood a bronze of *The Dying Amazon;* now it holds an ormolu Empire epergne. Against the wall beneath panels of painted trompe-l'oeil wallpaper, a dramatic 15-foot-long matching sofa.





Schinkel's furniture could be ornate or utilitarian by turns. *Above:* A sofa in the living room at Schloss Charlottenhof (*en suite* with the side chair on page 136) is appliquéd with palmettes of gilded zinc. *Opposite:* In the study of the Crown Prince, a design of Biedermeier practicality and sobriety: a mechanical reading chair similar to one made by Schinkel for the King.

tribution. His furniture designs possess the essence of all art of the highest order: the quality of appearing complete in itself, totally satisfying outside the context for which it was created, even in fragmentary form. This, of course, is not the case with most interior design, in which a room's cumulative effect tends to give validity to its component parts. But with Schinkel, a chair, a table, or a footstool is enough to suggest the totality of his taste and talent. His furniture conveys a brilliant balance of solidity and delicacy, dignity and daring, ingenuity and continuity, as did all his artistic efforts. His was a genius incapable of being contained: in these small works it is merely summarized.

Schinkel's seemingly eclectic approach to design—admired but largely misunderstood by present-day architects, who confuse his persistent search for a modern style with their own restless browsings among historical modes—was in fact based on four major sources: Classical antiquity, the Gothic, French Empire, and England at the end of the Georgian Age. They provided guiding principles as well as specific models, but Schinkel's inventiveness in producing completely personal versions of each is what impresses us most. His range was immense: though much of Schinkel's furniture is in keeping with the spirit of restraint associated with Biedermeier design, some of his more florid schemes could have captured the fancy of England's King George IV, as they did that of his Prussian royal cousins. Ever interested in new ideas and innovative technologies, Schinkel designed cast-iron furniture of extraordinary elegance, mechanical pieces that prefigured the late-nineteenth-century craze for domestic contraptions, and upholstered seating of such comfort and modernity that it would be perfectly at home in interiors today.

By the early years of the nineteenth century, some furniture designers had begun to despair of wresting anything new from the Classical vocabulary, which had been exhaustively explored since the waning of the Rococo some thirty years before. Even the exceptionally prolific Thomas Sheraton could complain, in his *Encyclopedia* of 1805, "It is extremely difficult to attain to anything really novel." The constant *(Text continued on page 178)*







ART SMART

The latest installment in the continuing saga of Eugene and Barbara Schwartz's collection

BY MARJORIE WELISH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MARY E. NICHOLS

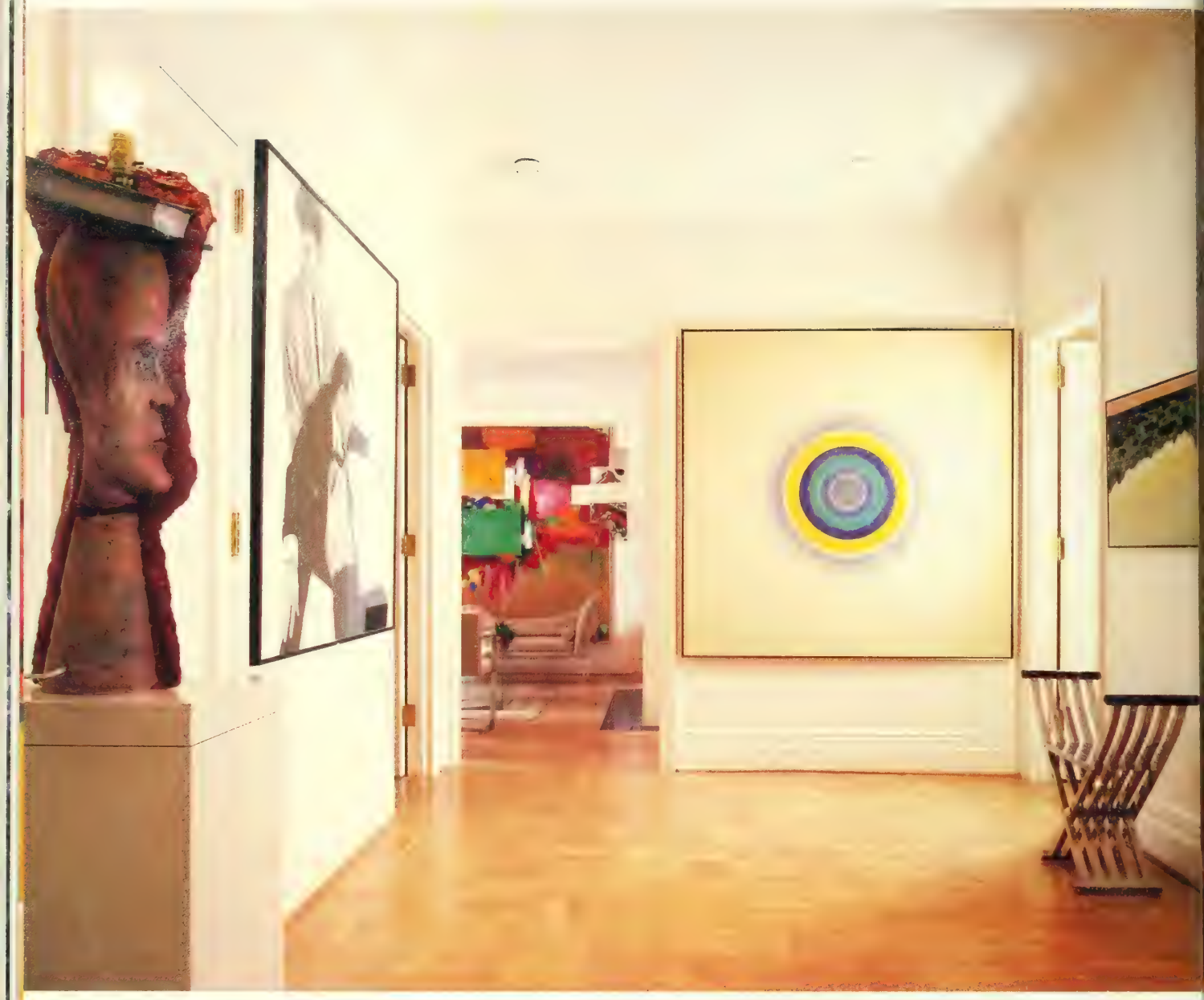
Delicate or bellicose, the art is the reason the furnishings in this living room stay respectfully low-key. Largest canvas by Jules Olitski, sculpture in corner by David Smith, painting above sofa by David Salle (with some tinkering by Julian Schnabel), sculpture in foreground by Gary Stephan. The black pots lining the wall are all Fulper ware. The Schwartzes commissioned Michael Steiner to design the double-cylindrical table "for one ashtray and one drink." Leather chairs from LCS; rugs from V'Soske.



Hans Hofmann's *The Song of the Nightingale,* a wall sculpture by Robert Smithson, and Robert Graham's *Nude Ascending a Ladder* hold places of honor in a corner of the living room, *opposite. Above:* The dining-room walls exhibit a mini-retrospective of Morris Louis, featuring one of his earliest slowly shifting, granulated veils, on far wall. Glass-topped tables and Breuer chairs from Knoll; stemware from Mayhew.

In 1965 writer Eugene Schwartz and his wife, Barbara, an interior designer, were "unknown, poor, and fervid," as Mr. Schwartz tells it. "We did not know all that much about art, although we had studied and looked for five years. One day Samuel Kootz was kind enough to guide us around an exhibition of Hans Hofmann. We were immediately attracted to *The Song of the Nightingale,* the biggest, most prominent work in the show, but it was much too expensive for us. The next day I went back—alone, because it was a dangerous mission. I said to Sam, 'I'd love to own the painting. Can I give you all the money I have in the world and pay the remainder in monthly payments? If I miss any one of the payments, you can keep the money, take back the painting, and we'll be even.' He looked at me and said, 'You're crazy.'"

The Schwartzes' purchase of the Hofmann is a charming story in retrospect, but to have actually made that precipitous transaction was a hair-raising gamble. Yet plunging into art is not



only how they began to collect but how they've continued to amass their collection of modern and contemporary art, now a hoard that far exceeds the wall space their New York penthouse generously provides.

The Schwartzes' Hofmann is the Abstract Expressionist cornerstone of their collection. "People who do not see that deeply regard Hofmann as a teacher rather than a painter," says Eugene Schwartz. "In *The Song of the Nightingale* he painted a partially undefined background from within

Clockwise around the entrance, *above,* are works by Jonathan Borofsky, Robert Longo, Kenneth Noland, and Milton Avery. *Opposite above:* In the master bedroom, a lusty Julian Schnabel lords over chevrons by Noland, a monoprint by Adolf Benca, and a box by Lucas Samaras. Armchair from Stendig; Levolor blinds. Other furniture by Dexter Design. *Opposite below:* Outside the bedroom, a sculpture by Edward Higgins.

which four squares come floating out, creating a completely illusionist space by abstract means, but also a feeling of regeneration out of chaos." Hofmann's own formal concerns did not prevent him from inspiring others with competing artistic truths, one of which—that the essence of painting is flatness—had a decided influence on the development of Color Field and its distilled practice in late works of Morris Louis and his one-time collaborator Kenneth Noland and of Jules Olitski, all of *(Text continued on page 190)*









Barbara designed a freestanding Murphy bed for the guest room "so we could have eight walls instead of four, because four walls were too few for our photographs, which we overhung desperately," says Eugene Schwartz. Cranberry carpet covering walls and floor lends warmth to this photographic gallery, exclusively devoted to portraits by such masters as Nadar, Steichen, Evans, and Arbus.

Mere coloured photographs of vulgar society": a hundred years later, Ruskin's priggish indictment of the nineteenth-century painter James Tissot's hauntingly elegant genre scenes—gatherings on shipboard, at regattas, or in colonnaded gardens—discredits the critic rather than the artist. Though Tissot's sharp focus smacks of the camera, his evocations of so-called "vulgar society" are seldom vulgar. It is only toward the end of his life when he took to painting sacred subjects that, ironically, the accusation is apt. But then Tissot's work is far more equivocal than it first appears. Despite the panoply of bunting and flags, despite the beautiful women upstaged by their fashionable clothes and fashionable trappings, his visions of a Victorian lotus-land conjure up the accidie that too much leisure engenders, never the fun and the games. Underneath the enameled surface of this oeuvre all, it would seem, is vanity and vacuousness. Hence the poignancy and, in recent years, the astronomic prices. No wonder Tissot was dubbed "The Watteau of Wapping."

Nothing very creditable is known about Tissot the man. Michael Wentworth, author of an excellent new monograph on the artist, has made exhaustive researches, but the portrait he has pieced together is necessarily fragmentary and unappealing. The subject emerges dimly as smarmy rather than charming. Although descended from minor *noblesse de campagne* in the Franche-Comté, Tissot's father lost such caste as he had by going into trade. He moved to the busy port of Nantes and became a successful draper, while his wife prospered as a milliner—occupations which may, or again may not, explain the son's subsequent obsession with frills and furbelows.

Early in life Jacques-Joseph Tissot Anglicized his name to James—an indication that he aspired to social as well as painterly recognition. And when this ambitious and incidentally handsome young man finally settled in Paris, he eschewed avant-garde bohemianism and concentrated instead on acquiring a polished academic technique with which to make his name in the world. He was careful, however, to keep one foot in the more progressive camp, where he endeared himself to Degas, who painted a marvelous portrait of him; and he later became a friend of Manet. Though he knew and admired the Impressionists and exploited their discoveries when it suited him, Tissot remained aloof from them and characteristically refused Degas's invitation to show at the first great Impressionist exhibition in 1874.

Lacking any deep sense of his identity as an artist, Tissot was obliged to cast around for role models. And the first one he found was the then-celebrated, now-forgotten Belgian Henri Leys, master of the *genre troubador*. Leys's wimple-packed *kermesses* were believed—even by van Gogh—to have brought the great tradition of Flemish art back to life. Under the influence of Leys, Tissot executed a series of costume pieces on the theme of Faust which won him recognition, not all of it good: "the



Too Early, 1873, The Guildhall Art Gallery, London



TISSOT À LA MODE

A new book and exhibition focus on the artist's fascination with the late nineteenth century's new high society

BY JOHN RICHARDSON



Colonel Frederick Augustus Burnaby, 1870, The National Portrait Gallery, London.

triumph of bric-à-brac," one critic said, and another doubted whether the artist had bothered to read Goethe. After shedding the mantle of Leys, Tissot went on to paraphrase artists as different as Ingres and Whistler, Gérome and Courbet—again with some success. Indeed his *Les Deux Soeurs*—prettified Courbet—was far better received at the Salon of 1864 than the masterpieces submitted by Manet.

Tissot's switch from Faustian fustian to Second Empire *mondanités* (society portraits and genre scenes) proved so rewarding that by 1866 he was able to build himself a magnificent new house on the magnificent new avenue de l'Impératrice (now avenue Foch). Like his exemplar, Whistler, he surrounded himself with Japanese screens, porcelain, and bronzes. Unlike Whistler (or for that matter Manet), Tissot developed no real understanding of Oriental art; his interest was modish—confined to exotic trappings. Apropos a painting of a lady looking at Japanese artifacts, Champfleury wondered whether the Japanese artifacts were not in fact inspecting the lady, and whether the lover waiting for a rendezvous in the next room was not in reality a bronze dragon. More prophetically Élie Roy wrote that "a painting by Tissot would enable archaeologists of the future to reconstitute our epoch." Tissot's work provides an incomparable record of period décor, above all in glimpses of the swagger settings that he had devised for himself. His self-aggrandizement is reflected in taste which is opulent to the point of claustrophobia. The airlessness of the overupholstered, flower-filled rooms appears to be having a narcotic effect on the overdressed sitters who gaze out at us torpidly. Or has the artist's narcissism—witness the excessive pleasure he took in the polish of his technique and the fine figure he cut—rubbed off on his self-absorbed ladies?

When war with Prussia broke out in 1870, Tissot joined the army and covered himself with glory, and then, under the Commune and ensuing Siege of Paris, with obloquy. (Here it is only fair to say that the accusations of cowardice, treachery, and self-interest that were leveled against Tissot—he is thought to have joined the Communards to save his house and possessions—have never been substantiated.)

Guilty or innocent, the Anglophile "James" fled to London, where he had friends—Whistler and Wilde among them—and where his work, not least his caricatures for *Vanity Fair,* had already attracted attention. Thanks to Thomas Gibson Bowles, editor of *Vanity Fair,* he was plied with commissions, especially for portraits, two of which scored a great success at the International Exhibition of 1872. One of these, that of Colonel Frederick Burnaby, is a masterpiece of its genre, in that it sums up to perfection the English "guardee"—seemingly as languid and mannered as the artist's female sitters but tough as tungsten underneath. The French dandy in Tissot evidently warmed to the military dandy in Colonel Burnaby, and he portrays this cultivated cavalry officer with a unique blend of psychological insight and panache. One can almost hear the lisp ("vewy twying sitting"), smell the patchouli (Penhaligon's), the Turkish cigarettes (Sullivan's), and the Russian leather boots (Moykopf); and one's feelings for this deceptively effete-looking paragon are heightened by the knowledge that he was doomed to a gruesome, gallant end: felled by an asegai at Khartoum.

Within a year or so of his arrival in London Tissot's work was so much in demand that he was once again able to buy a grand house, this time a handsome Regency villa in St. John's Wood with a garden large enough to accommodate the colonnades, trellises, and pools with which he liked to embellish his backgrounds. An entry in Edmond de Goncourt's journal suggests that this luxury aroused envy in Paris: "This ingenious exploiter of English stupidity is to be found in a studio preceeded by an anteroom where there is always champagne on ice for visitors and, outside his studio, a garden where . . . a footman in silk stockings is busy brushing and polishing the leaves of the shrubs." And on a visit to London in 1875 Berthe Morisot wrote about Tissot with more kindness but a touch of condescension: "he sells very well, is installed like a prince . . . a very nice fellow, although a bit common."

The following year (1876) a triste young beauty, dressed too fashionably to be entirely respectable and often accompanied by a child or two, makes the first of many appearances in Tissot's work. Who she was nobody knew—hence her sobriquet, *La Mystérieuse.* Rumors proliferated: that she was kept prisoner in Tissot's villa (Jacques-Émile Blanche's tall story is now discredited); and that she committed suicide after the artist had abandoned her (Arnold Bennett's novelettish notion is nonsense). The truth did not emerge for almost fifty years, when a student of Tissot's work published a plea for information. *La Mystérieuse* turned out to be a Mrs. Kathleen Newton, whose short sad life (1854–82) might have been written by Somerset Maugham. Daughter of a retired Indian Army major, she had been packed off to India to marry a surgeon (Isaac Newton by name), but had left him for a dashing captain she had met on the boat out from England. After a divorce, Kitty Newton returned to England and had an illegitimate child. A second illegiti-



Les Femmes de Sport, 1883–5, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

mate child—presumably Tissot's—was born in 1876. No one in polite society ever called on her.

Thanks to the irregular nature of their relationship, the "Tissots" led a very retired life, seeing nobody but a few other artists and writers and old friends from France. But for all his obsessive discretion, the artist flaunted the existence of his mistress by exhibiting paintings of her and her children. Inevitably there was a scandal, and this was fanned by the envy and chauvinism of English artists. Tissot's reaction was to sanitize Kitty Newton by transforming her into an ideal beauty—"a stylish cypher [to quote Wentworth] as generalised as the heroine of any penny romance." There was another reason for the etiolated air of these paintings: Kitty Newton was suffering from tuberculosis. Unfortunately Tissot was never able to express his innermost feelings with any real conviction. And although he is known to have suffered deeply for his doomed mistress, the sequence of sickly, sentimental images which chart Kitty's decline into death against the melancholy backdrop of the St. John's Wood garden constitutes little more than an autumnal fashion parade and is about as moving as a Fabergé box.



However, during his years in London Tissot painted what are unquestionably his masterpieces, mostly shipboard scenes in which the lacy patterns of the rigging and the brilliant colors of the bunting echo the lace shawls, checkered silks, and plaid dresses of the ladies—ladies who sit around paying no attention to one another but looking out at the passing scene as if it were a mirror. Tissot's settings have as much or as little significance as the choice by one of today's fashion photographers of a jetport or a launching pad as an "amusing" background. Indeed the ultra-chic, too-good-to-be-true look of Tissot's models—professional beauties whom Colonel Burnaby would have qualified as "demi-reps"—smacks of the fashion plate. But therein lies Tissot's significance. At a time when successful painters, such as his friend Alma-Tadema, felt obliged to deck out genre scenes in fancy dress—what are Alma-Tadema's compositions but a gang of Victorian models in chlamyses and togas masquerading as Greeks and Romans?—Tissot had the courage to face up to the smart look of his own time and turn everyday life into a valid subject for art. That is why his meticulously painted scenes shocked high-minded people like Ruskin, no less than Henry James who, in a clumsy stab at art criticism, characterized Tissot's oddly Jamesian *The Gallery of H.M.S. Calcutta* (three figures, one with a fan, looking pensively over the wrought-iron rails of a man-of-war) as "hard, vulgar, and banal." At the same time it explains why, a hundred years later, Tissot's genre paintings have become far more popular than they ever were in their own time. For he succeeds, where greater artists usually fail, in capturing the quintessence of a specific social scene at a specific moment in time, in perpetuating that most ephemeral expression of the *Zeitgeist*, high fashion.

In 1882 Kitty Newton *(Text continued on page 186)*



The Ball on Shipboard, circa 1874, The Tate Gallery, London

COOL STYLE FOR A HOT CLIMATE

Designer Tom Collum and architect Clay Markham open up a New Orleans cottage

BY VANCE MUSE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND



Though partly blocked by board-and-batten shutters, the New Orleans sun floods Tom Collum's white living room. Collage above fireplace by Karl Mann.





Variations of white converge in a corner of the living room, *left*. John Dickinson plaster table holds calla lilies; slipper chair by Rob Jones of Dallas holds Lily the Siamese. *Opposite above:* White grid on bleached-oak floor, stenciled by local artist Merri Pruitt, deepens room beyond sofa. Regency obelisks are marble; polychrome terra-cotta bowl is 12th-century Pueblo, from the Davis Gallery. *Opposite below:* With doors open and shutters shut, guest room has late-afternoon glow. Day bed was custom made; French wicker chairs are late 19th century.

A few vegetable trucks still make the rounds in New Orleans, and one of them works Tom Collum's block, stopping right in front of the designer's house. Neighbors come out to see what the driver has brought in from nearby farms, and if the season is right there will be nine kinds of peppers. Seen from Collum's spare and open rooms, this folksy scene would seem odd if New Orleans weren't known for its juxtapositions of old and new. The house itself combines what was and is about the city, for it is a remake of a local archetype, the shotgun cottage. The term derives from the floor plan: the rooms of a shotgun cottage follow one behind the other, their doorways in exact alignment, a straight shot—blam—from the front through the rear. At the turn of the century shotgun cottages went up all over New Orleans, particularly on the edges of the French Quarter and in modest uptown neighborhoods; they were the tract houses of their day.

When Tom Collum came upon this cottage uptown, he found a mixed-use tenancy—a candy store below, apartments above. About the original structure, he is



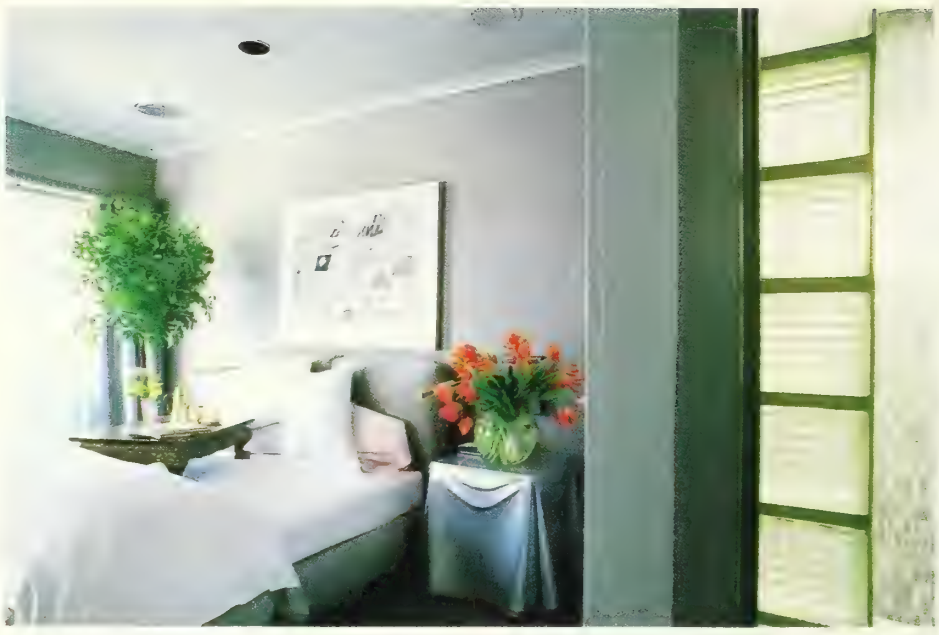








The high-gloss surfaces of a scored-concrete floor and travertine tabletop cool the blue dining room, *opposite above*. (The table has added utility when catching wax dripping from candles in the Louis XVI–style rock-crystal chandelier.) The carved figure is of a 19th-century Senufo tribesman in colonial dress; on pedestal is an early-20th-century Pende mask of raffia and feathers. Both from Davis Gallery. *Opposite below:* The exterior staircase is a traditional feature of West Indian architecture, as is the shuttered and galleried façade of rose stucco, *above*. Wrought-iron gate and hinges are by a New Orleans foundry, Sid-Lou Iron Work.





A John Dickinson tin-and-brass table, sculptural trompe l'oeil, attends bed by Rob Jones, *above;* the bed and walls are upholstered in gray tussah. Painting by New Orleans artist Ida Kohlmeyer. *Left:* Ribbed glass-block walls of workout-bath enclose shower and spiral staircase. Inversion rack by D.P. *Opposite above:* Granite-topped island in kitchen with local bounty, including Pontchatoula strawberries. *Opposite below:* A tiny New Orleans courtyard is completed with Directoire iron chairs.

frank: "I didn't have to be concerned with preserving architectural integrity, because there was none. It was a typical shotgun, with gingerbread here and there." The trick was to achieve clean space (with no Victorian flourishes) while, says Collum, "keeping the building cohesive with the neighborhood." He and architect Clay Markham took the cottage down to its cypress studs and joists, then began reconstruction, fitting their very modern likings to the surrounding scene.

The interior scheme remains basically shotgun, still well-suited to the city's long and narrow lots; now, though, the cottage is less linear than before. There is room to ramble—from front to back, and up and down two staircases—and that surprise is unspoiled by the street side of the house, so slight that it suggests much tighter quarters within. The discreet West Indian façade, like the shotgun layout, has local precedent, for it recalls the simple plantation houses, smeared with stucco and shaded by high-hat roofs, built throughout southern Louisiana by eighteenth-century émigrés from the French Caribbean colonies.

On the rare cold night, with fires fired and shutters shut, these rooms seem apart from the world outside; Collum's could be a pied-à-terre far from New Orleans. More often wide open, the house is filled with sunlight and the din of the street—and that occasionally includes the clanging bell of a vegetable truck. □

Editor: Babs Simpson

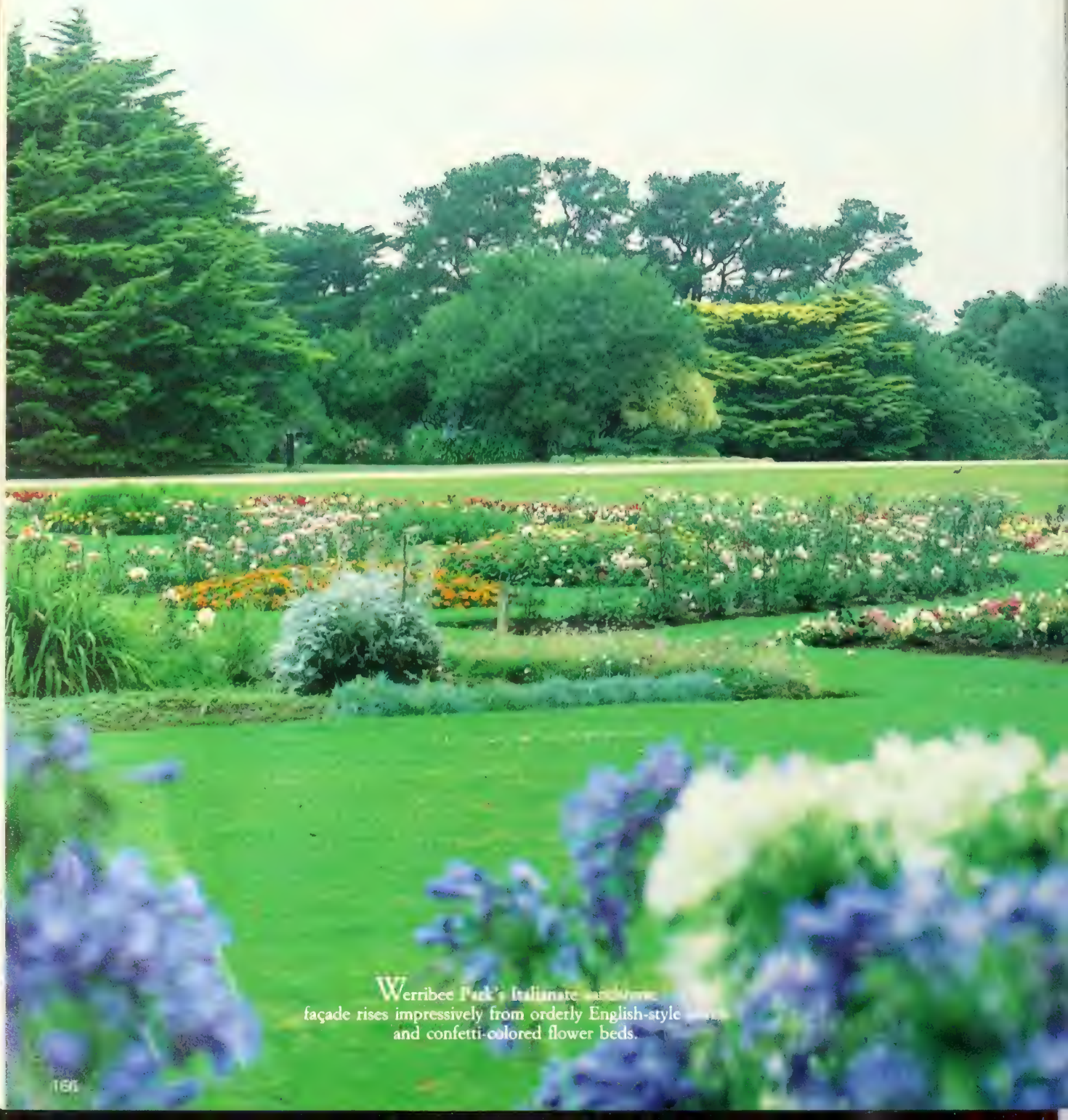




PALACE IN THE BUSH

Thirty miles from Melbourne, a restored Victorian estate once again welcomes visitors

BY LEO SCHOFIELD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LORIMER



Werribee Park's [illegible]
façade rises impressively from orderly English-style [illegible]
and confetti-colored flower beds.







In the entrance hall, *left*, a surprisingly harmonious combination of opulent plasterwork, geometric tiles, and iron balustrades. A bust of King Edward VII, *this page*, in a garlanded niche by the dining room.



A tour de force by the Chirnsides' decorator, the Drawing Room retains much of its original furniture and color scheme. *Right:* Lightness in an era of oppressively dark interiors: white marble, vast expanses of mirror, gilt wood, pale silk damask, and a surprisingly fresh color scheme in one of Werribee's loveliest rooms. *Above:* Freestanding Corinthian columns are in an archway leading to a nook for cozy conversations.

In the mid-1850s a printer at Holborn Hill in London produced a novelty children's board game. Called "A New Game of the Goldfields of Australia," it was a variation on snakes and ladders. Players threw dice and, depending on the count, moved, albeit with the occasional but surmountable difficulty, from England to the distant colony where vast wealth from gold and wool awaited the winners in the game. It is typical Victorian product, seeking to instruct as well as divert and embodying one of the cherished beliefs of nineteenth-century England that fame and fortune are the logical consequences of determination, imagination, and hard work.

In fact, there were enough case histories for the fiction to be widely believed, one of which may have been that of Thomas Chirnside, a Scot from Berwickshire who arrived in Australia in 1839 at the age of 23. His younger brother Andrew followed him out in 1841. In the next decade they established a vast pastoral empire in the western districts of Victoria and a fortune to match. Australia's early settlers always regarded England as "home" and, once his fortune was made, Andrew Chirnside returned to Scotland and married a cousin. By 1864 the brothers Chirnside had accumulated sufficient wealth to purchase for £125,000 Skibo Castle in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, where Andrew and his wife lived until 1870 when they returned to Australia. Soon afterward, corre-





On the mantel in the dining room, *right,* a pair of French equestrian bronzes flank a calendar clock in black Belgian slate. A replacement has been found for the "superb Pollard Oak Dining Table of finest manufacture" that was sold off in 1929. *Above:* Chirnside sporting trophies deck the walls of a decidedly English Billiard Room.

spondence informs us, arrangements were being made to build "a grand house, say for £20,000." Thomas Chirnside returned to Scotland to dispose of Skibo Castle (making a neat £5,000 profit on the sale), and by 1874 plans were laid for the great house where the brothers were to live together.

Antipodean arrivistes in the 1870s favored, above all others, the Italianate style in architecture. It mattered little whether a house was to be built in the city, or, as the Chirnsides did, in the bush 36 kilometers from Melbourne, the capital of the state of Victoria. This was the style that most eloquently spoke not only of great wealth but of cultivated tastes. With not twenty but sixty thousand pounds to spend, the Chirnsides' London-born architect James Henry Fox was able to make Werribee Park the "culminating example of that style." Rising out of a rolling plain, Werribee Park when finished must have had a whiff of Stonehenge about it, a vast stone pile whose monumental freestone façade stepped back plane by plane so that the eye of the beholder is led appropriately upward to the flagstaff atop the massive tower over the main entrance. Softened now by the trees in the English-style park designed by W.R. Guilfoyle, creator and designer of Melbourne's magnificent botanical gardens, Werribee Park is perhaps *(Text continued on page 174)*



(Continued from page 172) less dramatic but no less impressive, a European house transposed to the Australian landscape.

Successful squatters during Australia's first century sought unremittingly to create the old world in the new, and for the builder of Werribee Park that landscape was far from satisfactory. It needed Europeanizing—to be made more English, more like "home." A folly, a Ha-Ha, and a lake were added; red deer, some from the herds of the Prince Consort in Windsor Great Park, were imported and released in the grounds, along with hares, pheasants, partridges, quail, and foxes, surviving with varying degrees of success in the alien and inhospitable local terrain.

"A man could not be thoroughly healthy unless he rode fast and straight to hounds," maintained Thomas Chirnside, so from his earliest days in Australia he imported high-quality bloodstock from England. From



The Blue Room with restored birds-eye maple suite of furniture.

"home" too came the furnishings for his house, ordered in one fell swoop from the Edinburgh cabinetmakers John Taylor and Son, which arrived on the docks in Melbourne in 1876 in 56 shipping crates. Unpacked, the furniture was deployed appropriately throughout the sixty rooms of the almost-completed mansion, and Werribee Park was ready to receive its masters. Their occupancy of this magnificent house was brief but brilliant. Beset by financial difficulties, Thomas committed suicide in 1887. Andrew died three years later.

But their years at Werribee Park were a glorious celebration of their achieved success, a glittering sequence of balls, military maneuvers, house parties, vice-regal visits, race meetings, and hunting to the hounds and picnics for the local residents, at which "fowls in every variety, meats of all kinds, jellied fruit and other delicacies" were provided for the visitors. And extensive additions were made to the house's contents. While visiting London in 1881 Thomas Chirnside ambled into Christie's and bought up a ready-made collection of old-master paintings for just over £800, displaying a touching sentimentality in doing so for the paintings had all belonged to a collector from Glasgow. Animal skins, trophies from big-game hunts, and trophies of the chase studded the walls of the house. "There were tusks of the elephant, the hippopotamus, the wild dog and other fierce animals . . . made up in ornament, some surrounding a handsome glass while others were stands for flowers." All this was much admired and copiously documented by contemporary visitors and it is this documentation that has helped the State Government of Victoria in the restoration of Werribee Park. After the death of the brothers the house remained in the family until the twenties. In 1922 it was sold to the Catholic Church as a seminary until it was acquired by the Victorian Government in 1973.

In 1977, a hundred years after its completion, Werribee Park opened to the public who could admire the results of four years of architectural and interior-decoration detective work. Of the original furniture, about a third survived in the house or has been retrieved. Major elements like the dining table, which has, despite extensive advertising, proved untraceable, have been re-created. Suites of furniture scattered through the forty bedrooms have been reassembled, so that even though somewhat more sparsely furnished than they would have originally been, the rooms at Werribee Park do

LAURA ASHLEY



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have an authentic feel of the 1870s about them.

And the bones of the house have been felicitously undisturbed. Thus one enters to the same mosaic of Minton encaustic tiles as did the visitor of a hundred years ago, ascends the splendid entrance stair to the half landing. There one sees the great glass window with the initials of the Chirnside brothers, the date 1876 etched into its surface along with a central panel after Landseer's "Red Deer at Chillingham," a less mobile beast than its counterpart in the park beyond, and trophies of game birds. All the decorative plasterwork has survived, along with much of the original and unusual blue color scheme in the hall and saloon above.

In the drawing room the four original looking-glasses reflect to infinity the white marble fireplace supported by female caryatids and with, dead center, the crest beloved of the *nouveau riches*. In this room the chenille carpet, probably woven by Templetons of Glasgow, the central ottoman, one armchair, and a pair of ebonized-and-gilt cabinets are all original, as is the superb cut-crystal chandelier. Where evidence of original color schemes or furnishings has been lacking impressive searches have been made. Under five layers of upholstery and wadding,



View through the front door from the entrance hall.

at the point where an arm on a chair joined the back, a few scraps of original pale blue silk damask were discovered in 1975. A further eighteen months' search turned up an identical pattern in London created by Pernon in the early nineteenth century for the palace of St. Cloud; the design had been acquired in the 1870s by the English firm of Warner and Sons where it was rewoven for curtains and seat furniture for Werribee. It is just this kind of initiative that built the house in the first place.

During its fifty years as a seminary Werribee was extensively photographed. One of the photographs that hang in the drawing room is a portrait of the feisty Daniel Mannix, Archbishop of Melbourne. The portrait has, of course, been removed and the good Archbishop has long since gone to meet his maker. But something he wrote in the diocesan newspaper in 1928 best sums up Werribee Park. It is "a monument to the bigness of mind and heart of those who built in the spacious days of young Australia." □

Editor: Babs Simpson

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(Continued from page 142) pressures of having to devise new fashions to titillate a fickle clientele newly enriched by the Napoleonic Wars might have been the plight of the stylish English interior and furniture designer, but the problems that faced Schinkel at the outset of his career in 1809 (the date of his first documented furniture designs) were of a different nature. Though his constraints were born of privation, it was a scarcity of money and materials, not ideas. Prussia has been impoverished by long years of war and ultimate defeat by the French, and such design work as Schinkel was able to find as he approached the age of thirty was limited in its scope.

Though imposed by necessity, the imperative of plainness—the hallmark of the Biedermeier period—was made fashionable by the virtuous and exemplary Queen Luise of Prussia, Schinkel's first great patron. It was just as popular with the emergent middle class, a bourgeoisie that, unlike its counterparts in England and France, took self-righteous pleasure in simplicity, initially for political but eventually for moral reasons. Certainly the basic forms of Biedermeier furniture came directly from contemporary French prototypes. Biedermeier was indeed *Empire sans l'Égypte,* devoid not only of the exotic ormolu appliqués of its Parisian counterparts, but also of the preposterous Imperial posturings that make much Napoleonic furniture look rather ridiculous in retrospect. Considerably more attractive in the blond, native fruitwoods and birch of Germany than the reddish, imported mahogany and acacia favored by the French, Biedermeier remains a rare instance in Western design of an aesthetic that is confident in its austerity.

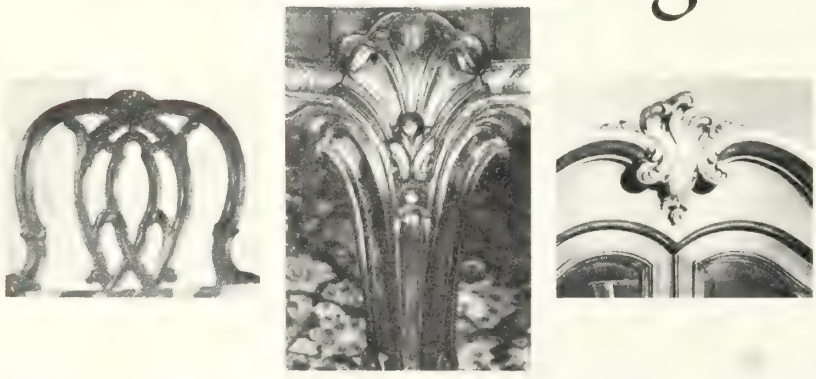
As if to offer a talismanic corrective to the pagan underpinnings of the Napoleonic image, a Gothic revival in Germany followed the Treaty of Tilsit in 1807, and Schinkel was among the first to recognize its importance as an expression of nationalist sentiment. The Gothic was valued as an evocation of a power greater than the temporal: "Antique architecture has its effects, scale, and solidarity in its material masses," Schinkel wrote, but "Gothic architecture affects us by its spirit." (The style's medieval origin in France rather than Germany was a fact not known until art historical studies later in the century.)

Schinkel's output of Gothic furniture was never great and largely limited to projects for the royal family. (One exception was his bishop's throne for Münster Cathedral, destroyed in World War II.) As the century progressed and Prussia returned to stability (and eventually emerged as a major force in the European balance of power), Schinkel came to regard Classicism as a more suitable means of contemporary architectural expression. "To build Greek is to build right," he proclaimed. "The principle of Greek architecture is to render construction beautiful, and this must remain the principle in its continuation."

Schinkel's stunningly fresh approach to the Classical vocabulary in architecture was no less vigorously expressed in his furniture designs. Though he employed all the most familiar motifs of the ancient tradition—columns and capitals, dentils and gadroons, medallions and cartouches, acanthus and palmettes—he composed them in ways that were often startlingly unusual but never bizarre. His exceptional instinct for proportion and knowledge of how far one could go in attempting a striking effect were what made the difference. Although some of his furniture has a stiffness and massiveness that seem at odds with the modern strain in so much of his work, his Classical designs even at their most fanciful always confirm his fundamental discretion.

The 1820s witnessed the full flowering of Schinkel's Classical phase. In 1824 he made his second visit to Italy, and the large number of royal commissions he received following his return allowed him ample opportunity to put his new ideas into practice. First among those schemes was his summer house for Friedrich Wilhelm III on the grounds of Schloss Charlottenburg (in what is now West Berlin). Known then as the New Pavilion—and today called the Schinkel Pavilion—it was furnished in a remarkably understated

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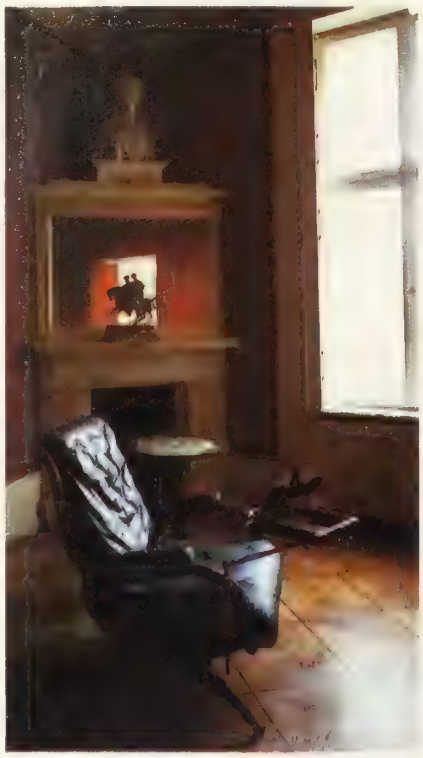
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style for the King and the Duchess of Liegnitz, whom he took as his morganatic wife after the death of Queen Luise. The furniture created by Schinkel for that little house was unadorned in the extreme, and its chaste beauty derives from its clean lines, graceful proportions, and handsome but by no means luxurious materials. The King, penurious by nature and straitened by circumstance, took obvious pleasure in this new style, but his four sons had quite different ideas.

It was for their town palaces in Berlin, set up after their marriages between 1823 and 1830, that Schinkel devised his most ornate decorative conceits, including the imposing



Shortly after his return from England in 1826, Schinkel designed this leather-upholstered easy chair with a movable reading stand, inspired by Regency examples, for King Friedrich Wilhelm III. It is now in the Schinkel Pavilion at Schloss Charlottenburg in West Berlin.

Prunkgarnituren (suites of display furniture) that lined the walls of their state salons. Schinkel's first gilded pieces—for which he also designed patterned silk upholstery—were made for the Crown Prince around 1825, though they had to be finished with inferior materials because of budgetary constraints. The Crown Prince (later King Friedrich Wilhelm IV), Prince Wilhelm (later King and finally Kaiser Wilhelm I after the unification of Germany), Prince Karl, and Prince Albrecht all vied with one another for establishments of greater splendor. But only Prince Albrecht was able to go all out, because his bride, Princess Marianne of the Netherlands, brought with her an enormous dowry. Not one of those palaces survived the Second World War.

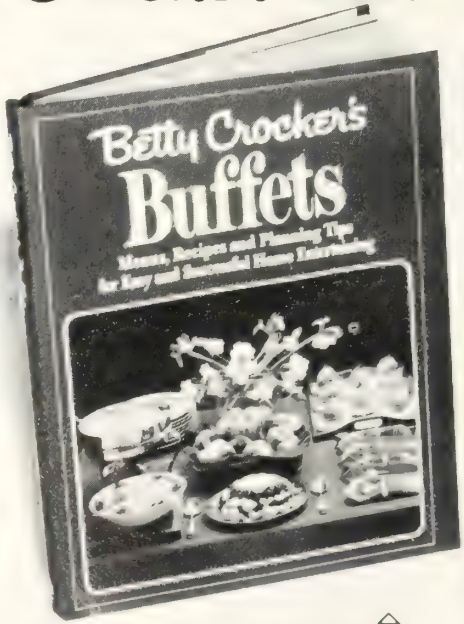
Not surprisingly, Schinkel's furniture is now exceedingly rare. The richest remaining repository of it is Schloss Charlottenhof, the country pleasure palace built by the Crown Prince at Potsdam starting in 1826. Recently restored by the East Germans, it retains much that was originally made for it or that has been there since its completion, when some furnishings were brought out from the Crown Prince's palace in Berlin. Here we can get a very good idea of how diverse Schinkel's furniture designs could be. At one extreme are folding armchairs so utilitarian and humble in appearance (offset only by their incongruous needlepoint sling seats) that they could have been used on a royal bivouac. At the opposite end of the spectrum are an intricately carved and dazzlingly gilded display table of obvious Roman derivation, as well as what might be Schinkel's most noble work of the cabinetmaker's art: the *secrétaire à abattant* made for King Friedrich Wilhelm III in 1826.

With its fall front closed, this secretary has an almost monolithic grandeur that calls to mind the severe Classicism of the visionary architects of late-eighteenth-century France. Its pair of powerful Ionic columns, rising almost the full six-foot height of the cabinet, gives it a commanding, truly architectonic presence. But when the drop leaf is lowered, the interior revealed is altogether different: strong and yet delicate Gothic arches are traced in glowing golden maple, the writing sur-

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face inlaid with geometric marquetry. Despite the inherent contradiction of combining the Classical with the Gothic in the same piece, this is a work of singular coherence. What could have come off as an awkward hybrid is instead a convincing demonstration of how well Schinkel understood the philosophies behind each of those antithetical styles.

The last great influence on Schinkel's furniture design was England, which in a sense had always been known to him through the publications of its great designers, but which he experienced firsthand only at the age of 45. His trip to Great Britain was a series of revelations that nourished the modern side of his sensibility as fulfillingly as his sojourns in Italy had fed his love of the ancient.

On June 11, 1826, Schinkel recorded in his diary his visit to John Soane's house in London, and a day later he went to see the interiors of Lansdowne House, the home of the Earl of Shelburne on Berkeley Square, designed by Robert Adam in 1762–68. The Lansdowne House dining room can now be seen, reinstalled in somewhat different format, at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. It seems likely that it had an influence on Schinkel's dining room for Schloss Charlottenhof, begun in the same year as his trip to England. Like that London interior, it has white marble statuary set into apsidal niches, a motif typical of Adam's work. But Schinkel, with his wonted originality, placed those alcoves not along the wall with Grecian correctness, but set them instead into the corners at a diagonal. It is intriguing to imagine Schinkel confronting the work of the greatest reinterpreter of the Classical interior design tradition in the eighteenth century, as well as the masterpiece of one of Schinkel's two greatest architectural contemporaries. (The other, Thomas Jefferson, was to die at his Monticello less than one month later.)



Gothic stone garden bench at Schloss Babelsberg near Potsdam, 1833–35.

After his return to Berlin, Schinkel's furniture exhibited more pronounced English traits. His leather-upholstered, button-tufted mahogany easy chairs with movable reading arms, baluster-based sofa tables, and armorial hall chairs are much like their Regency prototypes. (One particularly receptive client was Prince Karl, whose Anglophile tendencies earned him the nickname "Sir Charles" within the Hohenzollern family circle.) Schinkel's furniture designs for the remaining fifteen years of his life conformed to the flatter surfaces favored by the English, and he relied more and more on intricate intarsia rather than carving or mounts to achieve decorative richness. The most exquisite of those pieces—palisander inlaid with copper and brass—were executed at Berlin's Crafts Institute, whose director, a close friend of Schinkel's, had accompanied him to England.

Despite his respect for skilled artisans, Schinkel never altered his view that art was one thing and craft quite another (an attitude that was radically revised by high-style architects at the end of the nineteenth century). In the introduction to his *Models for Manufacturers and Craftsmen* (a compendium of his furniture designs intended for copying) Schinkel warned, "The manufacturer and craftsman should not, we repeat, should not depend on himself to design, but rather should imitate diligently, faithfully, and with taste." It is easy to see why so many lesser lights took him at his word, and why even 150 years later, his incomparable furniture designs remain a challenge for us to equal, or even approach. □

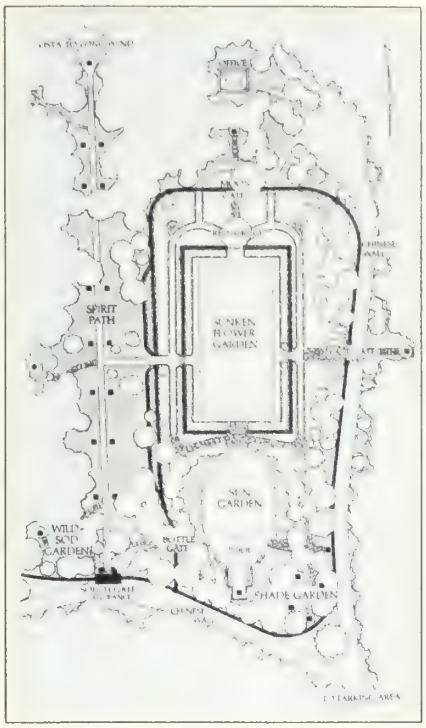


(Continued from page 120) Mrs. Farrand recalls: "Mrs. Rockefeller always told me that we must not make the garden, vistas, or walks, or planting, balance exactly, as the art of the Chinese in their gardens was almost always just enough asymmetrical so that the formality of true symmetry was not oppressive."

The rosy stucco-and-stone wall that curves around and encloses the garden on three sides is patterned after the red wall of the Imperial or Forbidden City in Peking. When part of the latter was demolished in China in the twenties, the coping of yellow-glazed tiles was available for resale. The Rockefellers got the news and purchased ten thousand tiles for the coping of their own wall as well as for the pagoda roof of the southwest portal. Mrs. Farrand researched the exact shade of Chinese red for the wall and insisted that grass and wild sod be removed from its base so that it would rise directly from the road. And so it does.

The southwest portal opens onto the first axis established in the garden, west of the flower beds and called the Spirit Path. Placed along this path from the beginning was a double procession of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Korean stone sculptures laid out according to the eighth-century Chinese custom of lining a walk to a noble burial mound, frequently marked by a stele, with two rows of statues. Mrs. Farrand saw them as guardians of the entrance walk. The sixth-century stele at the path's northern end is in a small clearing that overlooks from its height the traditional wild north vista incorporated into many of Farrand's other designs and a visual path has been cleared through the wooded hillside to open up a view of Long Pond below—what the English call a surprise vista.

As one walks the length of the Spirit Path, small stone pathways diverge into the wooded areas to the west where one can contemplate either a Chinese shrine, bearing a date in the T'ang period corresponding to 712, with a stone Buddha set in a niche, or sit on a stone bench by a clear pool of water next to one of several Korean stone lanterns and a most ingratiating stone frog poised on a granite ledge. So many of the stone sculptures among the trees have worn in time to the colors of nature. They have become integral to their settings. Again, Mrs. Farrand, in a 1930 letter to Mr. Rockefeller, credits Mrs. Rockefeller with having done "a really amazing thing in conceiving an idea which will permit the use of the old Chinese material in a new alien country without too exotic an appearance." Indeed, the two bronze Buddhas on lotus pedestals, one directly behind the Moon Gate and the other on a hillside on a line with the east gate of the garden, have made timeless temples of the Maine woods.



The basic design was completed in 1930 but details change as the garden develops.

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The major change in this series of gardens over the years has been in the central flower garden. What Mrs. Farrand originally planned for the sunken panel, now a solid green lawn, was the Annual Garden, and for many years the central rectangle, divided by paths into unequal quadrants, was planted with annuals in circular formation. Essentially, this was *the garden* (and corresponds to the simple cutting garden that was the germ of the Rockefellers' first plan), and to the east and west, di-

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David Rockefeller discovered then that the same factory which had made all the tile for the Forbidden City and which had been making it for 700 years was still in business

vided from the center by low stone walls, were the perennial borders.

One of the beds in the Annual Garden (on a plan corrected for 1932) was planted with *Nigella* 'Miss Jekyll', which brings up Mrs. Farrand's great admiration for her English predecessor, Gertrude Jekyll, whose gardens she had seen on her trips to England and whose notes and papers she eventually purchased and added to her own collection now at the University of California. The Annual Garden and the perennial beds reflect Miss Jekyll's ideas about the compatibility of color and texture and the use of color like a wash in a painting, by gradual changes in shade rather than abrupt contrasts. One recalls two specific statements Miss Jekyll makes in the chapter "The Mixed Border" in *A Gardener's Testament:* "For a border of some length it is found best to keep the ends cool in colouring, with a large amount of grey foliage, and to approach the middle through flowers and foliage of increasingly warm colour, with a gorgeous climax of strong reds nearly midway in the length"; and "For though it is undoubtedly best to treat flower borders with consecutive harmonies, yet the garden artist will know when and where to make the exception."

Mrs. Farrand did make a creative exception that adds subtly to the visual asymmetry of the garden: the east side of the garden was planted with blossoms of bright warm colors and the west side with pale cool colors, a distinction maintained rigorously today, while the north and south ends of the gardens have more neutral tones especially in the green garden around the south oval lawn.

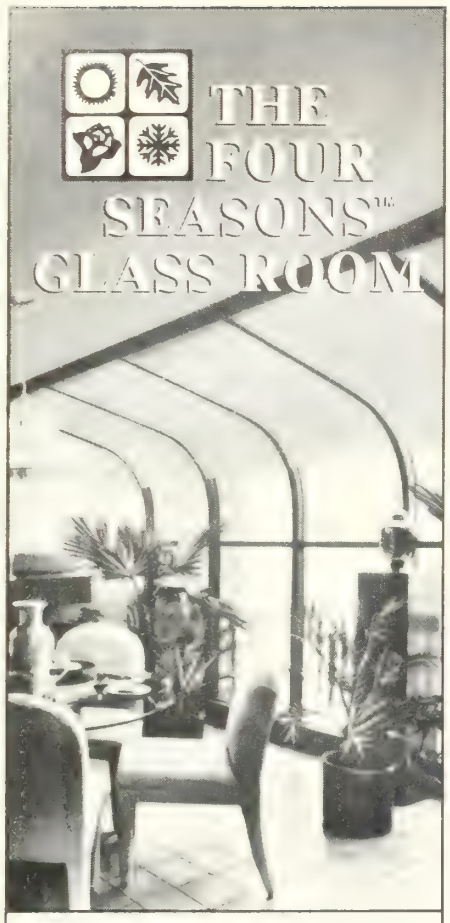
The Annual Garden was at a peak in 1935 when Mrs. Rockefeller decided to take over the management of the garden herself with Mrs. Farrand available as a consultant. Sometime during the next few years, with increasing costs of maintenance, the Annual Garden was converted into a greensward with only an annual border below the original perennial borders as a memory of the former garden.

After the war, David Rockefeller says, his uncle William Aldrich, a Beaux-Arts trained architect, suggested there would be better perspectives and vistas if the eye could follow a single line or path the length of the greensward to the spruce at the other end, and recommended reinstating the crosspaths, an idea with which Mrs. Farrand was in complete accord. She wrote to Mr. Rockefeller on November 27, 1947, that the grass panel "would seem less insistent in the design if the walk were allowed to cross it as it used to in its flower garden days."

After Mrs. Rockefeller's death in 1948, Mr. Rockefeller continued to work with Mrs. Farrand on the garden—"We are fellow travelers along a lonely road," he wrote her on June 21, 1948. They softened the crosswalks of the greensward with borders at the corners where the paths met, and it remained until 1960, the year Mr. Rockefeller died. Mrs. Farrand, two years his senior, had died the year before.

Working with the landscape architect Robert W. Patterson, who had been an associate of Mrs. Farrand's in Bar Harbor, David and Peggy Rockefeller restored the green panel to its present unbroken form. Those, like me, who have only known it in its present form would agree that the garden in its mature state with the greensward at the center and the tall evergreens and deciduous trees as background give the floral borders that remain a restful setting that makes one appreciate all the more the individuality of each border segment.

Peggy Rockefeller is a plantswoman herself and has undertaken the annual review of the planting plans with her head gardener for more years now than her mother-in-law. Three years ago, the Rockefellers traveled to England and visited Sissinghurst and Hidcote along with other gardens in the Cots-



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What Mrs. Farrand originally planned for the central plat, now a solid green lawn, was the Annual Garden

wolds. She made a list of two hundred English perennials of which fifty have proven hardy in the Maine climate, and she is slowly introducing these to revive the perennial borders.

And in 1981, when David Rockefeller was in China, he visited the Tibetan temple called the Lama Temple, which had just been reopened, and noted piles of new yellow-glazed tile on the grounds, the same as that used for the coping of the garden walls, which was in need of repair. He discovered then that the same factory which had made all the tile for the Forbidden City, and which had been making it for seven hundred years, was still in business. "They sent me a brochure in English and Chinese with samples of all the tiles. We needed replacements for fourteen different kinds and were able to get thirteen of the fourteen exactly the same as our two-hundred-year-old tiles." They were installed last summer with an additional supply left over for the next fifty years.

After almost sixty years, the garden has never looked better or more brilliant. During the day last summer when I visited the head gardener, Gary Solari, a moment came when all the gardeners went to lunch, and I was left alone sitting in the garden. I closed my notebook and knew something of the peace that had attracted Abby Aldrich Rockefeller to its paths in late afternoon. This was a moment as unforgettable as that of my first visit.

Looking at a garden of such splendor one must pay tribute to the devotion of those who have created and maintained it—a devotion not only to the garden, but to each other. As I combed the correspondence between the principals for details of the garden's evolution, I became aware of a personal story being told. The story of a couple whose quiet pleasures included reading together under the trees, as in the summer of 1944 when, according to Mary Ellen Chase's biography, Mrs. Rockefeller "had never loved her garden more as she tried to get it back to its former state of perfection."

In the summers following Mrs. Rockefeller's death, when Mr. Rockefeller returned to The Eyrie, there would be a bouquet of garnet-colored roses from Mrs. Farrand. They were Mrs. Rockefeller's favorite, and he would place them under her portrait. Then he would write to Mrs. Farrand, as he did on July 18, 1949: "I am delighted with the garden. It makes me yearn to have Mrs. Rockefeller there to enjoy it with me as formerly. But I am sure, though invisible, she is there. . . ." The story of the garden is a story of love and friendship. □



TISSOT À LA MODE

(Continued from page 156) died of tuberculosis, aged 28. Tissot's biographer describes how, "draping the coffin in purple velvet he prayed beside it for hours, prostrate with grief. After the burial . . . Tissot abandoned the house and went to Paris. According to a visitor, his paints, brushes, and several incomplete canvases remained in the studio; in the garden the old gardener was burning the mattress of the 'mysterious lady.' " The house was subsequently sold to Alma-Tadema, who put Tissot's theatrical colonnades to good use as props for his suburban Bacchanales. The garden is now a car park.

If Tissot's grief strikes a maudlin note so does the art of his last Parisian phase. Hence, its instant popularity with *le grand public.* Gone is the impeccable *haute couture* finish that redeemed even the most banal works of his London period. Gone, too, is that crucial ingredient to Tissot's art: his cool. His studies of poor Kitty Newton may have been vapid; they were not flashy. But "flashy" is the only way to



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describe his Parisian portraits (pastels) of tarty ladies dressed to the nines by Monsieur Worth in bonnets trimmed with too many aigrettes, and pelisses adorned with too much *Breitschwanz*. No more of those sharp-focus idylls on shipboard. Instead Tissot devoted himself to a meritricious series of fifteen large paintings of smirking Parisiennes (*La Femme à Paris*), from marquise to midinette. A novelettish idea, novelettishly executed. Some are better than others, notably the three circus subjects, I suspect because Tissot had fallen for a trapezist who, if we are to believe Goncourt, carried around a sewing machine with which to repair her tights; and perhaps because the circus enabled the artist to exploit the pictorial possibilities of tightropes and struts much as earlier he had exploited the rigging of ships. All the same I cannot agree with Wentworth—usually so discerning—that these allegorical vignettes of "Gay Paree" are "an ambitious and often successful attempt at history painting."

After a disastrous engagement (both parties eventually concluded that the other was too old), Tissot went back to Kitty Newton; that is to say he reestablished contact with her, via a succession of spiritualist practitioners. In keeping with his morbid fancies Tissot fitted out a special room in his Paris house complete with choir stalls, a harmonium on which he played hymns, and of course a crystal ball. Elaborate



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séances took place, voices would be heard; on occasion Kitty Newton would manifest herself and kiss Tissot with her "lips of fire," after which "she shook hands and vanished."

Spiritualism triggered religious mania. While working on the last of the *Femme à Paris* paintings—*Sacred Music* it was called, and it represented a *femme du monde* singing a duet with a nun in an organ loft—Tissot had a vision; "a strange and thrilling picture . . . the ruins of a modern castle . . . a peasant and his wife . . . and this figure needing no name." The outcome was an excruciating painting (the original is now mercifully lost) of a Grand Guignol Jesus and two inane tramps crouching on a pile of shards, only interesting today because it anticipates the work of Julian Schnabel.

The vision decided Tissot to renounce worldly subjects and devote the rest of his life to religious paintings. Thanks to the vogue of the Catholic revival, this proved to be a brilliant stroke of business. Other fashionable artists had already climbed on this bandwagon, among them Jean Béraud, who had portrayed the notorious courtesan Liane de Pougy as the Magdalen in a toilette by Redfern. Tissot went even further and depicted *What our Savior saw from the Cross,* with Our Savior/Tissot's toes protruding into the bottom of the picture space. This commercial exploitation of piety enraged Degas: "To think we lived together as friends [he wrote] . . . I shall do a caricature of Tissot with Christ . . . whipping him and call it: 'Christ driving his merchant from the Temple.'" Nonetheless Tissot's *bondieuseries* made him a great reputation and a great fortune. The 373 gouaches which constitute his *Life of Christ* were exhibited all over the world before being acquired by subscription for The Brooklyn Museum. His unfinished Old Testament series was given to The New York Public Library and ceded in 1952 to The Jewish Museum, which recently exhibited them.

At first Tissot derived first-hand inspiration from visits to the Holy Land, but as he grew older and lazier he came to depend more and more on visions—extravaganzas in the manner of Sam Goldwyn—which occurred wherever he happened to be: in the street and doubtless in the cabarets which the old hypocrite continued to frequent. Alas, in modern times inspiration from on high usually makes for kitsch. And so it was with Tissot. Kitsch made him; kitsch unmade him. After his death, he was remembered, if at all, as a pious *pompier.* Half a century was to go by before anyone recalled his "coloured photographs of vulgar society," and he became a cult figure of the Victorian revival of the thirties. In 1936 James Laver, the English expert on costume, wrote the book that rescued the good Tissot—the Baudelairean painter of contemporary life—from the shadow of the bad Tissot—the not-so-saintly hack. In 1968 the Art Gallery of Ontario (Toronto) organized a major retrospective, after which prices started to soar. And now Michael Wentworth's book and an important exhibition enable us to see once and for all how this minor master excelled before selling out to hypocrisy. □

The "James Tissot" exhibition is at the Manchester Art Gallery (U.K.), February 1–March 16, and the Petit Palais, Paris, April 5–June 13.



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ART SMART

(Continued from page 148) whom are presented in the Schwartzes' collection.

It is impossible to miss the fine David Smith and Milton Avery prominently displayed in the apartment, but generally speaking, the Schwartzes collected Color Field and Pop in the sixties, figurative painting in the eighties, closely tracking the shifts, dodges, and "right angles the artists make." There is a conspicuous hiatus in the early seventies. Then, they stopped collecting painting because they had overextended themselves. Meanwhile, Eugene went to photo galleries with his photographer son, but just to keep him company since the medium left him cold. One day in 1975, however, the

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vast range of tonality in a George Tice print of a gas station converted him. The next five years were spent buying portraits by Steichen, Strand, Weston, Sander, Walker Evans, and Diane Arbus, photographers remembered for imposing a distinctive style of seeing on the rapt and troubled faces staring back at them. "They were a refreshing contrast to sixties abstractions," says Mr. Schwartz, "and portraits prove to be the most difficult genre to collect—not only because they are the most popular but because they present a challenge to photographers to distinguish their own work from the oceans of snapshots taken by the amateur."

Meanwhile, in 1978, when a leak in their apartment literally threatened to wash away the stain in the Color Field paintings, the Schwartzes removed them all and, except for a month on view at Knoedler's, the paintings were kept in storage. Depressed by bare walls, the couple commissioned four young painters to decorate four rooms of their apartment, a temporary scheme they liked well enough to let remain for a couple of years.

"Then, in 1980, we discovered the new, rambunctious, outrageous, terrible art—which we immediately loved, and we plunged into paintings again," says Mr. Schwartz. One of the most remarkable works is *Jump*. "It is a two-panel painting that David Salle gave as a trade to Julian Schnabel. When Schnabel got it home he didn't quite like it, so he did a portrait of Salle over the left-hand portion. It became quite notorious. It wasn't for sale the first time I saw it, in Julian's studio—but I seized the opportunity to make my interest known."

Mr. Schwartz is reluctant to call Salle's painting figurative, since the artist is not representing figures so much as manipulating graphic and photographic reproductions of figures for his own abstract purposes. This is the legacy of Pop Art passed on to Post-Modernism and prodigal neo-Expressionism. "The sixties developed the tools for organizing the self-consciousness of the eighties," He explains. "Salle talks about Warhol as one of his progenitors." Believing stylistic differences do not preclude exhilarating visual connections, the Schwartzes always mix their art. Where possible, they hang Color Field and neo-Expressionist canvases in one room "to show they're equally valid, equally exploratory, and equally engaging."

Designing an apartment for vast canvases and jutting sculpture presents its own distinct challenge, but Barbara Schwartz, along with Barbara Ross, her partner at Dexter Design Inc., has made a specialty of designing environments that, reticent in themselves, throw art into prominence. Against her better business instincts, Barbara Schwartz believes that life in the apartment takes precedence over things she might put there. Her hope is to create environments that allow the inhabitants "to grow and change, and to do so without redecorating."

"Easel paintings are easily hung above furniture, but the mural-size paintings of contemporary art take the entire wall, so I move furniture away from the wall and float it in the room," she says. She holds detail low to the ground, so anyone seated can enjoy much decorative finesse, while anyone standing has an unobstructed view of the art on the walls. At that point, "the furniture becomes invisible," she says.

The Schwartzes agree that furniture should be the demure and disciplined backdrop for exciting art. "Barbara designs a space that makes the art look good, and I, as the operations manager, supervise the hanging of paintings." About twice a year, Mr. Schwartz reinstalls the entire apartment, removing several paintings and making many major changes. "Oh, yes," he says, "last time it took one week and two days to mount it all." The art they remove goes in storage, to friends who'll enjoy it, and sometimes to museums because "when the work is very good, I get to see it all the time." Sometimes, however, pieces go on sale, usually the older art deaccessioned for newer pieces. Even though the art of twenty years ago is wonderful, Mr. Schwartz remarks, he has no desire to buy it once it has been "settled on as great." So the collection keeps changing, while the functional environment in which it sits holds its breath. □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray

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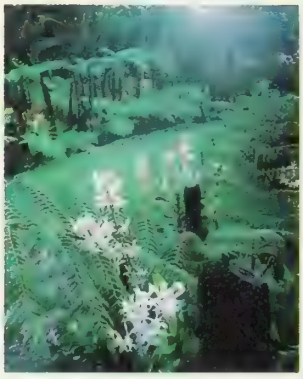
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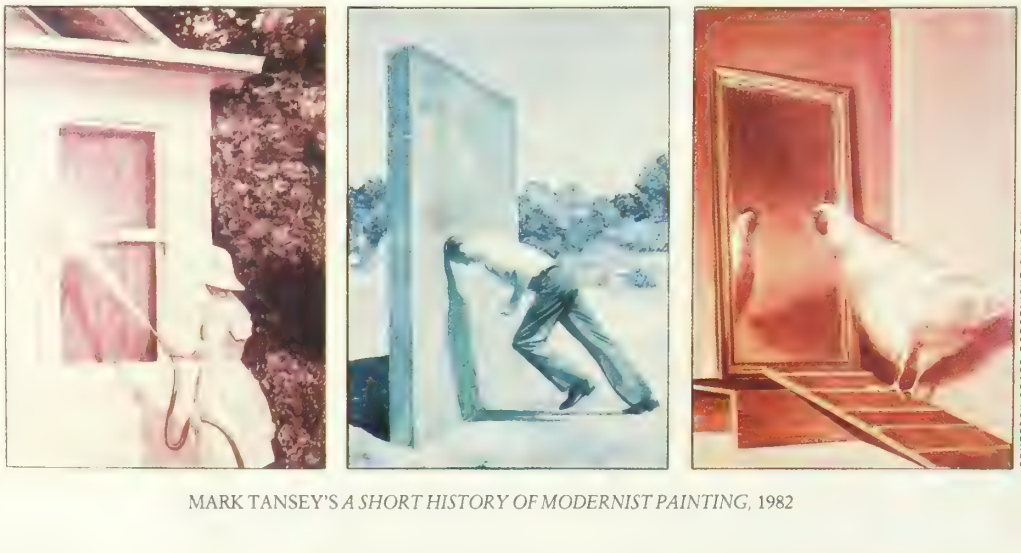
Flowers
Monique Knowlton Gallery, New York, through Feb. 6.

Rarely do art and botany hybridize with such diversity. In this show, sixteen photographers deliver floral images as varied as the artists themselves. The complex subtleties in Horst's gloxinia study, *top right,* are cross-pollinated with Annie Leibovitz's color-mad version of the rose, *top left.* And while Robert Mapplethorpe's slick Deco orchids, *center,* and Sheila Metzner's space-age tulip, *lower left,* seem to share a few artistic roots, they are species apart from Mick Hales's primeval portrait of orchids and ferns, *lower right.* Also featured: works by Man Ray, Giselle Freund, and Duane Michals. *Donovan Webster*

PAINTERLY PUNCH LINES

Mark Tansey, Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston, through Feb. 3.

Did you hear the one about the conceptual artist who turned into a puffed-up chicken? For this and other examples of how Mark Tansey's pesky oils on canvas invade the ranks of serious art historical investigation, don't miss Houston's current exhibit.
Alice Gordon



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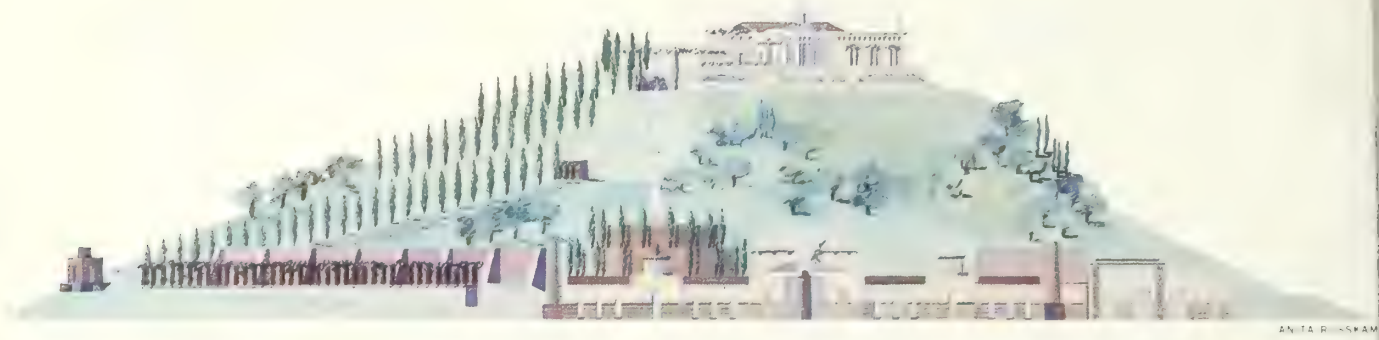
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VINTAGE GRAVES

To oenophiles, Graves has heretofore meant a dry, full-bodied white Bordeaux. Now, however, it also refers to Michael Graves, the *premier grand cru* architect who (with artist Edward Schmidt) has won the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art's design competition for a hilltop winery in the Napa Valley. His scheme for Domaine Clos Pegase, *above,* including a sculpture garden and a house for the vineyard's owners, Jan and Mitsuko Shrem, is in the same Tuscan-farmhouse idiom as many of his recent works. But here, at last, it seems perfectly appropriate for both its function and its setting in that most Italianate of American landscapes. *Martin Filler*



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BROADWAY SELLOUT

Why are these men laughing? New York's Mayor Edward Koch and New York Governor Mario Cuomo play hide-and-go-lease amid the model of Philip Johnson and John Burgee's design for the redevelopment of Times Square. The $1.6 billion program, spearheaded by the state's Urban Development Corporation, will begin with four mansarded office towers (29 to 56 stories tall, *above*) and will include a merchandise mart, nine theaters, and a hotel.

Eager to clean up the sleazy cynosure of Midtown Manhattan at any cost, U.D.C. has made another of the real-estate megadeals that are progressively robbing New York of the very qualities that attract people to it. Times Square in its festering phase was no cause for preservation, but this lifeless, overscaled scheme will further diminish the glitter of the Great White Way. *M.F.*

LIFE IS NO CABARET

Max Beckmann, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, through Feb. 3.

Beckmann, this century's greatest German painter, limned a dark vision, once saying he painted to reproach God for all He had done wrong. At this exhibit, one will understand why. *Kenneth Baker*



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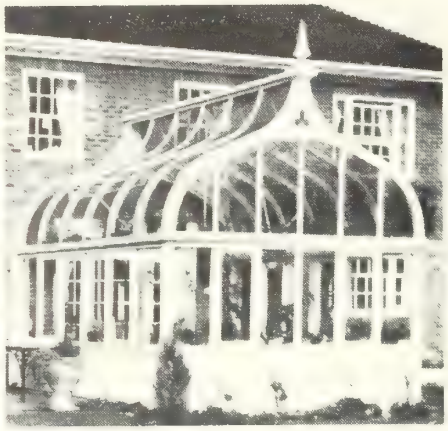
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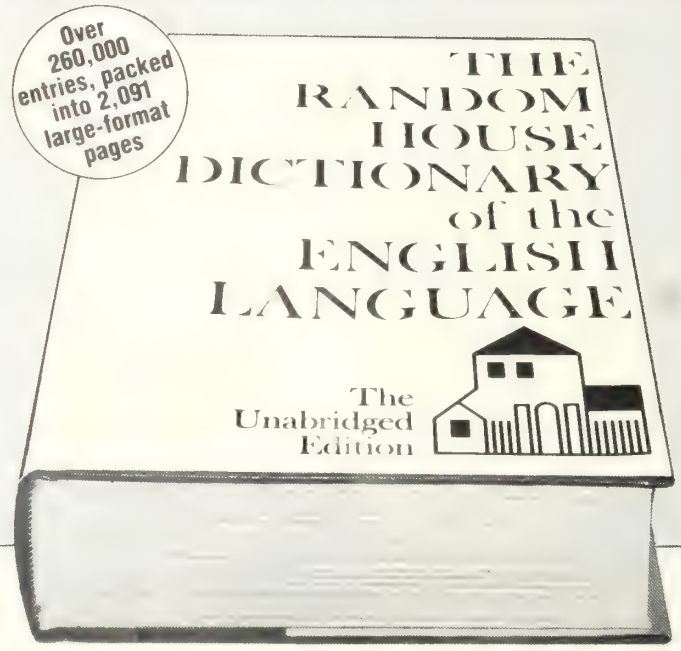
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RANDOM HOUSE



THE BUCKLEYS IN HIGH GEAR

(*Continued from page 80*) months would be filled with the following conversation:

"Bill, you cannot put a music room there. You cannot."

"Why, ducky?"

"Because you cannot."

My father would laugh. My mother would begin discussing divorce. And so it went. Two weeks would go by and my father would say to me, "I think Mum's excited about decorating the new room, don't you?" This was the closest he ever came to moral retreat.

About fifteen years ago, my mother cast her eye on the dining room, and nothing has ever been the same again

After much *Sturm und Drang* she would have reconciled herself to "your father's crazed idea" as it would, invariably, be put. Once she plunged in, she was like any artist.

"I'm going to do it all in red," she would say in the middle of a dinner discussion about Mexican politics. Indeed, she and red understand each other. She has done three rooms entirely in red. Perfectionists are born cursed; the world seldom measures up to expectations. For months I had been hearing about the new ceiling for the music room she had located after an exhaustive search: white Italianate plaster. How excited she was. It arrived in pieces the size of Wheat Chex. Jose Luis, the former Cuban freedom fighter who has been the house's doctor for the last twenty years, calmly set about gluing them all back together. While he coped with this herculean labor, a nineteenth-century French mantelpiece was installed, followed by double ten-foot mahogany doors with walrus-tusk handles. (The walrus was already dead by the time we got to it.) Another two thousand indeterminate reptiles—these ones brown—were


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called on to donate their hides for low tables. Russian enamel boxes arrived. A medieval frieze of Saint John the Baptist. Stained-glass panels. A leopard skin, now greatly reduced by several generations of teething puppies. Low brass lamps. The walls were painstakingly covered in canvas, painted red, then glazed and reglazed. She has been known to keep painters mixing for days before declaring herself satisfied with the shade. Jose Luis, looking drawn, installed the Italianate ceiling. My father's harpsichord arrived, made by Eric Herz of Boston, a beautiful thing done in black and red with Latin inscriptions neither of them can figure out. In due course the room was finished, and all its birth pains forgotten . . . until my father bought one of the first seven-foot TV screens and hung it in the middle of the plate-glass window. I remember that night.

"Bill, you *cannot* hang that *disgusting* thing there."



A petit-point bench is between the couches in living room; Haitian paintings hang on the walls.

"Why not, ducky?"

"You *cannot*."

"Oh, ducky."

"*Bill*!"

Two weeks later my father said t me, "I think Mum loves the new TV don't you?"

She did get to like the TV. But b then we were in the middle of th Great Scrimshaw Skirmish.

My father is a man given to passions If he finds a bottle of wine he likes, h buys a thousand bottles of it. (At th rate they entertain, it does not see man more winters.) So too with art. We ow virtually everything painted by som painters, with the result that we have very well-decorated basement and ga rage. This time it was scrimshaw.

He had disappeared for an hour i Nantucket one summer. Ever since ou house has looked like an elephant' graveyard. "I *loathe* scrimshaw," said my mother heavily when she viewed the nineteenth-century masterpieces "You are *not* putting those in here."

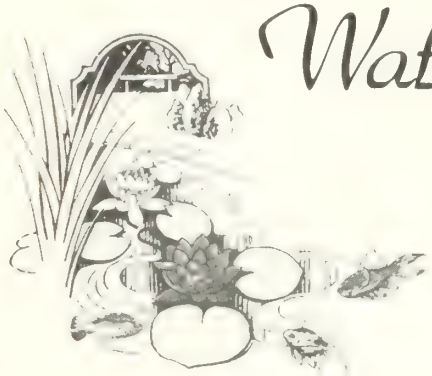
"Oh, ducky," he said, arranging upright tusks and whale teeth along the length of the banquette in the music room. "They're so beautiful."

"You *will* remove them instantly."

My mother is from British Columbia, Canada. When she desires to be emphatic, which is more often than not, she begins to sound like something out of Somerset Maugham. In an emergency, she goes into a Noel Coward mode. It lends a lot of emphasis to words like *disgusting* and *loathe*. Her favorite adverb is *too,* as in, "Your father's taste is too dreadful for words."

From time to time my father arrives home with statues. One was the head of a griffin, from some early century B.C. It was a fine specimen of that mythological creature, but it began to decompose soon after its arrival. Experts were consulted. One suggested a frequent bath in a polymer compound. That summer I found myself sponging the thing down and wondering if my hands were going to turn into polyurethane. It didn't work. David Niven analyzed the situation and disappeared into the kitchen, returning with a foul mixture of ammonia and lye.

"Yes," said my mother as David sponged the stuff on, "that's the ticket." From her enthusiasm I deduced she was optimistic it might act on the griffin the way water did on the Wick-



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"I *loathe* scrimshaw," said my mother heavily when she viewed the nineteenth-century masterpieces my father had found. "You are *not* putting those in here"

ed Witch of the West. Alas, it worked. The griffin stopped melting.

Most recently my father brought home another of the verdigris-colored bronze things he likes so much. It looks like a Swiss typewriter key symbol. Only a Post-Abstract Expressionist with d.t.'s could relate to this, much less create it. He has hung it, inconspicuously, on the side of the house above the front door. He has not yet said to me, "I think Mum loves the new sculpture, don't you?" yet, so we shall have to see.

During the seventies, the house underwent a process of Balkanization. On the heels of his success in the Music Room Campaign, my father extended their bedroom out onto the roof of the false porte-cochere that shades part of the terrace. The walls my mother covered in beige Ultrasuede; the ceiling in Chinese tea paper. She commissioned George Thompson, the Branford, Connecticut, artist, to paint two of his extraordinary trompe l'oeils. (He is a particular favorite of my mother. He paints with the precision of van Eyck and the humor of David Hockney. Two of his Flemish still lifes are in the sun room downstairs.) The view from that bedroom, of the apple tree, the Sound, and Long Island, has got to be the most breath-taking in all Connecticut.

The final addition was the indoor pool. Ah, the pool.

"He's done it this time. Really *done it*."

I admit that the bulldozers had left unfortunate gouges on the lawn, but I was trying to dissuade her from thinking it looked as bad as "Dresden." I tried to be firm.

"Do you know how many people died at Dresden? You mustn't say something like that."

"Why do I bother? I try to make the house beautiful—"

"But it *is* beautiful," I said. There is a touch of the Jewish mother in her. "It looks—"

"Like Dresden."

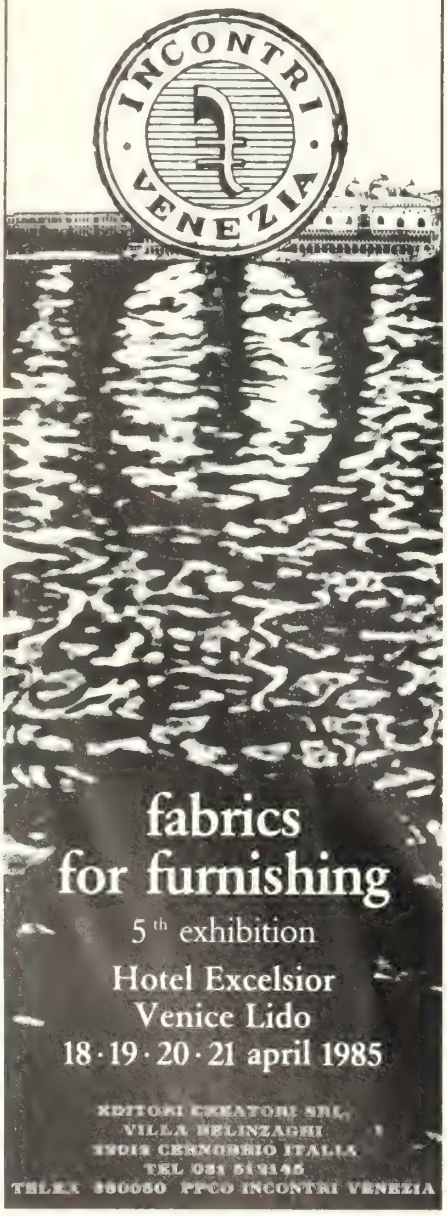
In the fullness of time, as the Bible says, the pool was finished. (The fullness was a long time coming.) My father calls it "The most beautiful pool this side of Pompeii." And I am not inclined to argue, even if I wish he would turn up the heat a bit.

An unforeseen side-blessing of the pool was the terrace. It used to be narrow and surfaced in gray slate. They had to widen it to cover the new indoor pool. Now you could land an F-14 on it. But it looks nothing like the deck of the U.S.S. *Nimitz*. And it is here, as with the rest of the garden, that my mother came into her truest glory.

I've never seen such clay pots as the ones that arrived that first summer of the new terrace. If they were cauldrons you could fit three missionaries in them. She lined the terrace with them, and planted them with lantana, hibiscus, and charisma and tea roses. In the beds between the house and the terrace she put in climbing clematis, wisteria, ivy, and rhododendron. (We're hoping the ivy will soon cover my father's latest acquisition.) Around the house we refer to my mother as "the chic and stunning Mrs. Buckley," as *Women's Wear Daily* once called her. Actually she is happiest when she is up to her knees in dirt. Her three-acre domain includes a vegetable garden, an herb garden, the remains of an apple orchard, stands of birch, an unruly, amorphous patch of forsythia—where the rabbits live—and the odd pear and plum tree.

She is obsessive about getting the placement of things just right—like those damned clay pots. One afternoon she had me moving the impatiens, also in hefty pots. Usually she has the impatiens clustered around the semi-melted griffin so you can't see it. Now she wanted them spread out around the rock garden below that is planted thick with peegee hydrangeas, her "white garden," she calls it.

She kept saying, "Can you bear to do



one more?" which she always says when she wants *all* of them moved.

I grunted and hauled another one down.

"There!" she would yell.

I put it "there."

"Down a bit."

Grrrr. . . I put it down a bit.

"To the left."

(Hotly) "It won't go to the left."

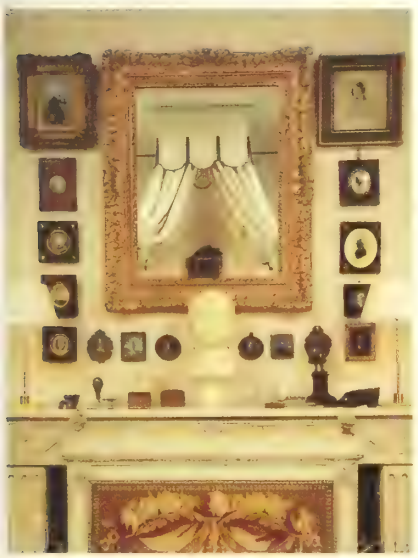
"Yes it will."

And it did. And of course that was exactly where it should have gone. I climbed back up to the terrace and looked back at the cause of my lumbar pains. It was an epiphany, a Zen-moment. The garden just sang. She says she wants her ashes scattered on Long Island Sound. But I know where they belong.

Meantime, peace reigns. For how long I cannot say. There is talk of a "guest complex" in the middle of the lawn, right where she planted the thirty beautiful weeping cherry trees that are doing so well. Already she has said, "You have *got* to speak to your father. . ." □*Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

ORDER, SCALE, PROPORTION

(Continued from page 100) must learn everything, forget it all, and then start afresh. That's what I do every day: forget everything in order to begin again." An updated version of Louis XVI chairs *signé* Badin are in the gallery: the chair's oval back is not upright as it is in the original, but tipped over to lie horizontally. In the same spirit, two consoles in the gallery also designed by Badin stand alongside a splendid *cartonnier de bureau.* The eighteenth-century "pigeon hole" accessory to a writing table inspired the console's design which is an utterly sleek and contemporary descendant of the antique piece.

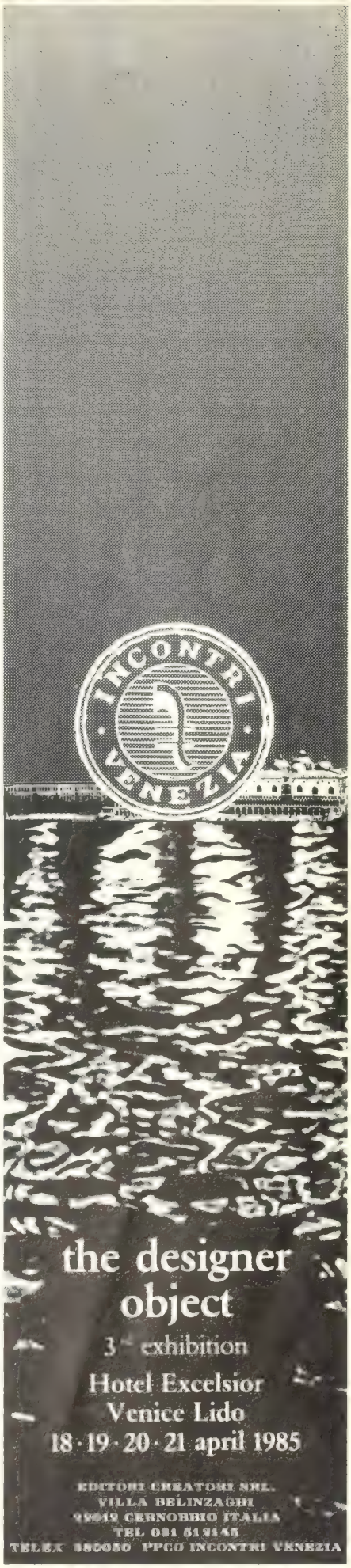


Over the mantel in master bedroom a Regency mirror in *bois doré* is surrounded by family portraits.

Seated at the library table he designed, Badin lights up a formidable Havana cigar and quietly collects his thoughts as smoke rings form halos around his cherubic face. "Style originated with proportion, really," he sums up, the way the French can, slicing through centuries in an instant. "Before there were all the possibilities of color we have today, moldings and cornices were necessary to regulate proportion, and that's what determined style." Working out the proportions is the key to success in any decorating scheme, and in this apartment Badin states his point again and again that scale is the thing.

The only rule? "*Il faut contenter l'oeil.*" That's what French artisans used to say who relied on their keen sense of proportion more than any tool for exact measurement: "You must please the eye. Take old frames, they are not exactly parallel so you've got to make up for that when hanging paintings—especially in old buildings where the walls are uneven too. You cannot rely on measurements. You just know where to place it—or you don't!"

Nothing tips the scale throughout these rooms. Even double rows of drawings in the picture gallery speak for the stately grace of Arrangement. Special picture lamps designed by Badin contribute to make the arrangement work: placed at eye level between the two rows of drawings, they have dual exposure, ingeniously casting light both down—and up—at once. (The same lamps are used in the library



Badin has escaped the confines of any fixed period — his apartment stands for a style all his own, "call it brown-paper-and-silk-curtains"

to shed light on books.) Low wattage means light is diffused over the entire picture, avoiding any glare or reflections on the glass. A master at the art, Badin is frequently called in by museums to hang their most prized exhibits.

A pronounced sense of symmetry is also part of the scale of things: columns, vases, candelabras, and mirrors punctuate the peace, in pairs. "Look at that Corot painting," he says pointing to the easel in front of the window. "That pastoral scene does not appear to be particularly symmetrical, yet you are taken in by a certain balance. You unconsciously sense there is a middle, you are directed toward something."

In spite of enough priceless *souvenirs de famille* (Corot was also family) to make the Louvre seem seriously understocked, there is nothing cluttered about these rooms. "I like to accumulate but I don't like confusion," he continues, peacefully puffing on the huge Havana (blissfully *out* of proportion to his very small frame). Everything, whether of great or merely sentimental value, is perfectly poised and posed. No matter where you look, there is a relationship between groups of objects that works. The effect, indeed, is one of order and peace—quintessential to this gentle, quiet man.



In the twenties-style bathroom, dried thyme along mirror scents air.

Needless to say, with the gamut of Hicks fabrics at his fingertips, Badin knows his way around the beautiful bolts, and he also knows when to use would be to abuse. Curtains in the library, he notes, would have been "a factor of confusion." (The windows are completely bare. There are no curtains in the gallery either, but white roller blinds instead.) Then again, in the salon, fabric came to the rescue: "Far from creating confusion, the fabric I draped over the two tables on the side of the room make them blend into

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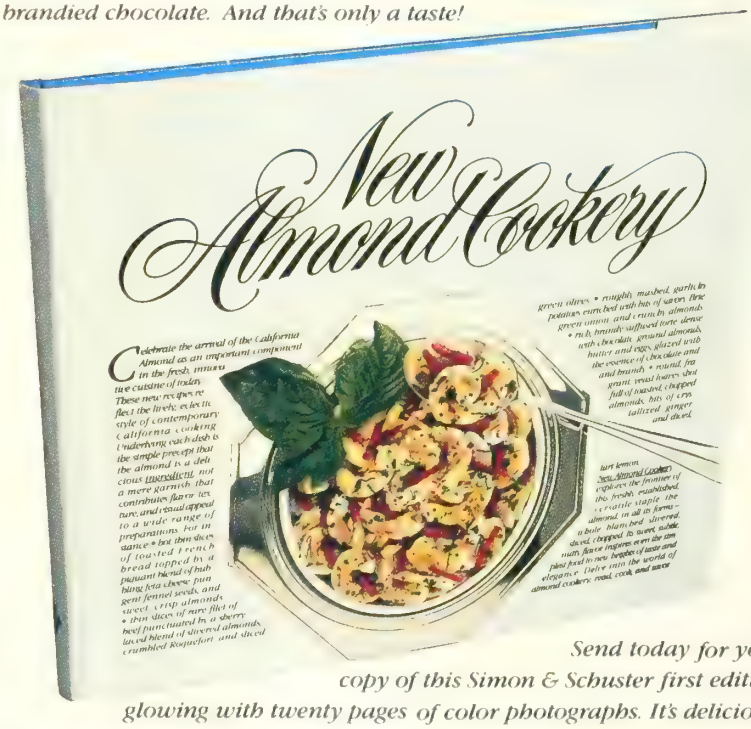
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the Almond People

the wall. Covered as they are, the tables are less aggressive, less important than a piece of furniture that exists in and of itself."

As it begins to get dark, Badin sets about lighting innumerable candles in the library where we've been sitting. "To make a room like this warm and intimate, you must multiply the sources of light without any one being too strong." Various lamps directed at the shelves of books achieve the want-

Seated at the library table he designed Badin lights up a formidable Havana cigar and collects his thoughts

ed effect, "and the candles," he says, "well, they are also here to disperse all this cigar smoke! That is what decoration is all about, designing according to given needs."

Once he determines those needs from a client ("they don't know their desires yet, but they do know their needs"), Christian Badin comes up with a concept—on one condition: that the client send him a box of cigars *in proportion,* of course, to the importance of the job!

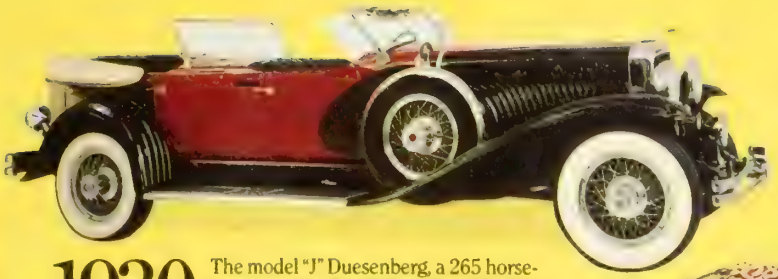
Now his afternoon cigar is out, the lights are on, candles lit, and the scene is set for evening. But for one final touch. A tiny spotlight behind the Régence fire screen is the last to be flicked on and a statue in the center of the mantelpiece comes to life. "That light was a fraction too bright and threw everything off," says Badin holding up a small wire mesh kitchen strainer. "So I put this over the bulb. *Et voilà.*"

In a world of delicate balances, it's just that fraction of a degree that makes *all* the difference. And that, of course, is why it can be said great designers, like artists, are born and not made. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

CORRECTION

In the October 1984 House & Garden the ownership of Casa Amesti was incorrectly stated. The building is owned by the National Trust for Historic Preservation. The Trust leases the property to the Old Capital Club, which maintains it.



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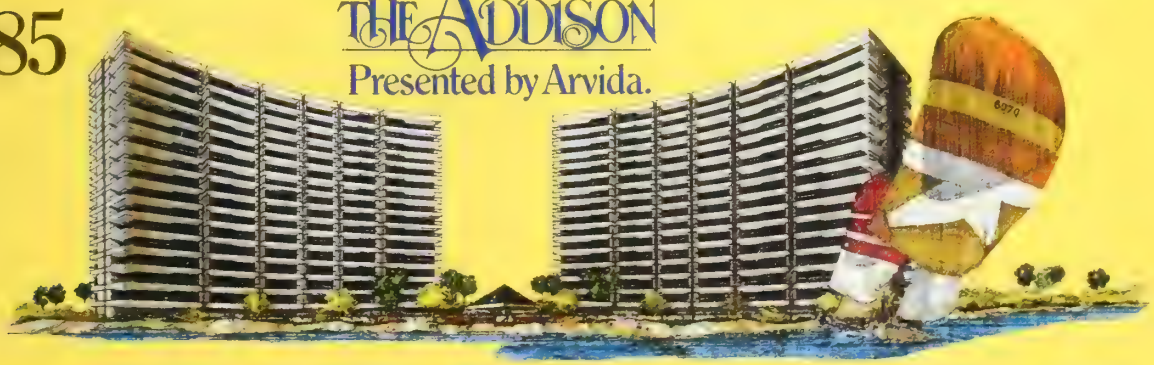
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CARING FOR A GREAT GARDEN

The flowering season at the Rockefeller garden is as short as the Maine summer but the gardening goes on all year

By Paula Deitz

What one sees in radiant splendor in August will disappear in September—the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Garden has no other season. But from the beginning and still today, the planning and the work proceed throughout the year. There is an infinite number of decisions: a perennial suddenly refuses to reappear; trees grow out of scale; stones crack; a favorite variety vanishes from the nurseries; and the list goes on. One can only smile at Beatrix Jones Farrand's final comment in her first letter to Mrs. Rockefeller in 1926: "The office seems to be rather crowded this autumn so that I am rather hoping that you and Mr. Rockefeller are not thinking of any very drastic piece of work which would involve much time." Her letters did not stop until October 16, 1950.

Whether the topic was the depth of topsoil (eighteen inches or two feet), correcting the innumerable planting plans, or purchasing a few sash for frames, the main decisions were discussed with Mrs. Rockefeller and confirmed with Mr. Rockefeller. Beatrix Farrand to John D. Rockefeller Jr.: We can . . . save the full cost of the frames by raising many of the young perennials which are needed for garden replacements. *August 16, 1934.*

His early comment on August 27, 1928—"As I was happy to tell you the other day, even I, unintelligent as I am, am beginning to see real beauty and charm in Mrs. Rockefeller's garden"—gave way later to an expert's understanding of the horticultural issues.

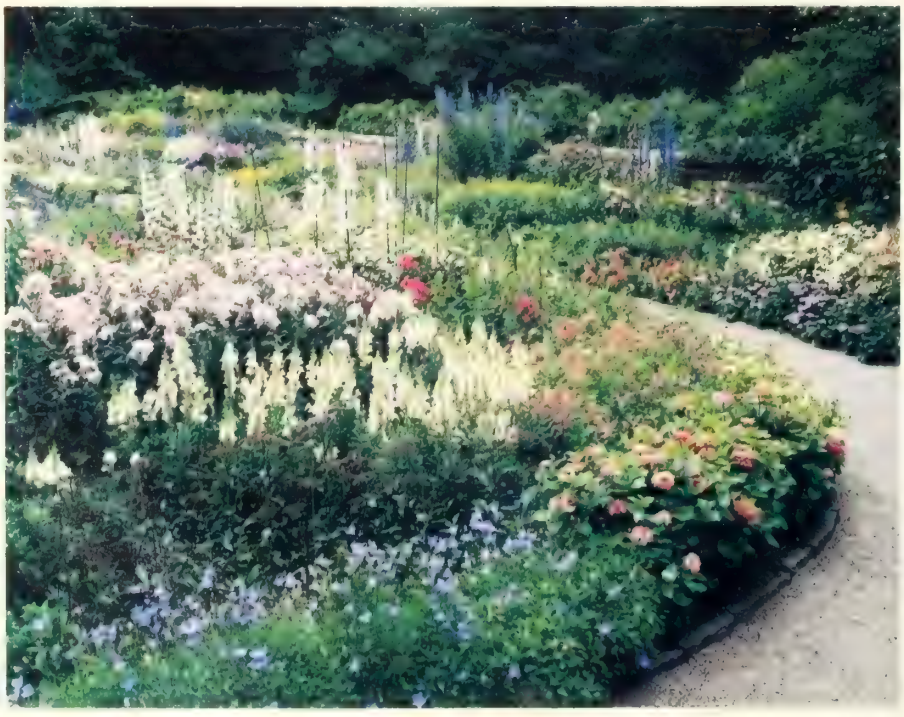
BF to JDR Jr.: Now as to the pruned maples. Your letter of the 31st is just what I should have expected from a fellow gardener. By all means let us cut out and take away the two maple trees on the east side of the garden and replace them with two red spruce trees. *November 4, 1949.*

JDR Jr. to BF: It was my intention to authorize the removal of all the remaining maple trees inside the east garden wall at the north end. I take it after the removal of the trees . . . you will be good enough to determine . . . where the spruces and cedars shall be planted in the area. This I shall appreciate. *November 15, 1949.*

BF to JDR Jr.: Although you are younger than I, yours is the wiser head . . . . You will be glad to hear that Mr. Young reports having already planted two new cedars and two new spruces to replace the intrusive maples . . . the plan is enclosed to you, to show that without having referred to the old plans, the new trees have been placed almost on the same spots as the old. *January 19, 1950.*

JDR Jr. to BF: These new trees are apparently well located. Whether they will look lonely now because so small, it is difficult to tell . . . best be left until next summer when we can review the situation on the ground. *January 23, 1950.*

BF to JDR Jr.: It seems to me quite likely that with the new sunflowers and plants added that it will not look skimpy, though it will not be as jammed and overcrowded as last year. *February 15, 1950.*



ALAN WARD

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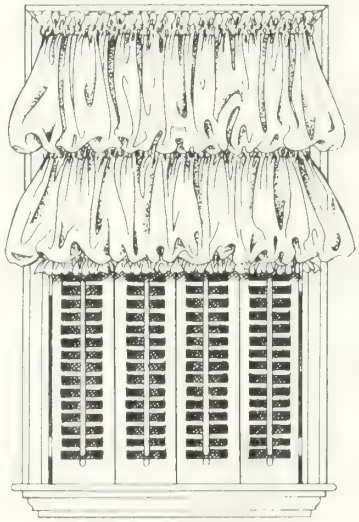
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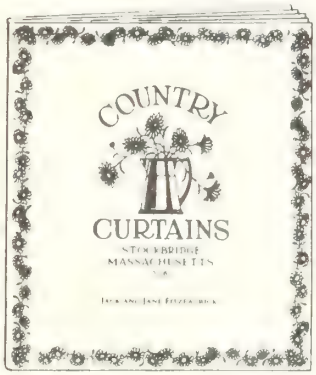
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GARDEN PLEASURES

JDR Jr. to BF: I thought [a] few additional temporary cedar trees would help to conceal . . . sunflowers, of course, grow quickly and make large cover. They may accomplish just what you and I both have in mind. Cedars once planted do not need to be replanted each year and can be cut out when they have served their purpose. *February 24, 1950.*

BF to JDR Jr.: You may depend on me to do what is possible to further your wishes at Mrs. Rockefeller's garden, as we are both working to try to improve the garden that was close to Mrs. Rockefeller's heart, and with her spirit still helping us. *April 25, 1950.*

JDR Jr. to BF: I am delighted with everything about the garden, inside and outside. I do not miss any tree I cut down. The summer flowers have grown so rapidly and so high I am in complete agreement with you in having recommended our not planting more cedar trees inside the north wall even as a temporary measure. *July 22, 1950.*

So were the problems solved. Today, Peggy Rockefeller conducts her annual review with Gary Solari, the head gardener, at the end of the season. Seven charts or planting plans corresponding to sections of the garden are kept in the office, a small building in the woods behind the Moon Gate; and taking one chart at a time, she and Mr. Solari walk the borders together to review what changes they want to undertake for the following year. When a substitution is made, she considers all the variables of form, texture, color, and, most important, height in making the new selections. The irregularity of height and of the shapes of each individual bed of plants have made the garden's physical appearance full of interest in its design and shape. There are no straight lines or square beds in this garden.

"We have exaggerated the use of delphinium as tall accents, which give the eye a visual pause, even more than my mother-in-law did," she says, "and formerly, when the delphinium was over, it was over, but what we do now is replace the early-blooming delphinium with new plants that were sown later in the season, so we get two bloomings of delphinium to provide continual accents."

Also by introducing white flowers

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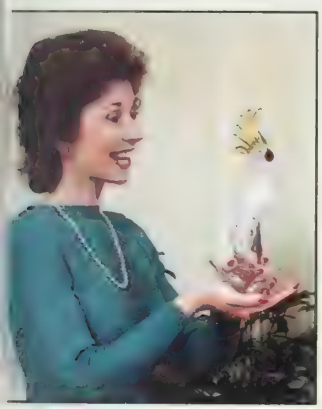
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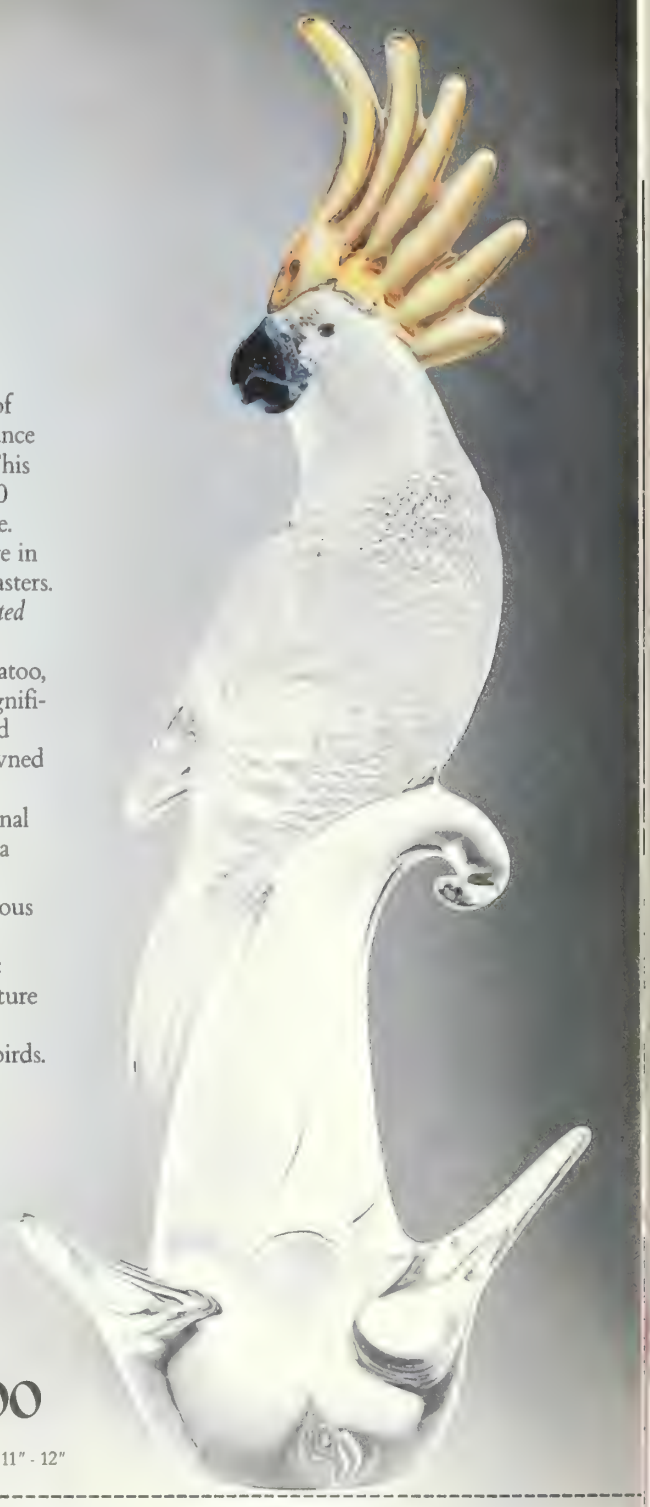
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The Cockatoo

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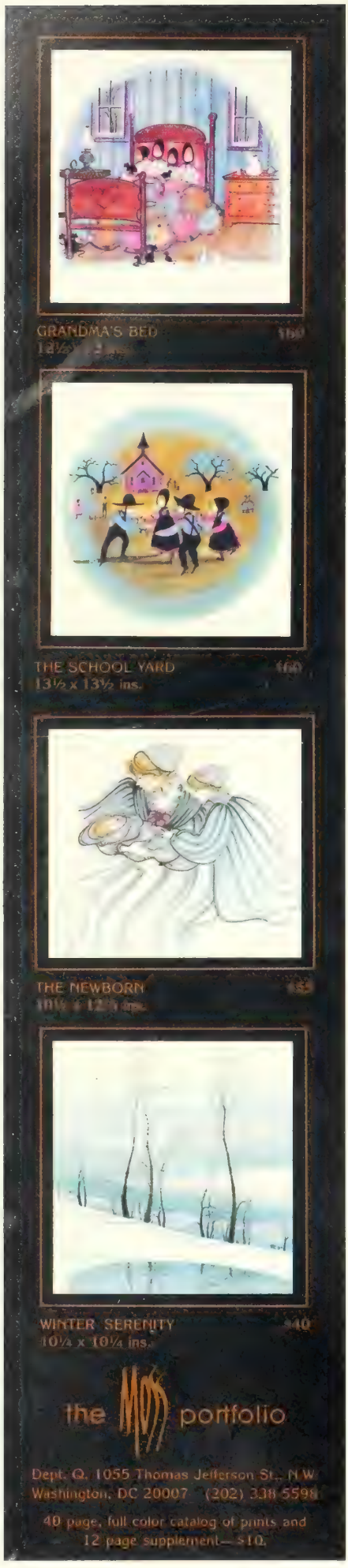
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into the hot-colored side of the garden, she has made the deep reds and oranges less heavy in appearance. To plant masses of one color, or shades of one color, she selects three or four different types of plants with similar coloration but different textures so color drifts or wanders across the beds. "An example would be a mauve flower in the lower bed like heliotrope, next moving up onto the wall, you have the same color only it's clematis, then in the upper bed beyond, it might be delphinium. The idea is to carry the eye across the garden." Nowhere in the world does the purple *Clematis Jackmanii* grow in such glowing health and beauty as it does on the walls of the garden, and has ever since Mrs. Farrand planted it. Her attention to the wall gardens in between the borders unified rather than divided the gardens.

When the summer is over, Mr. Solari begins a new cycle of work with the six other gardeners. During the summer the grass panel is mowed twice a week and the flowers picked over daily while the gardeners wage a constant battle against the mildew of the Maine climate. The other enemy, in the harsh winters, is winter kill.

In the fall, they lift and divide some perennials and cut down others while they tear out the annuals. By November, the gardens are cleared out and covered with brush and leaves. They even take up all the gravel from the paths, which is screened in spring. "We feed the soil every three or four years and lime it every two years," Mr. Solari says. The soil is slightly on the acid side but close to neutral.

He orders the seeds himself in time to start the annuals in January, two or three weeks later than other greenhouses since they plan for an August garden. The staging area for the gardens including three greenhouses is around the harbor on another hill near David and Peggy Rockefeller's house.

The four hundred cedar flats for the seedlings, made by a carpenter on the premises, are branded mostly with the initials JDR Jr. A quantity of newer ones bear the initials DR. The dates of planting are recorded in ledgers: 1/7 begonia, oenothera; 2/6 penstemon; 5/1 calendula; 5/25 alyssum. And the greenhouses are filled with seedlings until April when the tougher ones are moved to three cold frames. In season, most of the plants are moved to the garden. But one of the secrets of the Rockefeller Garden is that there is a second one, a cutting garden near the greenhouses, where a few flowers that might be needed later in the season as replacements are grown in regular rows along with the cutting flowers, including eighty rosebushes, vegetables, and strawberry and raspberry plants. It too has great beauty in its simplicity, especially the long rows of dahlias and purple monk's hood.

In a final walk in the garden one day last summer, I was reminded how important marigolds are in a Maine coastal garden, where on gray days they bring a golden light and have a special radiant glow at sunset. The name of one favorite of mine, at the northern end of the east annual border, sums up the entire experience of the garden: Marigold 'Color Magic'. □



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Granite floors appear three-dimensional in the atrium of this Ulrich Franzen–designed house. Story page 112. Photographs by Balthazar Korab.

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ANTONIA FRASER's most recent book is *The Weaker Vessel*.

AMY GODINE attends The Writers Workshop, University of Iowa.

MARK HAMPTON is an interior decorator among whose many projects is the Governor's Mansion in Albany.

MOIRA HODGSON's new book *Good Food from a Small Kitchen* will be published by Times Books in June.

HUGH HONOUR's books include *Neo-Classicism, The New Golden Land, Romanticism,* and with John Fleming, *The Visual Arts: A History*.

ANTHONY HUXLEY is the author of the just-published *Green Inheritance,* the World Wildlife Fund book of plants.

PUPUL JAYAKAR is the chairman of the Indian Committee of the Festival of India and the author of *The Earthen Drum*.

ROGER PORTER teaches literature at Reed College in Portland, Oregon.

JOHN RICHARDSON is at work on a biography of Picasso.

DEREK WALCOTT is Visiting Professor in the creative writing program at Boston University. His most recent book of poetry is *Midsummer*.



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Her face goes scarlet with anger if there's any stalling at feeding time.

There is some agreement that she looks like her grandmother on her mother's side—although this notion does not sit well with the other side of the family.

Dad will get up and check her fourteen times during her first night at home, each time making a mental note to do something about the creak in the floorboard.

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As soon as I saw our photographs of the drawing room at Luggala, in County Wicklow, Ireland, I knew there was something amiss: I had just seen some reproductions by the Kindel Furniture Company of Irish Georgian furniture, including a settee based on the Russborough suite at Luggala, and the Kindel sofa was decidedly different. Where the sofa in our photograph had an essentially straight back, the Kindel reproduction was rich with curves. A few transatlantic telephone calls between House & Garden and Olda FitzGerald, who wrote our piece on Luggala, solved the riddle. The Russborough suite, it turned out, actually included a pair of settees, one shown here with its original triple-curved back, and another, caught by our camera on page 191, where the center of the back had been clipped off to make room for a painting to hang above it. And such is the history of furniture. I'm pleased Kindel decided to reproduce the one with its back intact, however, for it captures the robustness of eighteenth-century Irish furniture design at its prideful best and offers a contemporary lesson in what's involved in twentieth-century furniture reproduction.



A settee from the Russborough suite, currently being reproduced by the Kindel Furniture Company as part of its Irish Georgian collection.

Martin Filler's story on a house by Willis Jefferson Polk (1867–1924) demonstrates that reproductions aren't new to the latter half of the twentieth century. Polk was one of the leading exponents of what has become known as the Bay Area Style, the distinctive redwood-and-shingle architecture that flourished before the 1906 earthquake and has continued to have a great influence on architecture in Northern California ever since. The least well known of Polk's work was that of his Classical period, relevant now with the renewed interest in Classicism. Our coverage of John and Dodie Rosekrans's Classical Polk house in San Francisco, page 130, includes a magnificent view of Bernard Maybeck's Palace of Fine Arts, the grandest of the city's Classical buildings. Both the Rosekrans house and the Palace of Fine Arts were begun in the same year, 1915, and Oberto Gili's photograph of the Palace of Fine Arts from a Rosekrans window reminds us that Polk was the most distinguished of Maybeck's students.

On a scouting trip to a certain house last summer, I knew I was in for something special when we drove through entrance gates created by Lucas Samaras, but nothing prepared me for the sheer joy of the house and garden we have on our cover this month (also page 112). In large measure it was more than the place, as handsome as the Ulrich Franzen design is, or the art, which includes works by Joan Miró, Louise Nevelson, Jim Dine, Julian Schnabel, and the magical Dubuffet that began it all. It was instead the sheer joy the owners communicated as they showed us their house, which, in his words, fits like "a second skin."

The best evening we had in Milan on our last visit was at the apartment of designer Piero Pinto, who fed us pasta and made us feel welcome in what may be our favorite European city. Having experienced firsthand his warmth and gentle charm, we can see why he and his clients (Laura Biagiotti, in our September 1983 issue; now Krizia's Mariuccia Mandelli, in this one, page 166) work so well together. Whether it be the "*nuovo design*" of Krizia's Memphis-furnished offices in Milan or the "*grandi tradizioni*" of Biagiotti's castle in Rome, in each case it is Pinto at his best.

With two daughters studying European history this year, I can't help but think how much more pleasant the pursuit of that subject is in the context of House & Garden. I'm thinking of Hugh Honour's piece on Villa Lante, page 142, and the way it traces the growth of what many consider the most beautiful Renaissance garden in Italy. In the process, you also come to understand a great deal about the culture and life of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Italy.

We met Pupul Jayakar at Jack Lenor Larsen's—not surprisingly, for our friend Jack is a constant connection among the artists of the world. We particularly appreciate her contribution to this issue, page 174, as we are in the midst of visiting India ourselves, thanks to Paul Scott's magnificent *Raj Quartet,* the series of four novels now being widely enjoyed in their television adaptation, *The Jewel in the Crown,* on the Public Broadcasting System. For me, there's a connection between the human journeys in the *Raj Quartet* and poet and playwright Derek Walcott's evocation of the Café Martinique, page 140. We hope you will enjoy this rare publication of fiction in House & Garden.

Lou Kropp

Editor–in–Chief

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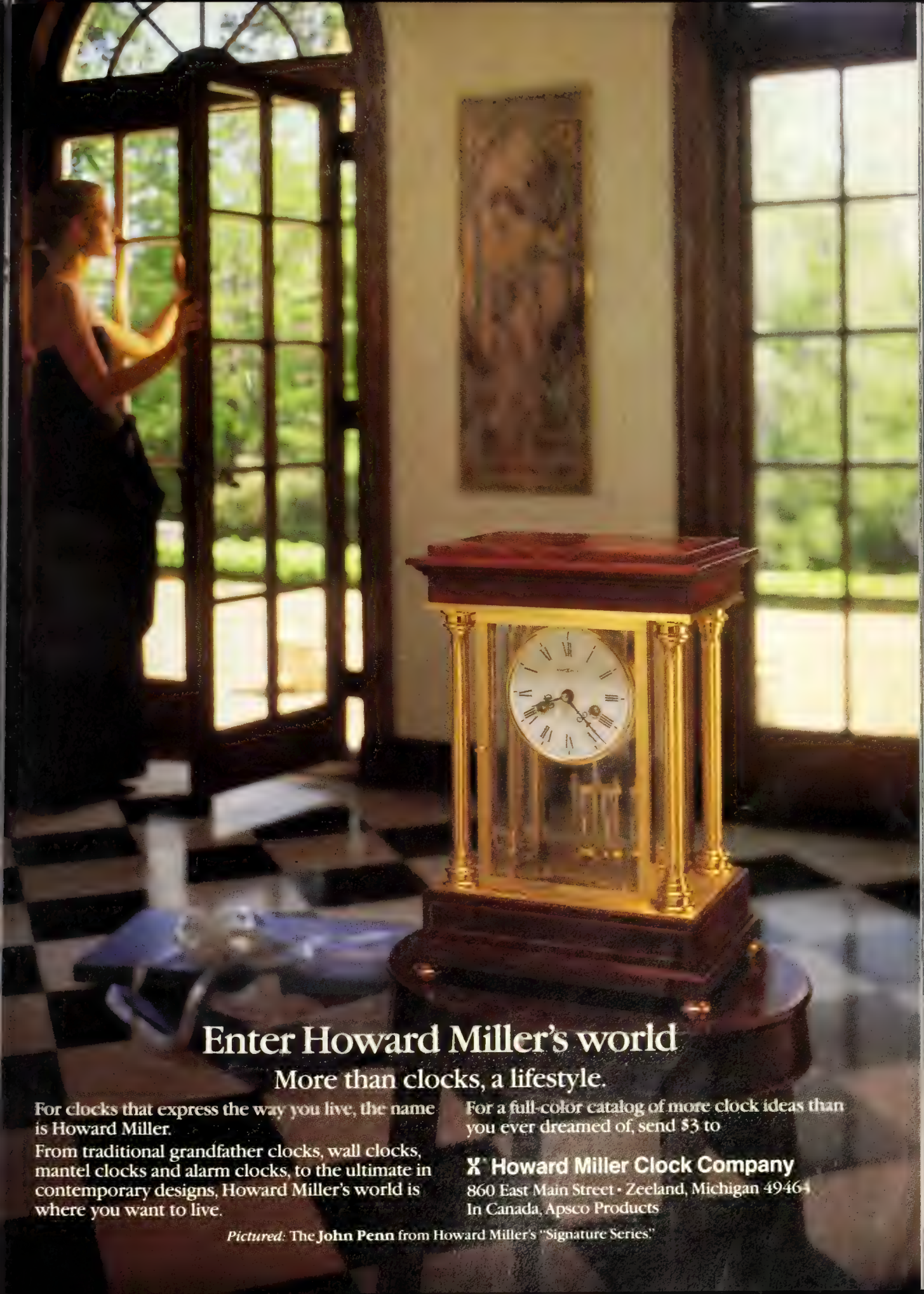


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Pictured: The **John Penn** from Howard Miller's "Signature Series."

WINDOW DRESSING

Since long before Scarlett O'Hara put on her portieres, curtains have been the couture of interior design

By Mark Hampton

For some reason, critics of decoration are fond of aiming their barbs at curtains, making fun of the amount of design energy and client money that is usually required to deal with the whole window situation. (I am struggling to avoid using the term "window treatment." If Nancy Mitford disapproved of "drapes," imagine what she would have thought of "window treatment.") Decorating is a lot of fun; it is also a pretty serious business, and designing and making curtains is very important to the final result. It is certainly possible to make silly or wrong-looking curtains, and many otherwise sane rooms take on an embarrassingly overdressed look because of misguided or overly ambitious curtains. But avoiding the issue with a lot of Roman shades or vertical blinds won't work in many cases.

In most rooms, traditional as well as contemporary, nothing is more assertive from an architectural point of view than the windows. They are structural, after all, and unlike moldings and mantels, they are difficult to change. This is all the more true because they have an exterior as well as an interior role. Indeed, the houses that have been ruined by someone's tampering with the windows would provide material for a good-sized book. Even in a time when apartment-house windows are constantly being replaced, the shape and proportion of the new ones usually repeat that of the old. Think for a minute about the strong associations that come to mind in relation to various types of windows: tall French windows, small casement windows with leaded glass, floor-to-ceiling sliding glass windows, simple picture windows (usually with an air-conditioning unit coming out underneath), double-hung windows with twelve or sixteen panes. These different window types call to mind rather specific styles of architecture; unless something serious is going wrong, the big Georgian house does not have the picture window.

I suppose that because windows are so difficult to change and because curtains play such a large role in the decoration of a room, many people rely on them to do more than should really be expected. But certainly changing from one curtain style to another can completely alter the atmosphere of a room. The White House, to cite a familiar example, took on the atmosphere of a grand and beautiful private residence during the years President and Mrs. Kennedy lived there. The curtains in the Green Room were rather plain, with valances in the form of shaped pennants, made of the same watered silk as the walls. Now this same room has taken on the aspect of an American Federal historic room, primarily because of the curtains, which are made in a very strict and accurate way, with swags hanging from gilded cornices of molded wood and long wooden-tassel fringe on the panels.



For a positive solution to the swag problem one needs a strongly vertical window in a tall room. Try it where there is insufficient height and a negative result is guaranteed. Stiffness must also be avoided.

Correctness in curtains has to do with many things. Suitability is one. Expensive elaborate curtains look out of place in rooms with no real scale and no good furniture. Here is a bad example: Imagine *fin de siècle* curtains of the sort so popular now in claret-red velvet, perhaps, embossed in a damask pattern and trimmed with great fringes and tassels, with ruched Austrian shades underneath and perhaps a lace panel behind that. Imagine this in a nondescript room with a small white-painted cornice molding, a simple mantelpiece, plain floorboards with no borders, doors with ordinary hardware, and conventional upholstery. Even if one were to cover the good Lawson sofa in the same velvet, one would still not even have begun to live up to the curtains. This is another example of the windows and the curtains insisting on suitable furnishings: Imagine a room with lovely tall French windows curtained in a French way, the

MARK HAMPTON

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The night the governor

It was a warm April night in 1899.

The man and woman sat on the floor like children on a grassy bank.

"Do you really like it?" he asked for the twentieth time.

"It's magnificent." she answered.

"Will the Governor like it?" he asked again.

"Yes. How could he not."

The night was broken by the sound of a bell.

"They've come." A hint of panic gave his voice huskiness.

"Stop." She stood authoritatively. "Jessie will bring him in."

The Governor was a big man who seemed to be moving even when standing still. He went straight for Karges, the Cabinet Maker.

"I was told you are the finest furniture maker in America."

His eyes turned to the chair standing against the wall. His hand poised in mid-air.

"Ah..." His voice dropped and he strode to the chair.

A glint of light caught the many layers of finish, sweeping the carved scrolls into a medley of lines.

"Marvelous...marvelous."

There was silence. The grandfather clock ticked off seconds.

"Karges...there is just one thing."

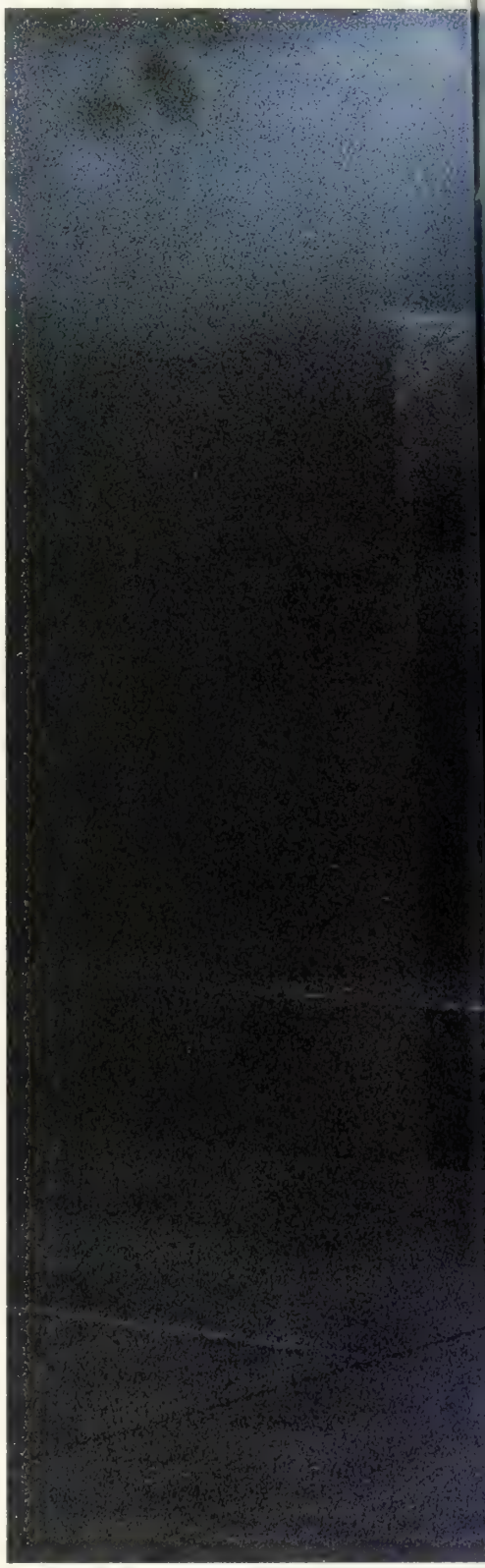
Albert looked up quickly.

"It needs a matched chair...a party of chairs to go with it. I want you to do the drawing room." The Governor stroked the wood gently. "Karges, you do know wood."

Elizabeth looked at her husband. Once, while pulling a branch from a walnut tree, he had said, "I know why wood is. I know why to finish the emotion of a magnificent Chippendale or Robert Adams or even Kent, you must hand-carve and flush the joints, and gentle the grain.

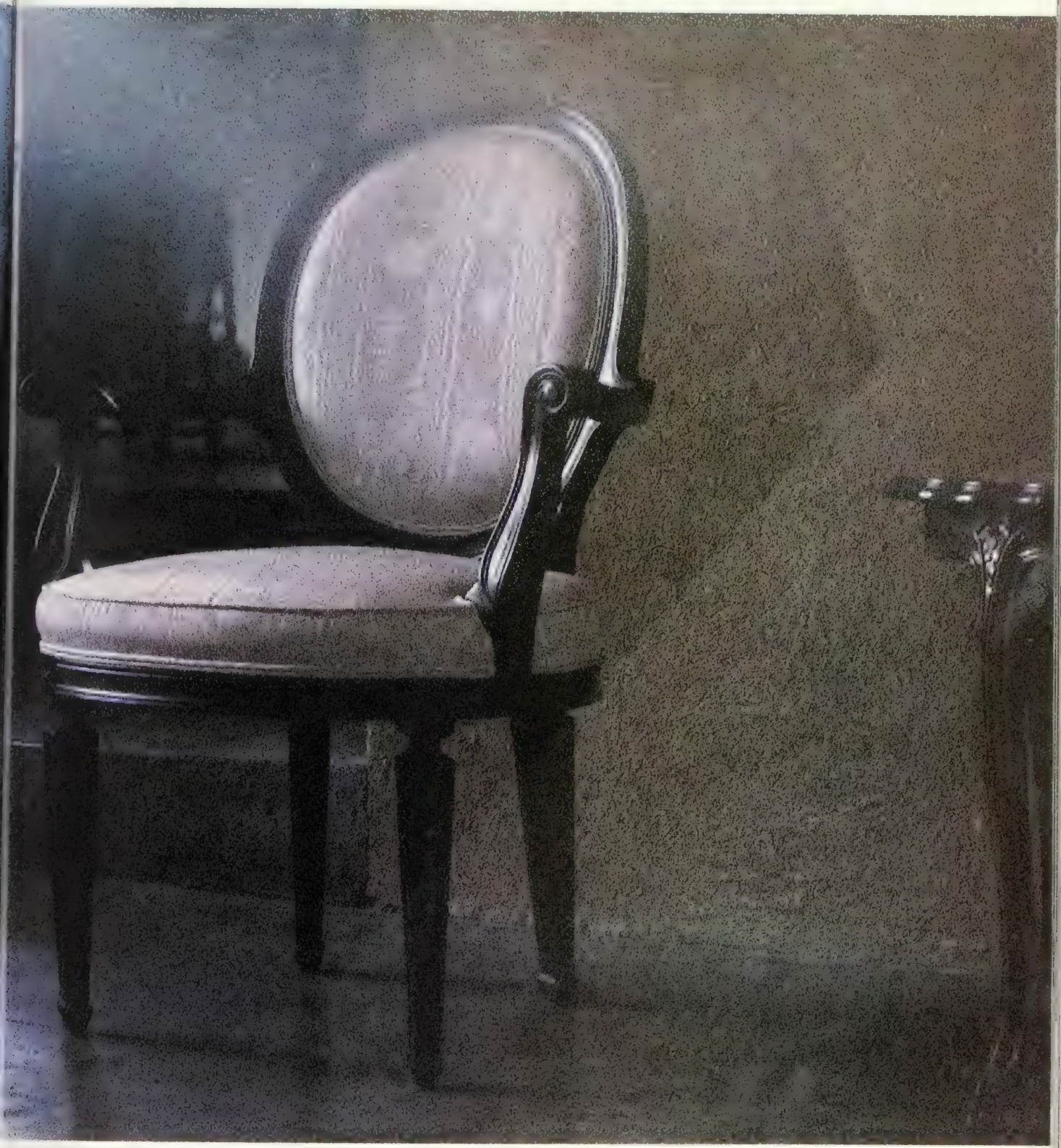
"Elizabeth, I hear the wood."

And she knew indeed he did.



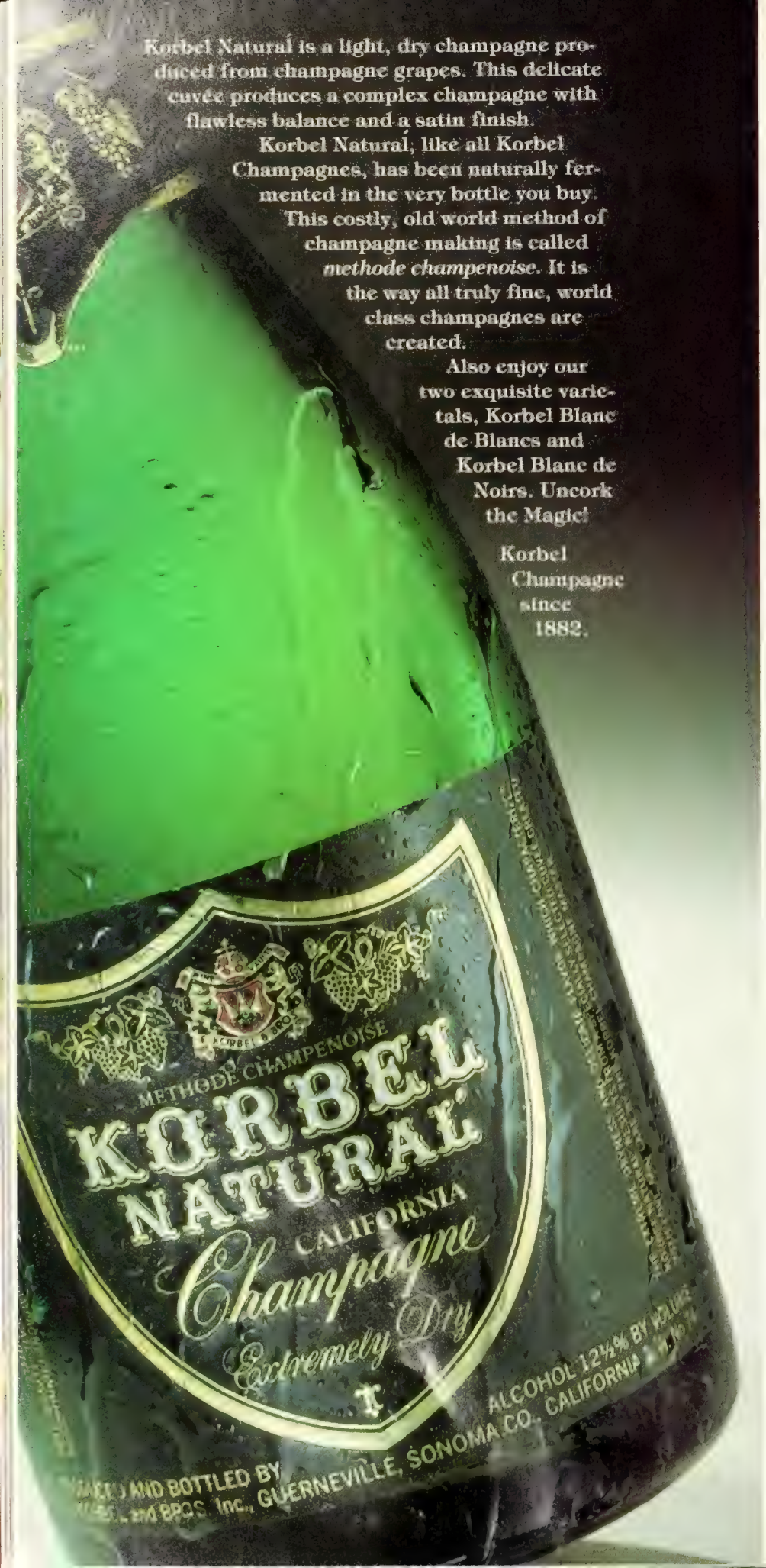
Hand-Carving time: 13 hours
Hand-Finishing time: 11 hours
The Governor's Chair: Ca. 1774-1793.
Note the rounded softness plumbed by vertical legs indicating the Classical Louis XVI influence.
Karges trademark: The hand execution of an arm allowing beads originating in the back a voluptuous flow. 27 finishing steps by wood-artist, Edwin Karges, Jr.
The Governor's Chair. A limited collection created only by Karges.

rdered a party of chairs.



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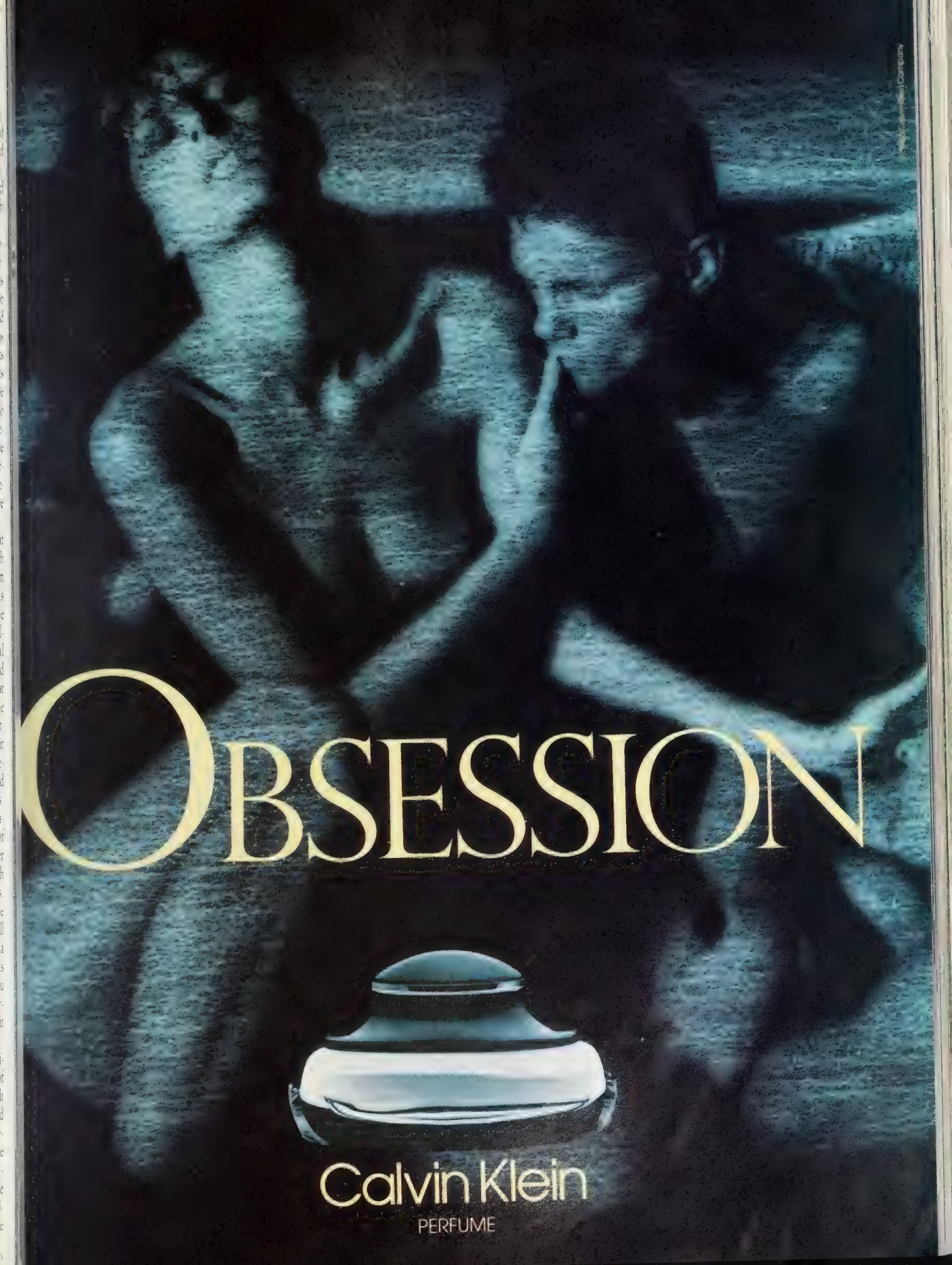


poles light French ones (not stocky Regency English poles) with rings and finials and crunchy taffeta curtains tied back with cords and tassels and passementerie rosettes. That room would then simply have to have some French furniture in it. That's all there is to it.

Another consideration is the appropriateness of the materials to the design. Pretentious valances and curtains look terrible if they are made of poor substitutes for rich fabrics. Just as gold radiator paint is not highly regarded as a substitute for gold leaf, so synthetics do not take the place of beautiful silks and cottons. Trimmings must also be considered. They can take months to make and can cost more than the material for the curtains themselves. If there is an economic question, simple designs finely executed in first-rate materials are surely superior to elaborate designs in second-rate materials.

Good scale is the designer's great ally and it has everything to do with curtains. Rooms with high ceilings (ten feet or more) pose fewer problems than rooms with low ceilings. If the room and its furnishings have a prevailingly Georgian, English, Colonial (whatever you want to call it) style, and if the ceilings are high, you can do what you want, but some attempt should be made to follow the patterns of the past. There are endless guides that make it easy to determine the difference between the various eighteenth- and nineteenth-century curtain styles. Bookstores are full of works on decoration, many of them detailed studies of particular periods. Museums all over the country have period rooms with painstakingly reproduced curtains. Try asking the curator to allow a close look; I often do. This theoretical tall room, provided its windows have a strong verticality, can take on aspects of any traditional style. And if you don't want to be confined to any particular period, simple curtains permit you to be contemporary or eclectic.

We don't hear much about eclecticism nowadays, but it is still a point of view that exists and should be dealt with. In rooms where French and English and contemporary (or Biedermeier or Italian) furniture are combined successfully, the background always seems to be rather spare or neutral. I remember the extraordinarily beautiful sixties rooms in Rome


OBSESSION
Calvin Klein
PERFUME

of the painter Cy Twombly: hard, bony rooms of plaster and stone over three hundred years old with huge modern paintings and some lavish Neoclassical furniture but no color to speak of anywhere, and the windows bare except for the usual indoor and outdoor shutters of a palazzo. The same rooms would have been totally different with the dark, heavy curtains typical of a century ago. They would have been different still with the gauzy Neoclassical drapery of a century-and-a-half ago.

Perhaps I am sounding too dependent on historical precedents. There is certainly a lot of room for new interpretations. The most successful adaptation of a traditional curtain design to a contemporary setting hangs on a slender bronze or brass pole that is a wide U-shape in plan. On small rings, severely pleated curtains are attached without any heading whatsoever. This was the design of the Paris firm of Jansen a number of years ago and is now a permanent part of our vocabulary.

Actually French curtains have a history of being plainer than their English counterparts (until the nineteenth century, of course). This is surely the result of the emphasis the French placed on paneling. Once again, documents provide the most interesting and illuminating sources of inspiration. Look at paintings by Boucher and Fragonard with billowing unlined curtains in the background, shoved behind the back of a chair or tossed over a folding screen. Such curtains don't have a rigidly confining design effect on a room. Any contemporary room would look marvelous with simple, unlined curtains made of some lovely silk. The great Tugendhat house designed in 1930 by Mies had, after all, great expanses of silk shantung curtains that were part of the richness achieved by combining marble, ebony paneling, and mirror-polished chrome.

If you don't have the height, a category into which most rooms fall, the news is not good. Discipline is required. It's like being on a perpetual diet. Big valances and swooping swags are out. An exception to this gloomy rule lies in the area of American Colonial curtains. With their genius for creating formality within tightly compressed spaces, our ancestors invented lovely buckram valances in many shapes that have a lightness and fineness of scale that is perfectly suited to the low ceilings and smallish windows of Colonial-style houses. Verticality is the key, however. Low, horizontal windows, I'm afraid, require very plain curtains. Fortunately the use of beautiful materials and careful workmanship elevate the simplest design.

When I think of curtains, the analogy that comes to mind is that of clothing. There are all these tiresome bits of advice dealing with personal adornment, how it all has to harmonize and interrelate. The same is true in the world of curtains. Whatever you may think you want hanging at your windows, it has to go with your room, your furniture, and your whole decorating style. □

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LANCÔME
PARIS

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FURNITURE FIRST

In Grand Rapids, the city that furniture made famous, three museums, a school, and several libraries support the art and industry

By Elaine Greene

Hear the names of some cities and a product springs to mind. Dijon means mustard, Carrara means marble, Detroit means cars . . . and Grand Rapids means furniture: once cheap furniture, nowadays fine. In and around this Michigan city on the banks of the Grand River stand vast factory complexes; rare is the citizen who doesn't have at least one family member in some branch of the furniture business. Long trucks ply the local highways bearing the names of Steelcase and Herman Miller, the biggest contract (corporate and institutional) furniture manufacturers in Grand Rapids and in the United States. Distinguished visitors fly into town to work on special domestic furniture: The Kindel company generated heavy traffic from Delaware a few years ago as they perfected their Winterthur Museum reproductions, and Desmond Fitzgerald, the 29th Knight of Glin, has been closely involved in Kindel's new Irish collection. Sir Humphrey Wakefield, the international antiques authority, is a virtual commuter between London and the design department of Baker Furniture, bringing in fresh examples for their Stately Homes collection, now numbering one hundred pieces and still growing. John Widdicomb's advisor for Treasures from Around the World, Lucile Fickett, journeys to Grand Rapids from the West Coast, where she is associated with Cannell & Chaffin, the decorating and retail furniture firm.



Chairs in Grand Rapids collections, *clockwise from directly above:* Italian painted metal circa 1875; Louis XVI provincial design; 17th-century Cromwellian classic; English Hepplewhite circa 1780; Biedermeier piece in fruitwood circa 1825; 1946 Finn Juhl design.

Twenty-seven furniture manufacturers now operate in Grand Rapids and environs and they are well served by numerous city resources. An important training ground for designers is the Kendall School of Design, which recently moved to a renovated historic building in downtown Grand Rapids. Kendall trains students in nine areas of the professional visual arts. One major is furniture design. Founded in Grand Rapids in 1928, Kendall is recognized nationally by the traditional home-furnishings industry. Its library of furniture-design books, working drawings, and old catalogues is consulted not only by students but by many area designers.

The Grand Rapids Public Library's actively used design department, still selectively acquiring, currently holds 1,560 volumes on furniture, 2,000 on interiors, textiles, and crafts, and 2,400 on architecture. Among the treasures are a 1762 edition of Chippendale's *A Gentleman and a Cabinetmaker's Directory,* design folios of the work of Robert and James Adam published in London from 1778 through 1812, and a collection of furniture periodicals that goes back a hundred years. Furniture executive Hollis S. Baker, son of a

JOHN C. BOUCHER TWO CHAIRS AT LEFT FROM BAKER FURNITURE MUSEUM; OTHERS FROM GRAND RAPIDS ART MUSEUM



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Dijon means mustard, Detroit means cars... and Grand Rapids means furniture

founder of Baker Furniture, was the donor of a significant number of rare furniture books in this collection, books that once made up his personal library.

Hollis Baker's scholarship ranged beyond books to the actual furniture they documented. He accumulated antiques with such enthusiasm that the Baker company now owns a body of over four thousand intact pieces or fragments, which they display in a private museum attached to their Holland plant in the Grand Rapids metropolitan area. Company designers make great use of this museum, but the firm wanted to share the resource with the citizens of the city, so last year they gave the Grand Rapids Art Museum a furniture gift of 365 choice antiques and early-twentieth-century classics. The museum mounted a small introductory exhibition of this gift in March 1984 and is launching another this March 29. Curators are also working on a permanent furniture-study center in which these pieces will be installed.

People who want to see historic Grand Rapids furniture must visit the Grand Rapids Public Museum, which is currently showing a special group of pieces by forty historic local manufacturers. This general museum reflects its home community's leading industry in several permanent installations. There is an exhibition of woodworking tools and special techniques—carving, inlay, marquetry—as well as a diorama of a cabinetmaking shop. In nine period settings, Grand Rapids–made furniture is displayed in such nineteenth-century styles as Renaissance Revival, Eastlake, Mission, and Golden Oak. Trained tour guides conduct visitors through the Furniture Hall and teach the history of this industry in Grand Rapids.

The city began as a small frontier town in the 1830s and the furniture sold then was simple and made by hand. After the Civil War, the advantages of the location—water power, cheap land on which to build large factories and warehouses, proximity to rich forests, a history of expertise in lumber milling, plus the arrival by 1870 of four different railroad lines—made Grand Rapids a center for furniture manufacturing. Mechanization there was advanced, so the product was largely inexpensive, or "low end" in trade terms.

As the twentieth century approached, the city's assets as a source for cheaper furniture disappeared. Nearby forests were exhausted, labor and rail costs rose, land became expensive. Other areas of the country took over as centers for low-end furniture.

Some Grand Rapids manufacturers



Berkey and Gay bedroom suite, 1876, shown at Grand Rapids Public Museum.

survived by shifting their emphasis to the high end of their product lines. Others disappeared in the early 1900s; several important firms such as Berkey and Gay went under during the Depression. New firms began in the middle range and high end.

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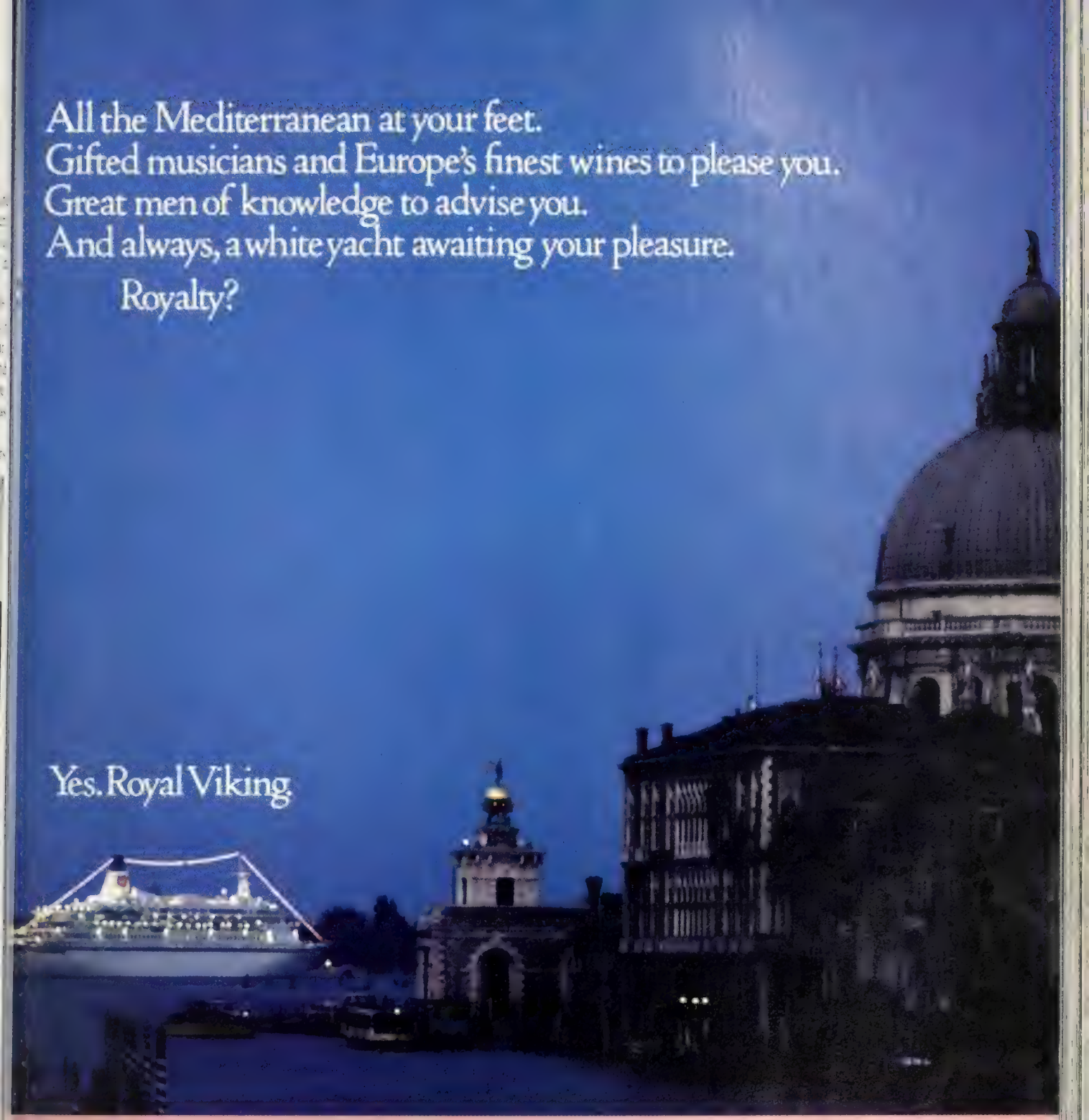
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HACIENDAS FOR THE BEACH

Addison Mizner's Spanish-style architecture on Florida's Gold Coast

By Alexander Cockburn

MIZNER'S FLORIDA: AMERICAN RESORT ARCHITECTURE
by Donald W. Curl
The Architectural History Foundation and The MIT Press, 250 pp., $30

ADDISON MIZNER—ARCHITECT TO THE AFFLUENT: A SKETCHBOOK RAISONNÉ OF HIS WORK
by William Olendorf with text by Robert Tolf
Gale Graphics, Fort Lauderdale
181 pp., $30

In January 1918, shortly before the end of the worst carnage in the history of the world, one more refugee from suffering alighted at Palm Beach. On the threshold of middle age, physically debilitated and at a low spiritual ebb, his only prospect seemed to be the grave. Life grew in allurement under the Florida sun. His strength returned, and to fill in the spaces of his idle days he built his host a Chinese pagoda and they placed a stuffed alligator on top of it to defy good taste. Then the two of them decided to build a hospital for the veterans returning from the Western Front. The veterans, as it turned out, had to take their shell shock elsewhere. The hospital became the Everglades Club and with its construction was launched one of the most exhilarating architectural spasms in the history of the country.



That Paris Singer, one of many sons and ample heirs to the sewing-machine fortune, should have invited Addison Mizner to Palm Beach was one of those lucky strokes of patronage with which the world is occasionally blessed. At 45 Mizner was a society architect of modest achievement, and if he had died in the damp New York winter of 1918 his name would scarcely feature in the history books, unless as the brother of the scoundrelly Wilson. Ten years later he was the most famous architect in the United States and, reviewing in *International Studio* a magnificent folio of his work, Curtis Patterson compared him to Bramante and Michelangelo.

Within that decade Mizner's output

Left: Addison Mizner flanked by actress Marie Dressler and actor Dick Barthelmess, Boca Raton, 1926. *Below:* A 1920 masterpiece: La Bellucia, Willey Lyon Kingsley house, Palm Beach.



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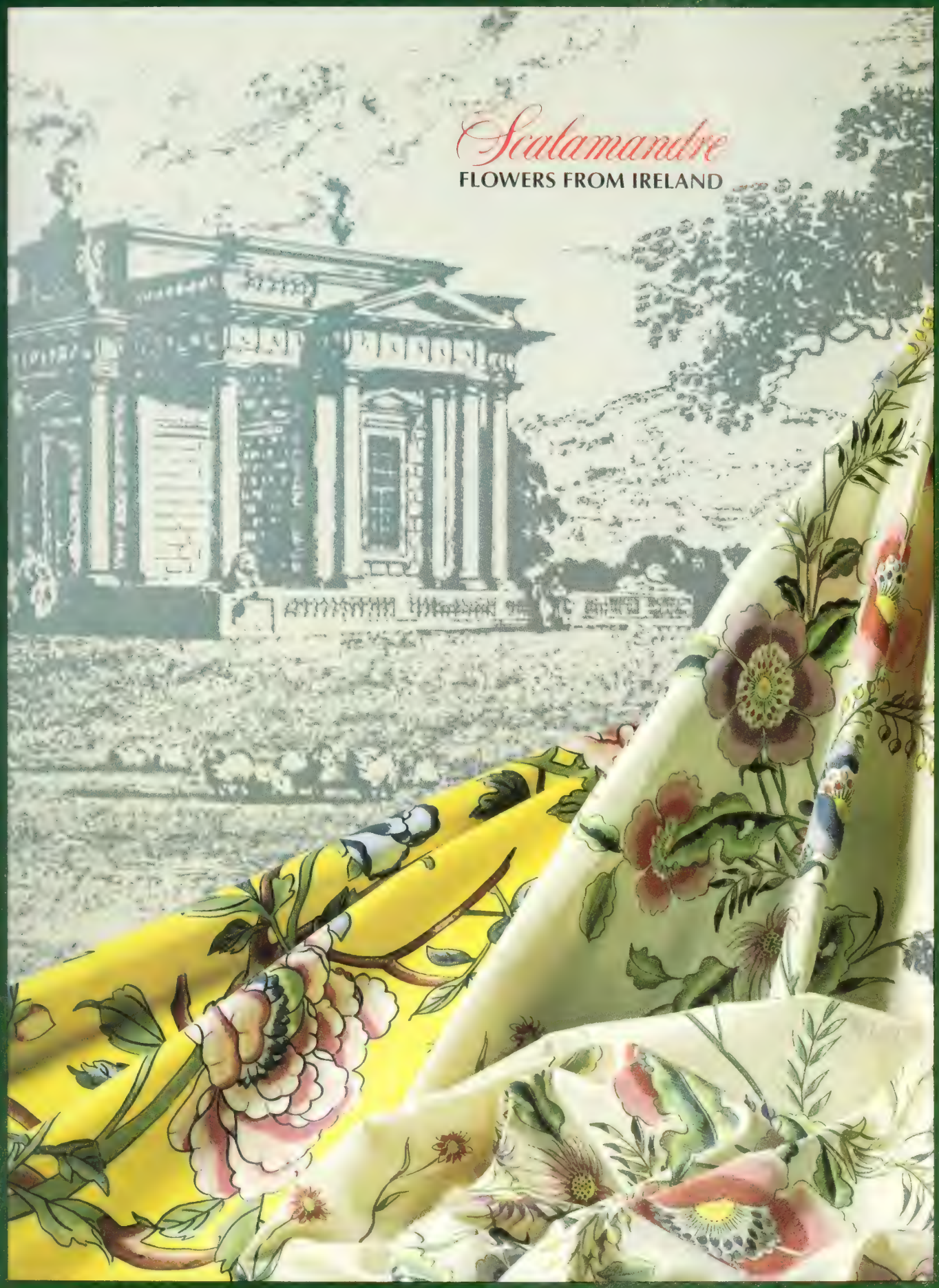
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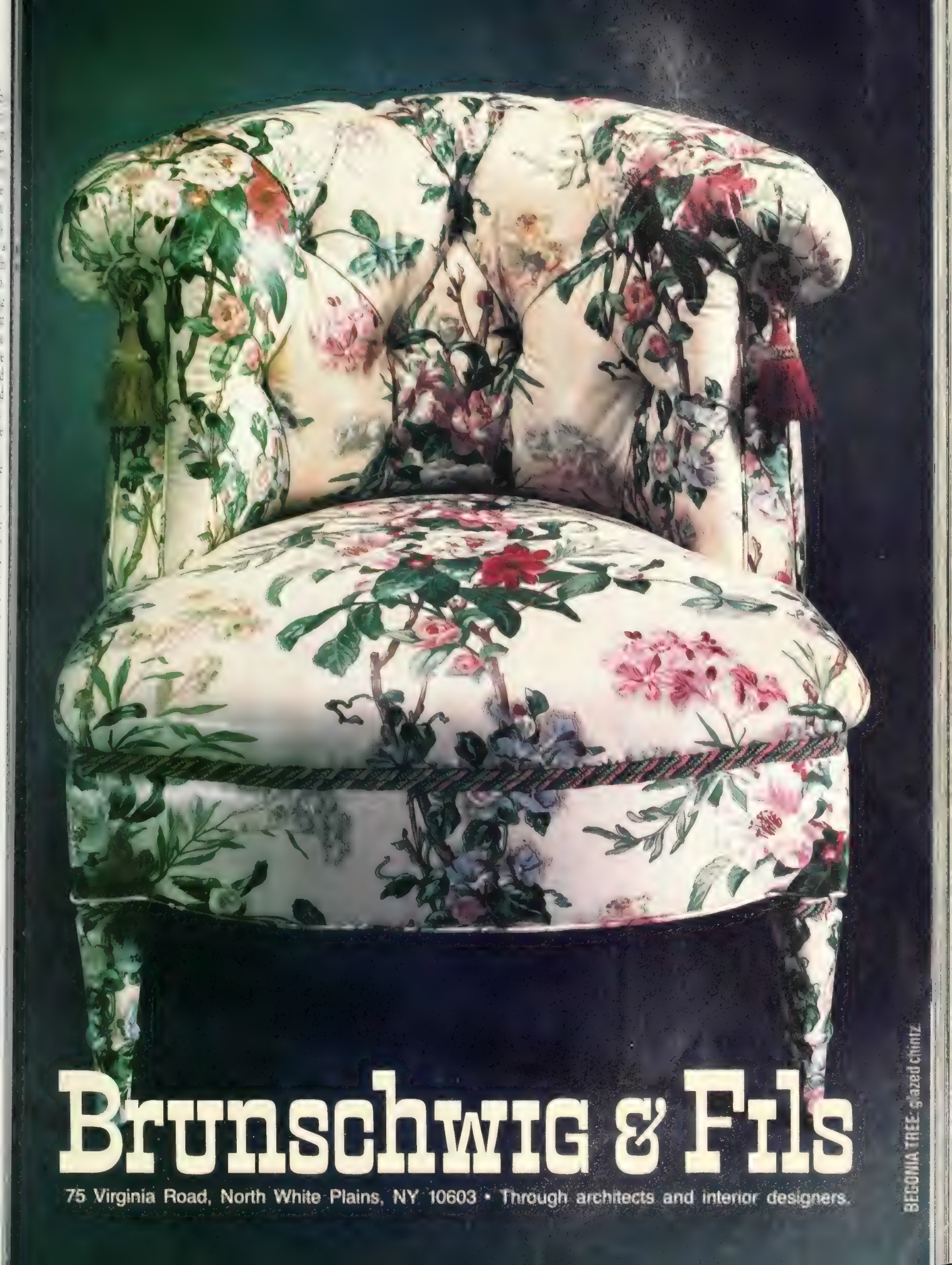
was prodigious and extraordinary. He came to a resort of ramshackle architectural aspect, burdened with bleak New England farmhouses, Middle West–Queen Anne, Saratoga frame, and the ineluctable modality of the Shingle. Skilled labor was not available and the outer limits of the contractors' vision were bounded by Florida pine trees, which were their major resource. Such tiles as were commercially available had a tinlike sheen and were, as Mizner put it, the color of a slaughterhouse floor. Within four short years Mizner had a loyal work force and a small industrial complex turning out tiles, wrought iron, carved wood, vases, dressed stone. Clients would leave Palm Beach at the end of the season and return, nine or ten months later, to find immense palaces awaiting them, stuffed with antiquities which Mizner had acquired on a midsummer looting trip to Europe.

It is always humbling to review the output of an artist when circumstances have at last conspired to release his creativity; and this is true of Mizner no less than of a Balzac or, in their common profession, of a Nash. In 1923 alone Mizner completed seventeen projects, which included houses for Anthony Drexel Biddle, Joseph Cosden, Angier Duke, Edward Shearson, Dr. Preston Pope Satterwhite, Rodman Wanamaker II, and George Luke Mesker. He built in that year also additions to his house and that of Henry Phipps, along with the Gulfstream Golf Club. But to study this list is also to perceive the sadness of Mizner's subsequent eclipse. Six of the seventeen buildings have been demolished. Playa Riente, the exuberant Xanadu rushed up to dignify the social ambitions of the parvenu Cosdens and bought by Mrs. Horace Dodge in 1925, was razed by the same lady in 1957, victim of her anger at the size of her local tax bill and the refusal of the town to allow her to rezone her property. Year after year the wrecker's ball has swung, and the toadstool condo sprouted from the rubble of Mizner's reveries.

The reveries contrived by Mizner were of a history that neither Florida nor his clients had ever hoped to enjoy, and that is why his success was so immediate once he had arrived at Palm Beach. There, to the immediate heirs or actual founders of the great American fortunes, involuntarily secluded by war from the Riviera and other European resorts, Mizner offered the warm South's informal answer to Newport. "The transition of art has become my greatest enjoyment," he once remarked in one of the most succinct expressions of his aesthetic philosophy. "My ambition has been . . . to make a building look traditional and as though it had fought its way from a small, unimportant structure to a great rambling house that took centuries of different needs and ups and downs of wealth to accomplish. I sometimes start a house with a Romanesque corner, pretend that it has fallen into disrepair and been added to in the Gothic spirit, when suddenly the great wealth of the new world has poured in and the owner had added a very rich Renaissance tradition."

Mizner's central inspiration was always Spanish architecture, a taste derived from his childhood trip to Central America and nourished later as a student in Salamanca, but he did not disdain invitations from other portions of European architectural history to round out what Alva Johnston famously called his "Bastard-Spanish-Moorish-Romanesque-Gothic-Renaissance-Bull-Market-Damn-the-Expense Style." In a single evening guests could pass from the Venetian Gothic of Casa de Leoni, Leonard Thomas's house, to the festive Spanish garrison of The Towers, built for William Wood. As Johnston put it so well, "His Palm Beach was a Graustark located on the old Spanish invasion route, where the Christians and Moslems fought it out in the Dark Ages. The town lots and subdivisions of Palm Beach and Boca Raton formed the gory background of the Charlemagne epics. . . . If the Florida boom had not collapsed, Addison would eventually have summed up a thousand years of Spanish history in one Boca Raton castle."

Mizner was an impresario of history but an impresario with discrimination and taste, and even if it is impossible to look at Dr. Satterwhite's cathedral dining chamber without laughing—the guests did complain that it was "not altogether cheerful as a place to dine"—one does so in the knowledge that if at times Mizner went too far, he went too far in the right direction. Just as his fellow creators in Hollywood were

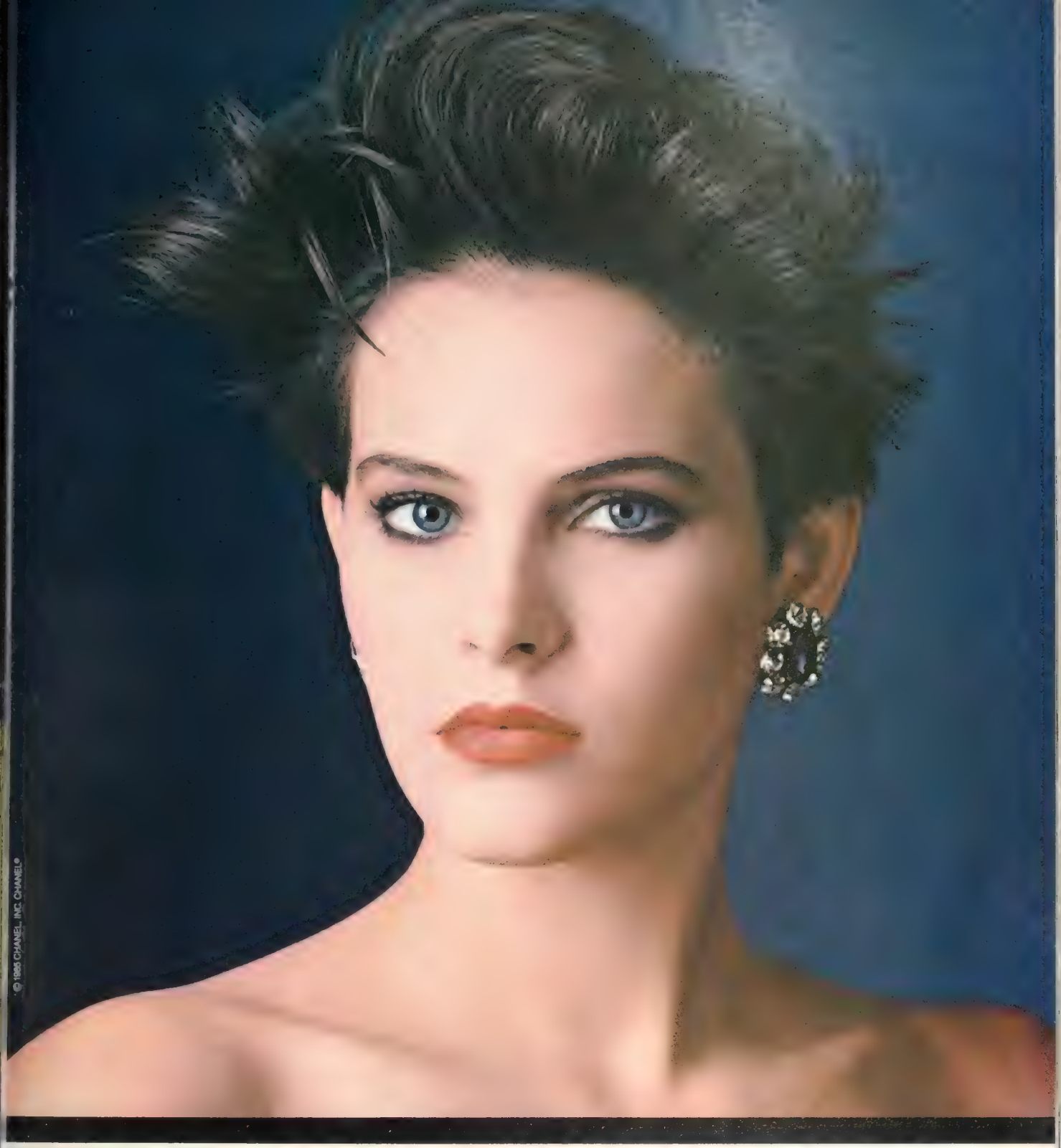


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Professor Curl completes the work commenced by Ms. Orr. He discusses all Mizner's known buildings and projects, disentangles legend from reality in his picaresque career, distinguishes the essential elements of his style, and provides plans of the major houses along with a bibliography and architectural inventory. The book relies largely on the excellent photographs of Craig Kuhner. The only regret an admirer of Mizner may have is that the book contains no color reproductions. As Ms. Orr's little book makes clear, the architect was a sensitive colorist whose most famous chromatic inventions—Mizner Blue and Mizner Yellow—were no fluke of the palette.

The Mizner enthusiast now has all the essential tools for appreciation, from Curl's precise delineation of his achievements to Johnston's book, which is still essential in bringing those times to life. However much Orr and Curl may not relish the imputations, Mizner was an adventurer, a buccaneer with an eye to the main chance and the instincts and energy to seize that main chance when finally it hove into view.

The seeds of Mizner's greatness were sown when his father, who had become U.S. plenipotentiary to the Central American republics, brought him to Guatemala in 1890 and there Spanish architecture took him for its own. A year as a student in Salamanca was followed by a three-year sojourn in the architectural offices of Willis Polk, noted proponent of the Spanish Mission style. Mizner learned here the elements of his profession before departing on a peripatetic course which took him gold prospecting in the Yukon, adventuring in the South Seas, and ending in New York in 1904 set to storm the battlements of society and thereby to prosper at his art. The most useful monument of these years was probably his vast architectural scrapbooks in which he compiled the sketches, postcards, historical details which enabled him to change the face of Palm Beach in half a decade.

In spinning his dream houses, Mizner kept a firm grasp on essentials. Florida, he never forgot, "is as flat as a pancake. You must build with a strong skyline to give your building character. You must get effects with changes in level of a few feet. The landscape gives you no help." His clients went to Florida to enjoy the sun and the air. So Mizner turned, as he put it, the fortified Spanish house of real history inside out. The windows became larger. Loggias and cloisters helped blur the transition from interior to exterior and helped circulate the cooling breezes. His buildings almost invariably extended round an interior patio, with entrance points to the public rooms on two sides to the living room, loggia, library, dining room. His façades were flat, gathering the eye—as Ms. Orr points out—at a strong focal point like entry steps or a spiral stairway. A more personal scale—cloister or stairway would then launch the visitor back into the scale of a vast entry hall. His living rooms would be large, with high-beamed, paneled or coffered ceilings. Curl emphasizes his use of the local pecky cypress whose imperfections—the despair of the builders—impart the requisite sense of antiquity. His sense of color was masterly, as can be gathered from his lyrical description of the cream on the stucco exterior of the Cosden house which "be(came) shaded with the rising and setting of the sun, reflecting the brilliant white light in a delicate amber, pink, saffron and old wine."

Mizner was a great dramatist of space and perspective, and that is why his eclecticism generally produced such harmonious results. He could work up his sketches from his scrapbooks, have them converted by his staff into blueprints, and then rework them with enormous self-assurance and speed because he was absolutely at ease in the history he loved, with the environment he adorned, and with the clients he served. The target of great resort architecture—whether the masterpiece of the Brighton Pavilion or the Streamline little Hohauser hotels of south Miami Beach—has been escape from the mundane, the imagination on holiday. We should rejoice that half a century after his passing, amid kindred Post-Modern rediscoveries, the quality of Mizner's imaginative holiday has at last got its due. □



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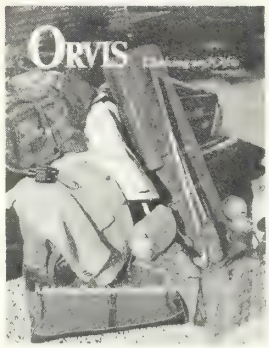
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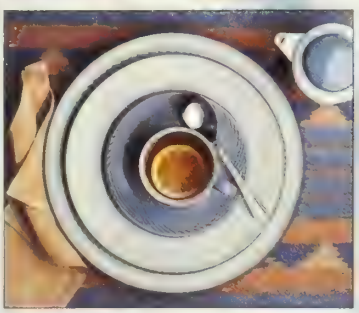
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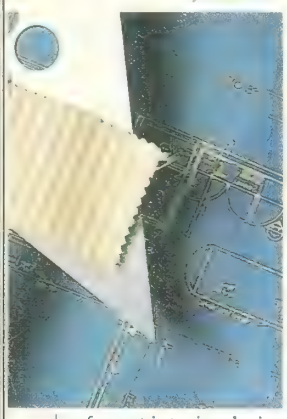
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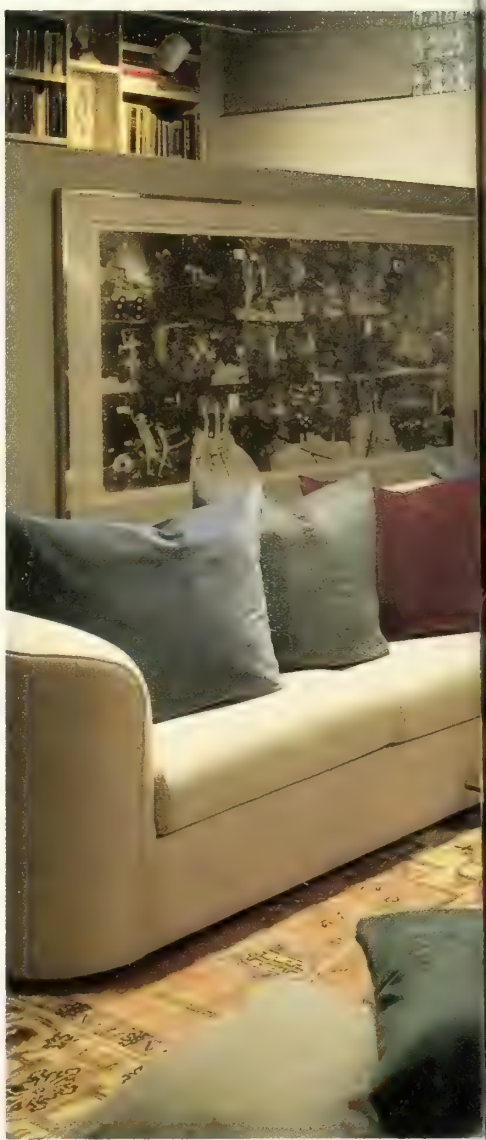


But now there was a whole new breed of professionals to help in the search. The Decorators—joined in a few years by the Interior Designers—were bringing new skills, new attitudes, new ideas to the home-making scene. Here they were, taste and vision at the ready, anxious to turn more and more rooms into better and better looking places.

Were the architects out? Relegated to ivory towers, blue prints and strictly architectural matters? Well, as in many good mysteries, the plot didn't develop quite as you might expect. For lo! here it is, several generations into the Decorator-and-Interior Designer Era, and who's shoving furniture around? who's designing chairs and tables and tea sets that museums are gobbling up and that homemakers are dreaming about? who's decreeing purple and pink and peach? You're right. Architects.

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The design criteria and the decorating



Schumacher's Illustrated Notes on 20th Century Taste. One of a series.







axioms as used in this room are, of course, part of the present-day vocabulary employed by designers and decorators—as well as by architects. In short, you can't really tell who "did" a room by just looking. Or even by just listening. Would you have guessed this was ultra-chic decorator Billy Baldwin speaking out? "We're talking about a place people live in, surrounded by things they like and that make them comfortable. It's as simple as that." Or that this sort of summing up would have come from the august Frank Lloyd Wright? "We all know the feeling we have when we are well-dressed: we like the consciousness that results from it; it affects our conduct... you should have the same feeling regarding the home you live in."

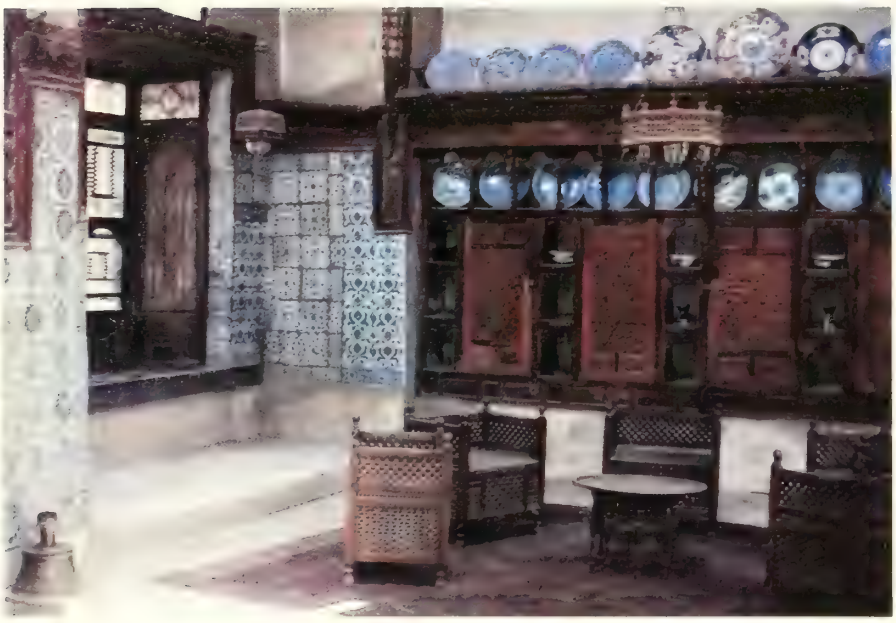
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Which is why, finding the right print, discovering the ideal wallcovering, unfurling the special rug or carpet—all approach certainty here. No matter what the decorating question—for architects, decorators, interior designers—the answer, for almost a hundred years has been, "Surely, Schumacher."

MORTALITY TALE

The beautiful old Islamic mansions of Cairo may already be too damaged to survive the twentieth century

By Roger Porter and Amy Godine



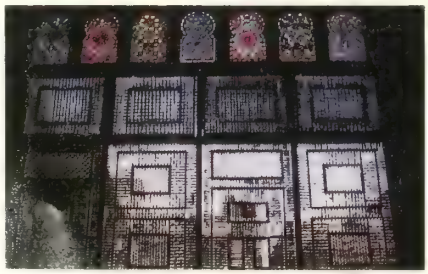
Our map of Islamic monuments in Cairo promises a mighty Mameluke palace, but all we see is a stone wall looming over the usual jumble of tire-repair shops and tiled juice stands.

"Where is the Palace of Yashbak?" we ask a hot-potato vendor at the corner. He informs us that Yashbak is "sleeping," by which we are meant to understand kaput. "*Maalesh,*" he shrugs: a word no visitor to Egypt can ignore: "Never mind." "Relax." "That's the way it goes."

But a pajama-clad lad of ten knows differently, and bids us follow him into a small door at the side of the rampart, through somebody's narrow kitchen, and out into a barnyard noisy with hens and goats.

"*Yashbak*!" he gestures with a laugh and hies himself away. We can't believe it. Is this all that remains of a royal quarter that once extended from the foot of Saladin's mighty Citadel to the banks of the Nile, and was home to Sultans and Emirs? Is this squared-off stretch of dusty hen-pecked rubble, standing sentinel over public urinals and crumbling shacks, ringed with tangles of barbed wire and stagnant lakes of mud, the sole legacy of a fourteenth-century palace court of fountains and palms? We pick our way across the barnyard, past old tires, oil cans, and rusted carburetors to the arched portals cut into the façade. Under the deeply carved stalactite arches, still showing the rich blue paint, are the original massive wooden doors; we shoulder them open and are inside the gloom of a vaulted chamber.

Above: The sitting room of Bayt al-Suhaymi, a 16th-century merchant's house. *Below:* Lacy hand-turned screens and stained glass in Bayt Mousafirkhana, an 18th-century Mameluke palace.



Whatever marble arabesques once enlivened these dirt floors have been long since pried away, and the little strips of latticework hanging from the heavy walls are centuries past mending. Our eyes move up to the harem windows, some forty feet above; the atmosphere is still and spectral. Suddenly, we are struck by a sight so strange and incongruous it is beyond imagination. In the center of this enormous room, barely perceptible in the dusky light, is a twenties roadster buried nose-deep in muck, its rumble seat jutting up like an obscene icon. How did this monstrous intrusion get here? Never mind, in its apparitional melancholy this derelict car becomes for us a sign mocking all hopes for restored life and signaling the clash between Cairo's magnificent old Islamic houses and all the forces of modern urban life in an overcrowded city—pollution, congestion, neglect, squatters, indifferent preservation codes, and unregulated development and demolition—that have reduced them to the endangered species they are today.

Indeed, of all of Cairo's five-hundred-odd Islamic monuments, its towering mosques, elegant prayer schools (*madressas*), high-backed merchants' hostels (*caravansaries*), and grand Fatimid gates, the private houses or palaces (*bayts*) are most directly threatened with extinction. In just eighty years their ranks have been reduced to a scant dozen, of which a mere handful are restored, and only one of these completely.

MILDRED HOWIE



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Was it knowledge of their embattled status that lured us to them? Or a belief that nothing gives a clue to the inner life of a world long-vanished so truly as a home? Mosques we'd visited aplenty, and Cairo's are among the loveliest in all Islam; but we wanted to get at something more intimate, less to do with people's ways of formal worship and more with how they simply lived.

And so we immersed ourselves in Edward Lane's nineteenth-century classic *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians,* still the best introduction to the look and feel of the medieval Cairene home; took a reprint of the map from the long-defunct *Comité de la Conservation de l'Arte Arabe* as our guide; made the Creswell library of Islamic scholarship at American University in Cairo our base camp, and set out. No signs or nameplates showed the way, only a small green metal disc affixed to the structure and dustily inscribed with an Arabic number that signaled its inclusion on the old *Comité*'s list. As for other tourists, there were none. Almost without exception Cairo's most venerable *bayts* languish in neighborhoods well outside the border of any common tourist map.

Nothing drew us deeper into this troubled city and made us more appreciative of its lost greatness and its present pain than this tour of its old houses: the endurance and beauty they continue to exhibit under pressure are the same qualities of grace and staying power that make Cairo, against all the odds, one of the most compelling, confoundingly likable cities in the world.

The typical Islamic mansion from the fourteenth through the early nineteenth century is an introverted affair whose high walls and hooded windows spurn the casual glances of the passer-by, and whose labyrinthine entranceway, right-angling behind the massive door, gives no hint of the brilliant courtyard at its conclusion.

Deep in the center of the stone enclosure, this tiled, leafy courtyard strikes the visitor with the force of a little Eden. No accident, since the private Arab home was intended to anticipate the pleasures of the hereafter. Indeed, the Koranic word for paradise, *firdows,* derives from the Persian *faradis,* which means an enclosed garden.

In Arabic folklore the involuted cool interior of the city house is a landscape



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of enchantment and secrecy. Follow the airy loggia of any *bayt* into the sheikh's open-fronted salon, ascend the stone steps to the women's harem quarter and step up again into the lofty living room, or *qa'a:* no room rests on the same level as any other or opens to a direct view of the next. Traditional materials of marble masonry and wood ensure coolness, while courtyards and ventilated two-story halls not only circulate the precious breezes but also, in Islamic belief, represent the mercy of God coming from the sky. Even the windows of the harem that overlook the courtyard are shaded with the lacy, hand-turned wood screens called *meshrebeeyeh,* which, like the women's veils that block any intrusive gaze, serve to ensure the privacy of the occupants. Corner cupboards turn out to be secret hiding places, and hidden stairwells, which the sheikh could scuttle down when threatened with arrest or assassination, are not uncommon.

Even the intimate spaces served a multiplicity of functions: the bedroom (mosquito netting and a roll-up mat) could be moved from rooftop to *qa'a,* the dining room (a folding wooden table and a copper tray) ferried from harem to loggia, depending on wind and weather. A room could be used for any purpose—eating, sleeping, conversing—as the occasion demanded. Stationary furniture would have disturbed the rhythms of a languid and flexible lifestyle that referred back to its nomadic roots.

Yet for all the apparent contrast between the tranquil repose of the house and the clangorous life of the street, the two are spiritual cousins. Like the *bayt,* the streets of medieval Cairo eschewed wide-open public spaces (too reminded to the first town dwellers, perhaps, of the death-dealing desert) in favor of meandering turns and intricate detours. Like the *bayt* with its walled-in courtyard, the narrow, multiple-angled streets cut the glaring sun and held the shade. Finally, like the *bayt,* the structure of medieval Cairo was essentially defensive: high walls around and within the city and gates between them that slammed shut at night.

The loveliest and most typical of the few remaining houses is the late-sixteenth-century Bayt al-Suhaymi, halfway down an alley no wider than a team of camels. Tourists seldom venture



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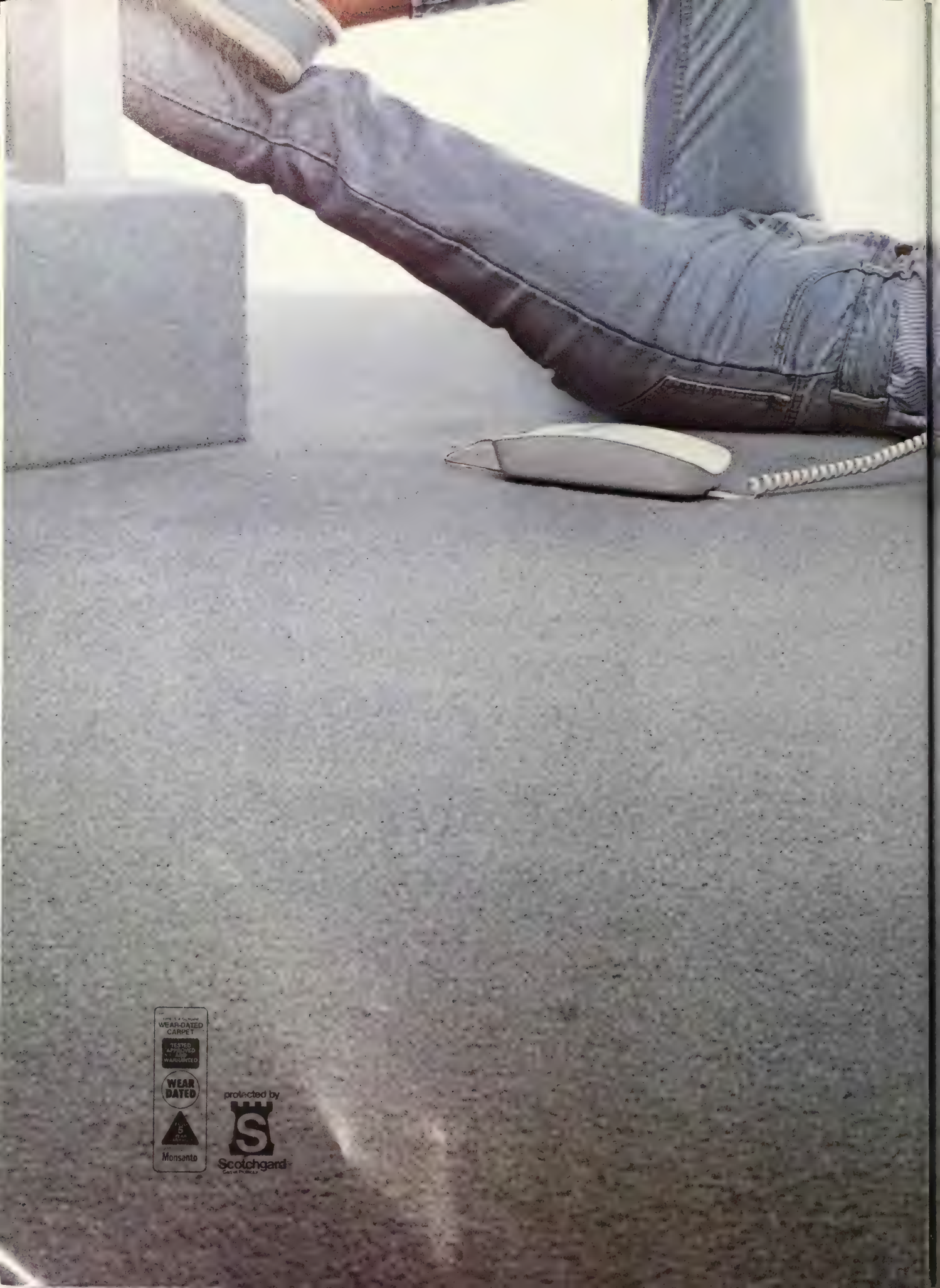
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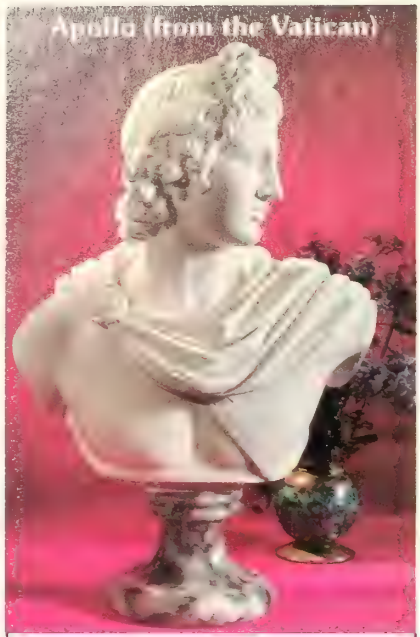
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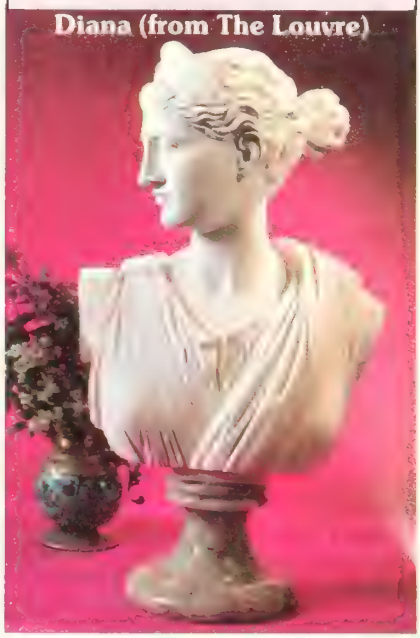
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into this merchant's estate since the notice given it in guidebooks is cursory at best; but a hundred years ago this was a place of pilgrimage for artists, so emblematic was it thought to be of domestic Ottoman architecture. Thus, we are pleased to hear the young Egyptian painter we find in the *qa'a* explain, "This house feels alive to me. It is not like a museum at all. In every room there is beauty because you feel the presence of those who lived here."

He's right: more than any of the others, the hundred-room al-Suhaymi spurs the imagination to reveries of Romantic Orientalism—visions out of Delacroix of veiled women on divans sipping mulberry sherbet, indolent sheikhs drawing on long-stemmed *narghiles*. The stillness is palpable: the only moving objects are the dust motes in the shafts of filtered sunlight that pierce the *meshrebeeyeh* windows and throw moiré patterns on marble floors. Porous jugs of cold water at the base of the windows cool the incoming breezes: stand in front of these homemade air conditioners and you'll understand how it is that *meshrebeeyeh* and "sherbet" derive from the same linguistic root.

In al-Suhaymi all is orderly, composed and proportionate, no room too long for its height or too high for its width, the intricacies of the marble inlay in the floors matched perfectly by the Kufic inscriptions that run along the gilded joists overhead. The literal meaning of *harem* is "set apart" or "what is forbidden and cannot be touched"; as we pass from the *qa'a* into this most private chamber and come upon another Cairo artist sketching the fine turnings of the woodwork, lost in the singleness of her vision, the original meaning of that word comes home to us with special force.

A Danish team has undertaken the restoration of this mansion, and their dedication to the task is evident in every room they have tackled. Still, the caretaker observes, it will be years before the renovation is complete. Whole wings await the carpenter's steadying touch, the tilemaker's practiced hand.

The transition to the chaos of the street is as abrupt as a change of elements. A donkey brays, a smithy bangs, and very quickly the mansion with its fine garden and its dreamy painter seems as remote as Oz. A slow-moving cart laden with sugar cane obstructs us; a vendor of fresh-squeezed apricot juice entices us; and by the time we find our way through the back alleys of the Mouski to the *qa'a* of Muhib al-Din al-Mawaqqi, a narrow structure wedged between two storefronts, the enchantment of al-Suhaymi has almost evaporated.



The interior courtyard or *hosh* of Gamal al-Din, a 16th-century house.

All the more reason why Muhibb al-Din should strike us with the force of a cathedral. Here is no progression through a thicket of courtyard, guest rooms, and mazy passageways. The *qa'a* of Muhibb al-Din is the sole chamber still standing out of the six-hundred-year-old palace that was once as long as the street. And what a room it is! Enter an unmarked door, up a dingy stairway, one quick turn, and you have it: a stone oasis, high as a concert hall, domed and banded round with exquisite woodwork; it is a shrill aviary whose birds flit in and out of the half-open globed roof. The overriding effect is of a twilight dream: the penultimate moment in the life of the house and emblem of heroic survival.

Next on our map is the Bayt Mousafirkhana, an eighteenth-century palace not far from the al-Hussein Mosque where Cairenes gather to watch the barefoot Sufis whirl themselves into a trance each Friday after prayers. We pass the incense sellers and the man who pours a cold licorice drink from a huge glass jar strapped to his chest. This is the heart of the Mouski, the nerve center of the ancient city.

A twist, a turn down a path, and suddenly we are in a courtyard overhung with chocolate-colored *meshrebeeyehs* and zebra-striped corbels. No other visitors, only some Egyptian workmen replacing broken stones in the ground-floor reception room. Time has been kind with this relatively recent Ottoman mansion: the gilded crossbeams still gleam with the old rosy burnish;

The Gloria Vanderbilt Bride Doll



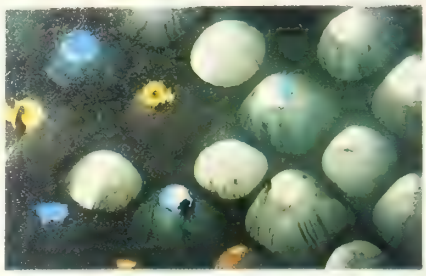
Shown much smaller than actual size of 18″ in height.

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the fretwork that screens a full wall of the inner courtyard is ruddily intact; and the colored bits of glass embedded in the tiny honeycombed white domes above the bath chambers continue to stain the light red and blue. Most striking is the second story *qa'a*, here as in every house, the noblest room of all.

Almost as tall as it is long, the *qa'a* is the aesthetic touchstone of the Arab house. The several levels of its floor suggests a multitude of discrete spaces without the actual pinch of enclosure. The height of the room never oppresses because the eye finds relief at its own level in the repetitions of the marble inlay that wrap around the lower portion of the room like a scarf. Even the arabesques in the paneled ceiling and the gold paint that banners the name of Allah around the top of the room in Koranic figures appear as delicate touches from so many feet below.

At the southern end of our axis stands the oldest mosque in Cairo, a desert-colored, low-lying edifice named after Egypt's governor in the ninth century, Ahmad Ibn Tulun; and nestled against its outer walls is the double mansion Bayt al-Kiridliyyah, better known as the Gayer-Anderson House, after its British owner who restored it between 1935 and 1942 and bequeathed it to the Egyptian government upon his death.



Honeycombed, stained-glass windows in the domed ceiling of Mousafirkhana.

Of all the museum houses none is so lushly furnished as Colonel Gayer-Anderson's Ottoman mansion. The breadth of his taste is impressive, yet it has relatively little to do with Islamic aesthetics. Here is a chamber in the Queen Anne style, a room given over to prints from India, a Persian room with miniatures, a display of Bohemian cut glass, a portrait of the Colonel himself rigged out as the Sphinx! The *qa'a* is a striking hall, but like a bad story it tells you more than you want to know: every inch is covered, nothing left to the imagination. Canopied thrones with ivory panels, *meshrebeeyeh* mirrors, copper trays in every niche, brocaded pillows everywhere: an Orientalist's fantasy at its unrestrained worst, revealing far less about classical Islamic artistic values than about the Colonel's own romanticized notions of Arab excess and decadence. But few could argue that overzealous restoration is worse than no restoration at all. Better the fanciful excesses of Gayer-Anderson than the junkyard with its buried roadster that was the Palace of Yashbak.

Only in the past few years has the influential Egyptian Organization of Antiquities, long biased against its Islamic heritage in favor of the better known Pharonic treasures, sought to redress this imbalance through stiffer laws against illicit demolition.

Much of the restoration activity involving secular structures has been the province of foreign organizations. Archaeological teams from the United States, Poland, Germany, Denmark, and Italy have each singled out a building or a complex in need of help. Some of these projects, like the German-sponsored renovation of the fourteenth-century palace of Amir Bashtak, are rolling along, and the sawhorses and stepladders in the harem are a happy sight.

Certainly there is no good reason why the restoration of Islamic monuments and neighborhood revitalization should not proceed apace. Indeed, one could argue that each goal requires the realization of the other. No one can take pride in his neighborhood if he lacks a full understanding of what it is he is supposed to be proud, and for many residents in Cairo's medieval quarter, the ill-marked monuments are little more than blank-faced mysteries, gray eminences without history or context. To raise these old palaces from the grave will take nothing short of a miracle. But this is Egypt, after all, where bushes burn and oceans break apart at the sound of a single word. In time, Allah willing, miracles could happen again. □

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OFF THE SAUCE

Ingesting culinary wisdom from composer and critic Virgil Thomson

By Moira Hodgson



Virgil Thomson at home cooking up his Thanksgiving dinner, 1980.

American composer and critic Virgil Thomson once called a famous violinist who shall remain nameless the master "of the musical marshmallow." Hoping to hear some of his wit on the subject of food, about which he has very definite ideas, I offered to meet him for dinner. He chose An American Place, a small restaurant on New York's Upper East Side that he likes for their spicy brioche and American menu.

"Nouvelle cuisine," he said as we settled at our table, "is a luxury form of Schrafft's: thin slices of tasteless meat with a sauce underneath. And they're all the same—sometimes there's a cream sauce, but mostly they're espagnole. The more American things are the less danger you have of coming across a *brown sauce*."

Thomson, who was wearing a bow tie and waistcoat, began offering some advice on where to get the best local food: the only good fried chicken in New York comes from his branch of Bojangles near the Chelsea Hotel; if I ever had to stop for lunch or dinner south of Washington, the thing to eat was baked ham.

"The ham is no good west of the Missouri River. West of the Missouri River you stick to steak. Around any county courthouse you always find something pretty good."

Of France, where he has lived on and off since the early twenties he said, "None of the food really agrees with any of the inhabitants—they all always have five bottles of medicine in front of them at the table." On a recent visit to Paris he had eaten an exasperating meal at an expensive restaurant. "It was 'What can we think of next? Peaches with lobster?' And then the lobster sauce is an espagnole. Try to get a nouvelle cuisine dish without a sauce. You won't. They can't cook a simple lamb chop or roast of quail without a sauce. That wouldn't make nouvelle cuisine, you see."

The next day he had gone to a restaurant in the fifteenth arrondissement that served cuisine bourgeoise. The meal met with his approval: "perfectly proper shrimp, rack of lamb that had some taste to it, bread sent in from the country—that sort of thing. And no sauce."

Thomson, who recently turned 88, grew up in Missouri and first went to Paris in 1921, where he studied for a year with Nadia Boulanger, returning in 1925 to stay until 1940. "I felt very at home in Paris because family life was rather like mine: people of all ages nicely dressed with a great deal of attention paid to religion and food. The food was not all that different from our Southern cooking except that there was a greater variety and more things in jelly."

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It was in Paris, with only a small gas burner, that he began to cook. "I asked my concierge, a remarkably fine cook, how to do things. The first dish I asked her how to make was *boeuf à la mode en gelée*. She didn't make it sound hard. So I did it and it came out perfect. I didn't know it was one of the most difficult dishes in French cooking."

Once, returning from the United States, he brought a cheesecake fourteen inches wide from Reuben's and kept it in the refrigerator of the S.S. *Paris*. His concierge waited to taste it until she had tried it on her husband. "He said, '*Ce n'est pas mauvais de tout,*' so that was all right. But one of my French lady friends, an elderly woman, said '*Ça a un bon petit gout de savon.*' ('It tastes like soap')."

On these transatlantic crossings, Thomson always went third class but got a first-class deck chair. His friends invited him to their table for dinner where there were mountains of caviar and then he'd go back to sleep in third class. "In those days, of course, ships had everything that could possibly amuse the customers. Including a whole string of pursers to sleep with the ladies. Ladies get excited by the sea air. The men get a little dampened by it."

Ham is no good west of the Missouri River. West of the Missouri stick to steak

For his first course at An American Place Thomson ordered an uncompromising sauceless dish: a plate of plain New Jersey tomatoes. But when they arrived, the tomatoes were hiding under a layer of sliced raw onions. Thomson immediately asked the waiter to remove the onions. "They are too strong," he said, "After World War I people started eating things with strong flavors: chilis, curries, garlic, pepper, bitter salads. That was not the sort of food you served company, any more than you'd serve corn on the cob for company. But Wanda Landowska (who ate very bland foods because she was always on a diet) was aware of this change in tastes. When you went to her house she would have things cooked for you the way you wanted them. So one day she asked me, "*Vous aimez la cuisine canaille?*"

Thomson first met Gertrude Stein with whom he would collaborate on *Four Saints in Three Acts* in Paris in 1925 when he was taken to her apartment one evening by the composer George Antheil. They got on "like Harvard men." He often ate at Miss Stein's, and later, after her death in 1946, at Alice B. Toklas's. "Alice always had a cook around. Once when she had a lunch for only four people—Janet Flanner and somebody else—she had a whole back half of baby lamb

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roasted for her. She always served very copious things. A gigantic bowl of raspberries or a plate of frozen shrimp for four people that could have fed twelve. One would leave the table and it would look as though it hadn't been touched. I mentioned this once and she said, 'Well, we always did it that way in California.' "

Skipping over to England he related how "Lady Cunard once told me that Mrs. Simpson, who was 'going with' the king, had very imaginative, delicious little things to eat with cocktails. 'To do that,' she said, 'she must have gone into the pantry. We don't do that.' Well, Mrs. Simpson did and she got another husband out of it."

When he settled in New York in 1940 Thomson took an apartment in the Chelsea Hotel, whose tenants have ranged from O. Henry, Thomas Wolfe, and Dylan Thomas to Viva and Sid Vicious; even then it was a fading grand old hotel of the hansom-cab era, with William Morris ironwork, and Pre-Raphaelite carvings on mahogany mantels and wainscots.

His apartment, which is full of paintings and sculptures by such old friends as Florine Stettheimer, Christian Bérard, Leonid Berman, Maurice Grosser, and Hans Arp, has parquet floors covered with Oriental rugs, a baby grand piano, and some Victorian furniture giving it an air he describes as "very English club." The kitchen, a former walk-in linen closet next to the bedroom, has a tiny stove and a small sink. Another walk-in closet in the hall serves as the pantry.

For nearly forty years Thomson had a cook called Wendell to whom he was devoted, but Wendell recently retired to Arkansas. "He had an instinct for cooking, especially frying. When I hired him he had never eaten any fruits or vegetables. Eventually he got so he could even buy cheese. He had never been beyond the fourth grade."

When he gives dinner parties, platters are laid out on the marble-topped dresser by his large bed in which he works. Meals are always eaten at a long black table on white plates embossed with a gold *T* in the red dining room, which doubles as an office, dominated by a large painting of eggs by Maurice Grosser.

Thomson, who feels that more than eight at dinner is a crowd, is an excellent cook himself. "A proper dinner should not have a sauce dish for a main course," he told me firmly. "A proper dinner should have a roast, unless you're having fish and then it should be some kind of fresh, whole fish."

Thomson likes to make roast lamb, or roast wild turkey, served with Maurice Grosser's recipe for plums with framboise, baked beans flavored with olive oil and black coffee, bread pudding, and Jeff Davis pie, a sweet rich pie the filling of which is "not too different from what happens under pecans in pecan pie."

One of his favorite cookbooks is a two-volume work written by the chef of the German Emperor William I, which has copious illustrations on how to make fortifications and picture pieces as well as elaborate rules for planning menus. "For royal dinners with company you serve only fresh fish and hung game. Never barnyard fowl or butcher's meat! That makes sense. And you don't kill them with sauces either. Whenever possible, if your game is well hung, you roast it. You can have a little sauce on the side for those who want it," he added. "Like offering gravy with the mashed potatoes."

When the quail Thomson had ordered for his main course at the restaurant was brought to the table, however, the sauce was not served on the side. He was presented with a large dinner plate on which sliced quail breasts and poached oysters were arranged in a circle, like an assembly of pioneer wagons seen from the air. They were gently afloat on top of a glistening mahogany-colored pool. "The oysters are very good, perfectly cooked." He poked at the quail breast. "This I would describe as nouvelle cuisine . . . brown sauce . . . ." He tasted it. "There it is! It's sauce espagnole!" (Thomson will admit he likes to make sauces "in the dead of winter" and from time to time. "But I like sauces to taste like sauces and not like gunk.")

He did not finish his quail. So when the waiter appeared with dessert he waited rather nervously for Thomson's

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approval of the blueberry crepe. "I make that at home from my mother's recipe," said Thomson, looking across the table at my strawberry shortcake. "The biscuit should be hot, the strawberries cold, and the cream only half whipped. The berries chopped but not mashed, sugared and left to soak a bit. New Yorkers make it with sponge cake. But they don't know how to make biscuits."

He dug his fork into the shortcake. "Let's see how they do it here.... That's the right way! Not too much sugar in the biscuit!

"So many of the old dishes have disappeared: chicken à la King, lobster Newburg, mushrooms under bells. I haven't seen that in years. Put the mushrooms on toast and under the bells, the heat in the oven draws the juice and flavor up from the mushrooms. You've never tasted anything like it. Whitebait has gone too," he said, pausing for a second. "They mustn't get brown, they should be very pale and served with red pepper. At the houses of the very rich you used to get whitebait fried with oyster crabs, no bigger than my nail."

The most remarkable meals he remembered eating were at the house of his patron, Jessie Lasell, who owned estates in Whitinsville, Massachusetts, where Thomson played in the local church one winter. "There may be people today who live like she did but I don't know any. Even in prohibition time they had an extraordinary cellar. I remember one summer there were sixteen people at table and eight wild ducks and all the time she carried on a conversation as she carved the breasts out of the ducks and served them. The breasts were absolutely bloody and quite high. She had a different kind of bread with every course. Koussevitzky would come down from Boston for lunch and there'd be five different kinds of caviar. They would have hunt breakfasts with cream of lobster. I have no idea how the really rich eat these days. During the war I went to dinner and lunch several times at Grace Vanderbilt's house on Fifth Avenue. She would have twenty-four people to lunch and twelve footmen to serve them.

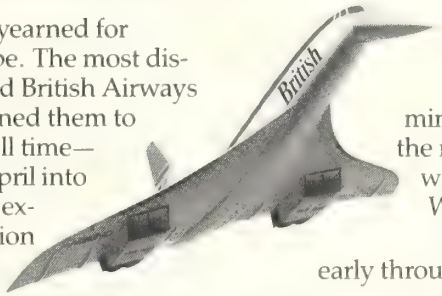
"The food was perfectly good," he added. "But no better than the Ritz." □

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TIME FOR BOULLE

The early clocks of Louis XIV's cabinetmaker have been overlooked and underpriced

By Winthrop Edey



Boulle's Atlas & Hercules globe clock, circa 1710, with calendrical indications around globe; the clockmaker was Thuret.

KEN COHEN COURTESY ROSENBERG & STEIBEL

With the revival of interest in Louis XIV's cabinetmaker, André-Charles Boulle (1642–1732), and the ever increasing knowledge of his life and work, the prices of his monumental clocks, usually of famous models, have been creeping up and up; recognized later models, in fact, are likely to bring anything from $40,000 to at least $191,000 as one long-case clock did two years ago at Monte Carlo. But fine *early* Louis XIV clocks remain astonishingly inexpensive, including ones attributable to the youthful Boulle himself; for example, a beautiful *pendule religieuse* with a unique and exquisitely finished bronze below the dial representing an arcade upheld alternately by herms and terms came up not long ago at Christie's New York, failed to reach the reserve, and was then sold to a dealer for only $5,000. Since Boulle has been cited at intervals from the eighteenth century on as the greatest cabinetmaker who ever lived, this surprising situation begs for an explanation.

Perhaps part of the problem, as the Duchess of Devonshire mentions in her book *The House,* is that boulle is so terribly *foreign:* "it is unsuitable for an English house . . . Too Louis. Yet other French furniture fits in so well." It is true that boulle—anything veneered with marquetry of tortoise shell and metal—when it's clean and sparkling, is very conspicuous and aggressively unlike brown English furniture. Perhaps, on the other hand, it's as the bachelor duke (the sixth) described it in 1844: pieces of "the old furniture called Buhl . . . are beautiful when newly furbished up, but apt to soil, and to get broken, from parts of the inlaid work that will start, however discreetly rubbed." Francis Watson echoes this sentiment in his article on the Duke of Wellington's boulle, saying, "Boulle furniture is little collected today, largely because it is difficult to maintain and much of it has fallen into a sad state of disrepair owing to the great cost of restoration—and, it must be admitted, the absence of skilled restorers." Here indeed is a problem! As if a three-hundred-year-old clock weren't already difficult enough to maintain, the owner of a French one in a heated interior must contend with the snap, crackle, and pop of tortoise-shell and brass tendrils springing off and quivering in the dry winter air as the oak carcass beneath contracts—snagging clothing, waking up the connoisseur in the middle of the night.

But these explanations aren't fully adequate. In this age of humidifiers and climate-control, it's definitely easi-



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er to keep one's boulle safe than in the old days of uncontrolled winter dryness. The unpopularity of early boulle clocks lies rather in their being unrecognized and in the fact that among the general public in America the collecting of Louis decorations is thought to be slightly unsuitable for men. It's well known that in this country today the Louis market is dominated by women, most of whom don't like to be surrounded by many clocks with large dials—especially such somber ones as these, with their severe architectural lines and black velvet dial plates. (French clocks of the later eighteenth century are often small and have a feminine flavor, and are to be found in rooms decorated by women.) Thus they've been rejected by the ladies before being discovered by the men. But if Boulle really did produce some of the most superb furniture of all time this situation isn't likely to last forever, especially now that strides have been made in identifying his work, and the day is bound to come when he'll have his book complete with photographs. Incredible as it must seem, there's still no comprehensive collection of pictures to which the student can turn to get an idea of all or even a representative selection of his models.

Boulle set up shop in 1664 in the Collège de Reims in the Faubourg Ste. Geneviève. In recent years it has become increasingly apparent that a number of clocks dating from the 1660s and 1670s could be tentatively attributed to him. As more have emerged and been studied, their attributions have been reinforced by the fact that nearly all their movements are by only half-a-dozen clockmakers—ones who collaborated with Boulle later in his career, and also all or nearly all (except possibly Martinot) his neighbors, clustered together in the Faubourg St.-Germain. They were Nicolas Gribelin, Balthazar Martinot, Pierre Du Chesne, Mathieu Marguerite, Antoine Gaudron, and Isaac Thuret. However, their names seemed to be the only documentary evidence that the clocks were by Boulle, not much to go on, since these clockmakers also used cases by other casemakers; the attributions remained purely stylistic. But now they have been made firmer by new French research soon to be published by Jean Ronfort, which shows that from the moment Boulle set up shop he began to collaborate with Gaudron, Du Chesne, and Marguerite; and documents from about 1672 and later show him collaborating with Thuret, Gribelin, and Martinot among others. (His address at this early period seems to be unknown, but he's later cited in the rue de la Calandre, and, as clockmaker to the king, may already have had a workshop in the Louvre.) However, there's a clock by Gribelin in a Canadian private collection that seems to be the earliest Boulle clock yet to come to light and must date from well before 1672; and the earliest surviving Boulle clocks by Martinot date from about 1670–75. The French *Mobilier National* possesses one by Claude Raillard; and one by J. Baronneau was sold by Christie's in 1981 for only £2,200.

The style of these first clocks by Boulle conforms to the tradition, insofar as there was one, established by the Paris casemakers during the half-dozen years before he went into business, but they're more elaborate. The great Dutch astronomer Christiaan Huygens had invented and patented the pendulum clock in 1657, transforming clocks from prestige objects of mere decoration into really practical time-telling instruments. The only clockmaker in Holland allowed to make them was Salomon Coster of the Hague. In 1658 a Frenchman went to visit Coster and in the same year arranged with Huygens to be his agent



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Figure of Time Clock, circa 1715–25



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for importing his pendulum clocks to Paris and selling them. This was the clockmaker Nicolas Hanet, who learned how to make them either directly from Coster or by reproducing the ones he imported, and it is fascinating to note that his establishment was in St.-Germain.

Thus it came about that modern French clockmaking began as a neighborhood industry. In November of 1660 Huygens wrote that there were now three or four makers of pendulum clocks in Paris; in addition to Hanet these would have been Thuret, Gaudron, and Marguerite. (One by Gaudron was sold at auction this year for $4,000.) The clocks they made were close imitations of the Dutch ones both inside and out; a simple upright wooden rectangle just a foot tall, ebonized and veneered with ebony, the front being occupied by the velvet-covered dial plate on which was mounted the gilt chapter ring and diminutive engraved signature plaque. These clocks differed from the Dutch model in one striking way: they were mounted with gilt bronze, notably a cast and pierced filigree-like cresting on top. Thus Boulle found himself in the midst of a flourishing new industry when he first opened shop, and he joined right in, capturing the best clockmakers for himself by veneering his cases with marquetry of pewter and red tortoise shell and finely cut moldings of real ebony, and mounting them with exquisitely cast and gilt Corinthian capitals, flaming urn finials, leafy window moldings, feet, and other mounts; and even mounting a sumptuous production for Gaudron with corkscrew ivory columns.

> Modern French clockmaking began as a neighborhood industry

The mention of bronze mounts introduces the complex subject of Boulle as a sculptor, intimately connected with his appointment as *ébéniste du roi* in 1672. Under French law a cabinetmaker wasn't allowed to cast or gild bronzes, and a bronze-worker wasn't allowed to make wooden furniture, but the Crown artisans were exempt from these restrictions and could work in any medium they liked. Thus from 1672 onward Boulle could produce the lavish bronze mounts that are such a distinctive part of his furniture, but the question where he obtained the skimpy little ones he used before this date remains unanswered. Two of his special talents (unique among cabinetmakers in his day) were brought into play at this time: his genius for creating designs that subtly integrate the furniture's overall shape, its marquetry patterns, and its bronzes into a unified whole; and his ability to model the human figure. The earliest such figure that seems to be recognizably his is a relief plaque of an elderly seated Father Time designed to be mounted on the lower part of clock dial plates; the figure leans backward and supports the chapter ring with upraised arms. The theme allowed Boulle to show off his familiarity with the Antique, and he returned to it again and again throughout his life with Atlas and Hercules as well as Time. One of his best-known models of this type is copied from a woodcut by Ugo da Carpi, a print of which was probably in his collection. (The collection, which included works by Mantegna, Raphael, Michelangelo, Poussin, and Rubens, was almost totally destroyed by fire in 1720. Gillian Wilson at the Getty has suggested that Carpi copied the figure from the Pordenone drawing that has recently been sold from Chatsworth.)

Perhaps the next figural subject he took up for a bronze was the Three Fates, arranged in a sort of conversational grouping and, like Time, first used as a dial bronze, later treated in various ways in relief and in the round, over many years. But here we're on the verge of his mature period, of which the grand and monumental productions are now recognized and no longer to be discovered by the impecunious connoisseur, and the innumerable bronzes of which would—and it is to be hoped someday will—fill a book. □



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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson



trompe-l'oeil

■ HOUSING A FIRE What are the conventions of furnishing a fireplace today and how do they relate to the architectural concept of a well-dressed fireplace as it evolved from the seventeenth through the nineteenth centuries? Thanks to a small but unique exhibition at Temple Newsam House near Leeds—about one hundred fifty miles outside London—there will be more attention focused on the topic than ever before. Simon Jervis reports that "Chimney pieces and Fire Furniture" (until March 12) is an exhibition that includes chimney pieces, grates, fenders, firebacks, bellows, and andirons from Knole, Osterley Park, Ham House, Audley End, and several of Robert Adam's great houses in the north of England. Jervis's favorite item is a chimney board painted in the late eighteenth century with a trompe l'oeil of a grate with a fire burning vigorously. Chimney boards provide now, as they always have, a decorative way of putting away the fireplace in summer or blocking off one that doesn't work. A catalogue is available through 999 Bookshop, New York City; (212) 288-9439. ■ WHISTLER'S EYE Under the pretext of the 105th anniversary of James McNeill Whistler's birth the Metropolitan Museum, The Frick Collection, and M. Knoedler & Co. as well as the Freer Gallery in Washington have each recently mounted handsome Whistler exhibitions. The result is a fresh appreciation of his *oeuvre* both as a painter and as an artist who has pronounced views on decoration. These exhibits have reminded us of Whistler's interest in Watteau, in the Orientalisms of the French rococo, as well as in the composition, color, and finishes that he borrowed directly from Oriental sources—from screens from the Edo period, woodcuts by Hiroshige, Japanese shawls, the decoration of Nankin porcelain. Mixing all these metaphors into a modern style that drew on contemporary developments in the English Aesthetic and Arts and Crafts movements, Whistler first drew scorn and eventually praise from the public—though critics such as Ruskin continuously derided his art-for-art's-sake approach. And so we begin to develop a permanent taste for Whistler's work and happily we can count on places where it is always on exhibit. The Oval Room at the Frick is one such place with four full-length portraits. Presiding imperiously over the others is an image of the most fastidious of French aesthetes, the poet and model for Proust's Baron Charlus, Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac. Contained in a long narrow format Montesquiou stands with a gray chinchilla-lined cloak over one arm, and one of the canes for which he was famous on the other. "Why drag in Velasquez?" asked Whistler of these hauntingly elegant portraits in black, white, and gray, but the comparison holds. You have to go to Washington and the Freer to comprehend Whistler's remarkable experiments in decoration.

Robert, Comte de Montesquiou-Fezensac, by J.M. Whistler.



Fireboards in fashion again.



WHISTLER PAINTING COURTESY THE FRICK COLLECTION, N.Y. FIREBOARD, *RIGHT*, COURTESY RUBIN/CESAR

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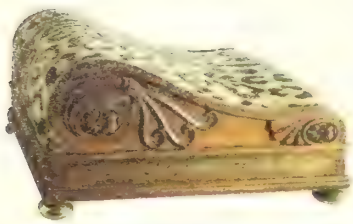




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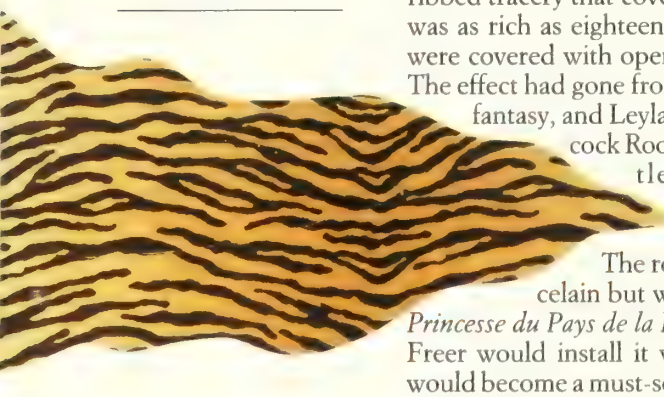
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Animal prints: Jaguar velvet on footstool, *above;* tiger velvet, *below. Right:* 19th-century painting of a boy sitting on a sisal-lined staircase, at Juan Portela. Swatch of sisal superimposed.



They include designs for fans, watercolors of Oriental porcelain and interiors, as well as a wide variety of picture frames. The Freer's most remarkable Whistler possession, however, is the Peacock Room, a porcelain cabinet in the grand tradition that was originally commissioned by Frederick R. Leyland, Whistler's first important patron, an English tycoon with a collection of blue-and-white porcelain. This collection was displayed against leather-lined walls before Whistler got to the room and decided to paint the leather a deep blue-green lacquer with gold decorations—enormous peacocks and stylized leaf and wave designs below. The ceiling was the same color with eight Jacobean lights pointing downward like stalactites from a ribbed tracery that covered the whole thing like a net. The result was as rich as eighteenth-century aventurine lacquer. The walls were covered with open, bamboo-like shelves for the porcelain. The effect had gone from rich-man's Dutch to a British Aesthetic fantasy, and Leyland, oddly enough, didn't like it. The Peacock Room was acquired after Leyland's and Whistler's deaths by Charles Lang Freer, Whistler's second major patron, who didn't collect blue-and-white porcelain. The room exists today at the Freer with no porcelain but with Whistler's Japanesque painting of *La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine* hanging at one end. If only the Freer would install it with blue-and-white, the Peacock Room would become a must-see of the decorative arts on a par with such exotic fantasies as the Music Room at the Brighton Pavilion or the Chinese House at Sans Souci, Potsdam. For more about Whistler's interest in decoration as well as a description of his work in the Freer collection: David Park Curry's excellent, elaborate color catalogue. ■ WILD NEUTRALS Leopard-patterned carpeting has always seemed to be the perfect thing to put on the floor of a room with red walls. These two exotic neutrals formed the basis in the late fifties and the sixties for Diana Vreeland's office at *Vogue.* At the same time, Madeleine Castaing was using leopard-like carpet even in the *country,* in a sitting room with black Regency furniture and Napoleon III upholstered seats and walls a pale blue with clouds. Today the fashion seems to have a fresh thrust. Albert Hadley uses a panther-patterned runner bound in red to go up stairs. Vincent Fourcade uses three different animal-skin patterns in three adjacent rooms. Ten years ago when it became insensitive and finally illegal to use real leopard and other exotic skins for coats or upholstery, a wildly expensive tiger or leopard velvet became popular for benches, footstools, and chairs that didn't require much fabric. Charles de Bestegui and others of his era did it first, but the taste for the same sort of thing has never been more widespread than it is today. Another high-style fashion from twenty years ago has also managed to work its way into general usage. It is said that it was Billy Baldwin who first used sisal carpeting in a "serious" room when he did a flat for Kitty Miller in London in the sixties. The Giovanni Agnellis still use it when they haven't found an old rug they like. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort have it both in London and in the country.





At Clifton Nurseries: ornamental column, *left;* stone satyr, *above.*

FOOTSTOOL PHOTOGRAPH, SYLVIA SARNER. COLUMN AND SATYR, RICHARD DAVIES. PAINTING WITH SISAL SWATCH, PETER MAUSS / ESTO

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CERALENE
THE FRENCH PORCELAIN FROM LIMOGES.

Manufactured and decorated in Limoges by A. Raynaud & Cie.

Bloomingdale's
Marshall Field's
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And so increasingly do the rest of us. In the past sisal or rush matting was used in the summer when the "real" carpets were put away: Juan Portela has a painting of a little boy on a stairway with a sisal runner that makes the point. Jute, coir, and sisal are three different fibers that tend to be lumped together but each has different properties and advantages. Jack Lenor Larsen, Patterson, Flynn & Martin, and Stark Carpet all have a wide range. Cowtan & Tout carries the $500-plus-a-yard tiger velvet. Patterson, Flynn & Martin and Stark also carry a variety of leopard- and panther-patterned carpeting. ■ ONE ROTHSCHILD'S STYLE It's not all that ordinary even in a family as exotic as the Rothschilds to have a talent for sophisticated finance and a strong aesthetic sense developed in one individual. Jacob Rothschild has both in equal measure, and for a long time, other careers have run parallel to his banking—as a picture dealer, owner of Colnaghi, and as the owner of Clifton Nurseries, a fashionable but down-to-earth landscape-gardening enterprise virtually in the middle of London. Clifton's chairman, Lord Drogheda, himself a fanatic gardener, told us about Rothschild's recent innovations—a high-Victorian folly that serves as garden-tool and potted-plant shop, garden statuary, the know-how to execute strongly architectural gardens. Most recently Jacob Rothschild has bought a part of Colefax & Fowler, and soon enough and from a single source clients can seek design advice for both indoors and out. Clifton Nurseries, 5A Clifton Villas, Warwick Avenue, London; tel: (01) 289-6851. Ask for Mr. Miller or Mr. Shanley. ■ PORTUGAL AND PORCELAIN, a loan exhibition at The Metropolitan Museum of Art until March 10, is full of delights and surprises and will interest aficionados of rare porcelains, those entranced by Chinese porcelain and students of the first direct contacts between the Far East and West, which for over a century rested in the hands of the Portuguese (1498–1600). According to the exhibition's curator, Jessie McNab, "every ship arriving in Lisbon after 1522 carried a third of its cargo in porcelain and the exhibition illustrates the range in quality of the porcelains brought to Portugal in such great quantity. There are pieces from Imperial kilns such as a rice bowl given to Queen Elizabeth I in 1588 and a deep bowl owned by her great minister Lord Burghley, both silver-mounted in London, as well as the common porcelains made in provincial kilns and exported through the port of Swatow intended mainly for Eastern destinations. There are also some rare pieces made in China for Portuguese clients like the communal rice bowl decorated with Buddhist lions and Christian symbols made for a Jesuit College. Rarely seen outside Portugal is Lisbon faience of the seventeenth century made in response to the stimulus of the imported porcelain, represented by six pieces, and the rarissimo medallic plaques made in the 1770's in the Lisbon arsenal by military engineers and artists, Portugal's very first step into porcelain making. A full exploration of the first hundred years of the Vista Alegre porcelain factory founded in 1824 concludes the review of the little-known continuum of Portugal's experience of porcelain. In sum, I suspect what this exhibition achieves is a chance to muse on the distinct flavor of Portuguese style, which runs like a connecting thread through all the parts, even in those pieces enamelled in the eighteenth century in Canton for Portuguese clients. It is refined and delicate, yet opulent and robust transmuting into something specifically Portuguese even the most diverse of external formulae." The catalogue is $6.95 and handsome. □





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ENDANGERED NATURE

We pay a heavy but little understood price when we cause the disappearance of ecosystems or even single species of plants

By Anthony Huxley



Fragile tropical rain forests are disappearing at the rate of 53.37 acres every minute

A great deal has been written recently about natural plant cover lost to forest destruction, erosion, desertification, salination, and pollution. Most of this devastation is a long way from home and seems quite unreal to many of us.

What trouble *are* plants in, I can indeed hear some people asking. There are plants all round which seem O.K.—even if we live in towns there are grass and trees in the parks, flowers in the yards, exotics in the botanic garden, house plants in our apartments; in the country beyond woods, prairies, forests—the fifty United States, indeed, are lucky in having examples of all kinds of plant community in their vastly varying climates. But even in the U.S., things have changed drastically since white settlers first came to North America. Then they found virtually virgin land with a small Indian population, which—like most "primitive" peoples—obtained what they needed without ever destroying their environment. An early traveler described riding across prairies where "the strawberries grew so thick that their horses' fetlocks seemed covered in blood." Strawberries don't grow so thick anywhere now, and though there are still prairies full of wild flowers, woodlands with orchids and wake-robins, every year they become fewer and sparser. Prairies are plowed for wheat or corn or soybeans, woods are bulldozed, natural forests cut for timber and replaced with one-of-a-kind plantations.

Sometimes introduced plants overwhelm those which were first there. This is happening in Florida, and especially the Hawaiian islands, famous for their endemics—plants found nowhere else (they have the highest level of endemism in the world)—which now have a roll call of extinct or dangerously threatened species as man-introduced invaders like lantana remorselessly smother them.



Endangered in South Africa: the giant *Aloe pillansii.*

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Such forces act on top of all the destruction of natural land for dwellings, manufacturies, roads, airports, dams, hypermarkets, let alone agriculture—the effect of which on the Middle West, poignantly evoked in Steinbeck's famous *Grapes of Wrath,* is now a fading lesson for new generations. Pollution of many kinds from man's activities, in air, land, and sea, insidiously carry on the attack on plant life. Acid rain now reaching the Appalachians, for instance, has been described as possibly "the ecological catastrophe of the century" for the States.

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the rape of the cactus lands of the south, where unscrupulous and illegal "hauling" of wild specimens is bringing on extinctions by the score. Except in the case of cacti and succulents, bulbs in Europe, and orchids worldwide, obtaining plants for garden use has however not greatly increased the destruction of wild species.

Farther afield greater disasters engulf natural environments. Earliest victims of lack of forethought—glaring but ignored exemplar—were the savannas of central Africa, areas of grassland with scattered trees and a balance of humans, animals, and plants. These have succumbed to overgrazing as human populations rose, and now display a vicious circle of the first magnitude as trees are eaten by cattle, camels, and goats, and burned for firewood to cook with. Take away the trees and rain will not fall, take away the grass and soil blows or washes away; one way and another, the desert returns, the animals disappear, and starvation faces literally millions in the Sahel band across Africa, with its effects seeping farther south in rainless seasons.

The effect of tree cutting on the world's climate is not easily quantified but there is no doubt that it is considerable. A dense, deep, steamy-hot rain forest gives off an incredible amount of water vapor as its trillions of leaves transpire in the magic process of photosynthesis, which only plants can carry out. The water vapor gathers above and in due course comes down again in tropical downpours. As the forest is cut and plantations created up to its flanks, the rain recedes, soaking the remnants of rain forest but not its surroundings, even if they are, say, rubber-tree plantations.

Now man is cutting tropical rain forests at an ever-increasing rate. This is done for timber and wood pulp, in Brazil for establishing cattle ranches to provide ever more steaks and hamburgers, in Indonesia to contain resettlement, in Africa and Malaysia for charcoal (ever think what you are burning in your barbecues?), and in other places to replace the jungle trees with immediately useful ones like rubber, oil palms, bananas, not to mention crops like sugar cane. The Brazilians indeed are growing sugar cane not for food but to provide "gasahol," a mix of plant alcohol and petrol, with which to keep their cars going.

The rate of destruction has been estimated, worldwide, at 22 hectares (54 acres) *per minute*. With rain-forest trees growing perhaps ten to twenty feet apart, that's an awful lot of trees, and it amounts to an area about the size of Wyoming being deforested every year. One plant in ten of the world's estimated 250,000 species is endangered.

The rain forest is a specially unique assemblage because individual trees are very widely scattered; there may be hundreds of different species but only one or two of a kind in each square mile. The trees are homes to great quantities of epiphytes—plants lodg-



ing upon them—like orchids, bromeliads, and ferns, to lianas of many kinds, and to vast concourses of living creatures from large mammals and birds to snakes, frogs, lizards, and insects.

Even worse than in savanna, the destruction of rain forest leads very quickly to irreversible erosion because the topsoil—unlike that of a temperate woodland—is very shallow indeed, a matter of inches. Below it, a deep layer of rock fragments, usually with every mineral washed out of them, will be turned to concrete-like laterite by the effect of rain and sun if the topsoil goes—and this happens in a trice once the trees are felled.

If trees are cut on mountain watersheds, as in India and China, similar horrors occur. The rain, no longer soaked up by the forest "sponge" of humus-rich soil held in place by roots, cuts huge gullies where there were streams, erodes riverbanks, causes flooding hundreds of miles away, and takes the precious soil far out to sea.



Shallow layer of topsoil that supports a tropical rain forest.

Safe in our own towns and countrysides—the latter mostly enormously changed by mankind's activities, but stable for the present—we must wonder what can be done about all this change for the worse which is literally destroying the face of the world. Well, we are now partway through the World Wildlife Fund's Plants Campaign, an eighteen-month program which goes on until October.

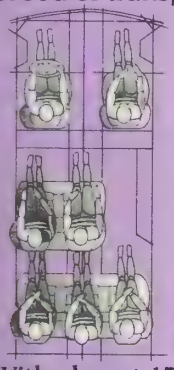
The W.W.F. is well known for its campaigns to save certain animals, like the panda (which is its emblem) and the Indian tiger. But quite recently it has sunk in that it's little use trying to save an individual animal species without safeguarding its natural habitat, which often consists of large areas of a particular kind of vegetation. The recent plight of wild pandas in China may have helped to bring this home. They have been starving to death because their food plants, the bamboos, were dying out after one of their periodic bouts of mass flowering (a botanical conundrum in itself); and the bamboo forests have been so cut up into small parcels by farming that the pandas could not travel from one enclave to another where different kinds of bamboo might be available.

However, like saving the panda, saving individual plants—say a rare and spectacular orchid, let alone a very rare plant of no special beauty like Furbish's lousewort which prevented a U.S. dam being built—is tinged with a

TONY MORRISON, SOUTH AMERICAN PICTURES

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kind of scientific sentimentality. Saving a prairie full of beautiful flowers, which perish if the land is fertilized to make it good grazing, or saving a rain forest with its extraordinary assemblage of life forms (which few of us are ever going to actually see) has by some been considered in the same light. Financiers, entrepreneurs, politicians, looking on the one hand for the quick buck and on the other to the need for providing ever-increasing populations the wherewithal to live, have a tiny bit of excuse if they push it. Destruction of this sort, they can say, with massive extinctions of plants and animals, has happened before in geological time.

One can only reply that mankind has, in some ten thousand years, accelerated the rate of extinction from perhaps one species in a thousand years to at least one species a day.

What the W.W.F. Plants Campaign is all about is to emphasize that we should not just be considering saving a flower because it is pretty or a plant-rich landscape because it provides solace for the richer elements of the world's population who can afford to enjoy it on holiday—but because in principle the world's wild plants have so much to offer the human race. Plants, first of all, are food, for us and our meat-providing animals; not just those crops so extensively grown like wheat, corn and rice, but lots of other small-scale ones, some even which can be harvested wild. Next, plants provide medicines; it has been hard for the West to realize that plant-based drugs can be as valuable as the modern synthetics, and we forget these were based on an original herbal knowledge dating back thousands of years, and still the only kind of medicine that huge numbers of the human race can afford.

Of other products, timber is perhaps the most valuable, but plants also provide fibers, latex, gums, oils, resins, dyes, fats, oils, and waxes, an endless vegetable lexicon of uses that enter the most modern technology. One of the worst things about present-day vegetation destruction is that half the plant species being destroyed are not properly identified, let alone examined for their value to use.

The slogan of the Plants Campaign is "Saving the Plants that Save Us," and its first objective is to make people aware of the facts, problems, and possible solutions to this terrifying environmental situation. Among these solutions are to help breed food crops which will yield more heavily and stand up better to pest and disease attack; to encourage the growing or harvesting of many more local food plants perhaps better suited to a specific place than the rice or wheat strains suggested by big business; and to select or breed plants which will provide food and other valuable products in marginal situations like dry and saline deserts. Much of this depends on conserving the wild genetic resources in plants allied or ancestral to present-day crops.

Funds from the W.W.F. Campaign will help map and manage existing plant reserves and their internal resources, and set up new ones. Such work must help us make use of all the wastelands we have created and stop the cutting down of more forests and the plowing of more prairies. We don't need to do these things any more. We can feed and clothe the world, and provide it with fuelwood, from what we've got already—if we could only agree on the means. Perhaps the most sobering thought for the country which has achieved so much in space exploration is that we now know more about the moon, Mars, and Saturn than we do about the Colombian rain forest.

All the W.W.F's objectives could be achieved for the cost of a few spaceships. The planets will be there in twenty years' time; if we don't do something about it *now* the rain forests will not be. With the loss of the world's trees, no one knows what the effects would be on the global climate and our own well-being. And do we want our children never to see what we take for granted—a rain forest, a cactus desert, an alpine meadow, a savanna full of wildebeest, lions, and elephants; a Venus's-flytrap, a slipper orchid, a pitcher plant? This is our green inheritance: it can—it *must*—be saved. □

Anthony Huxley, in cooperation with the World Wildlife Fund, has written a book called Green Inheritance, *which will be published by Doubleday this spring. Proceeds from it will go to the Plants Campaign. It is packed with pictures, facts, and figures which amplify this article in every way, and really makes one see how extraordinary and wonderful plants are and how indispensable to the world and everyone in it they are. For further information please write World Wildlife Fund, 1601 Connecticut Ave., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20009.*

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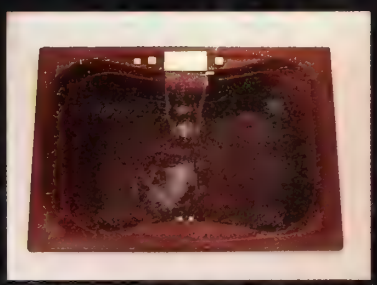
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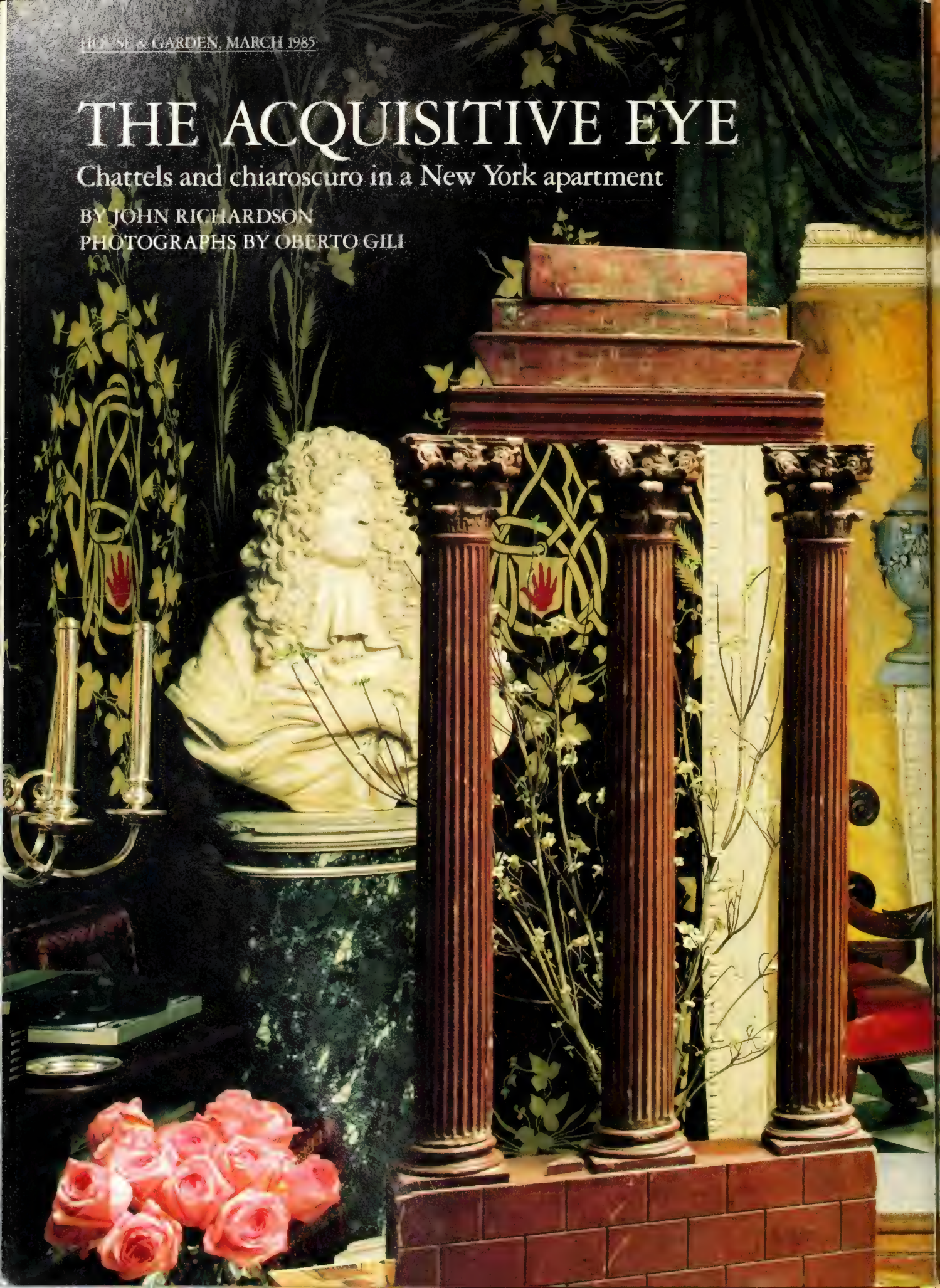
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HOUSE & GARDEN, MARCH 1985

THE ACQUISITIVE EYE

Chattels and chiaroscuro in a New York apartment

BY JOHN RICHARDSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI





Nineteenth-century Aubusson tapestries made for an English family frame the door leading from living room into front hall; needlepoint coat of arms of Queen Anne hangs in center. Baroque 17th-century Florentine bust is to left of marble model of Temple of Castor and Pollux. Against yellow faux-marbre hall walls by English wood-grainer Malcolm Robson is one of pair of 18th-century lead urns. William IV mahogany chair is on left and on right, hall table signed Cannabas.



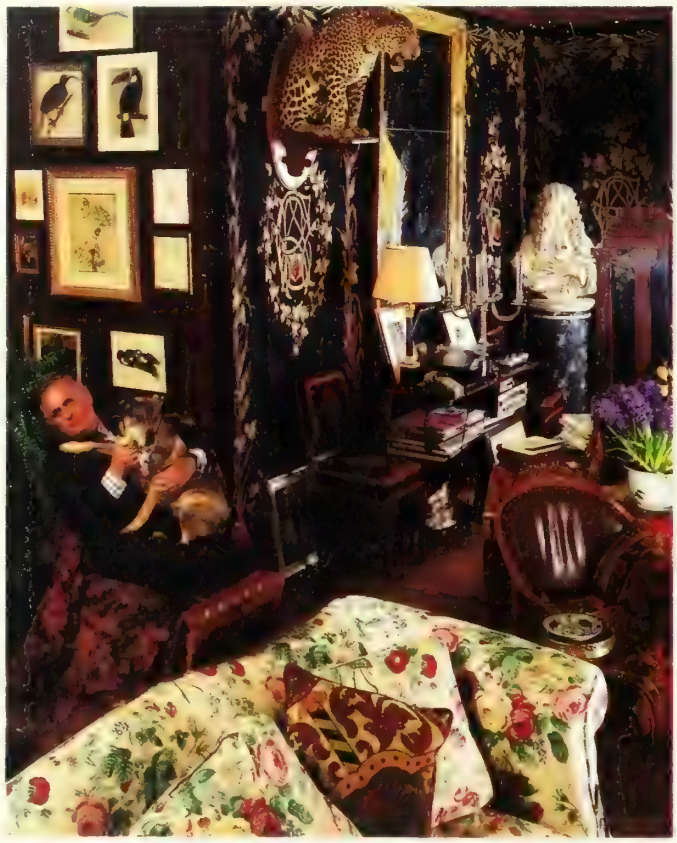
In the living room, next to cinnabar lacquer vase on the table in foreground is a painting by Simon Bussy. On the table in front of 18th-century blue brocade curtains made for an English country house is a collection of antique sculpture and bronzes, among them the large 1st-century bust of man from Asia Minor. On the right, mirror contrived of carving after Grinling Gibbons hangs behind two Tibetan copper-and-brass horns and 19th-century Chinese vases.


OPEN

My first glimpse of New York, some 25 years ago, left me no option: this was where I had to settle. But how was a foreigner with few contacts, little cash, and no job to achieve this? And where to live? A decent apartment was way beyond my means. Still I looked around on the chance that the land of opportunity would live up to its name. It did. Like a child in a fairy tale, I was lucky enough to meet two enchanting giantesses who dwelt in a pink brownstone in the East Seventies. Their building turned out to be for sale at a modest price and, unbeknownst to the landlord, the two bottom floors were about to be vacated. Why didn't we buy the place, take out a mortgage, and form what would be the smallest co-op in New York? The ground-floor duplex would cost $12,500, cheap even in 1960.

By realizing my only asset—a very early, very minor Picasso—the money was raised. Furniture was no problem, thanks to a roommate who had inherited a household of once-pretty things from a tasteful uncle. Their faded grandeur worked well with the high ceilings and seedy stylishness of the rooms—more like London than New York. The only disadvantage was the "railroad" layout. Although I had always longed to live in an enfilade of rooms, I had never envisaged this as a series of mostly windowless boxcars. No question about it, the place had to be gutted.

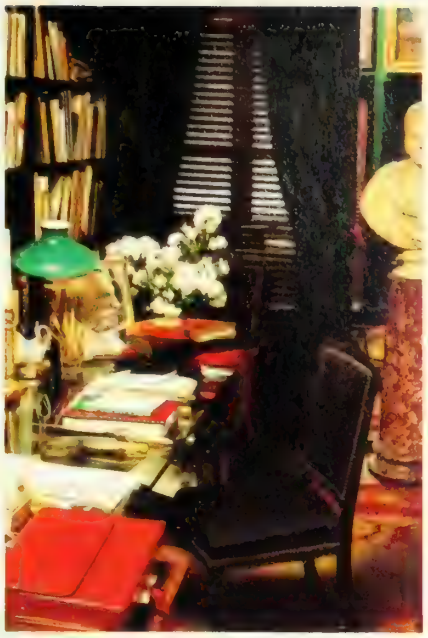
To save money, we borrowed crowbars and axes and gave a wrecking party. However wrecking soon gave way to frescoing, for the guests—many of them painters—discovered that the previous tenants had left behind an abundance of mixed media: charcoal in the living-room grate, colorful condiments on a kitchen shelf, and eyebrow pencils and nail varnish in a bathroom closet. In no time Ellsworth Kelly had decorated the dining room walls with monumental still lifes—fruit dishes in the manner of Braque executed in Worcestershire sauce and mustard, apples and pears in ketchup and Tabasco. So masterly were these decorations that I consulted a restorer to see whether preservation was feasible. Alas, no. Nor for different reasons was it possible to perpetuate the gigantic nudes—Giulio Romano interpreted in charcoal, rouge, and nail varnish—with which another gifted friend, Onni Saari, covered the living-room walls. As the wrecking party had gathered momentum, so had Onni's imagination; and his caryatids had come to life with such erotic abandon that the artist was obliged to spend the following day desperately doing his best to erase them.



John Richardson and Rosie, *above,* in front of drawings by Simon Bussy, Hans Bellmer, and Drian among others. *Opposite,top, left to right:* In the living room, 19th-century Italian marble vase against Charles II mirror; in the study, a 19th-century bust of an English nobleman; detail of 19th-century needlework pouf next to 19th-century paisley tablecloth. *Center, left to right:* Drawing by Picasso under painting by Braque; detail of Empire bed and 19th-century screen; over the bed hangs a portrait of Damia by Bérard and portrait of a woman by Ambrose McEvoy. *Bottom, left to right:* Photograph of William Michael Rossetti by Julia Margaret Cameron; snake lamp by Federico de la Vega; detail of 18th-century Sicilian sofa on needlepoint rug.

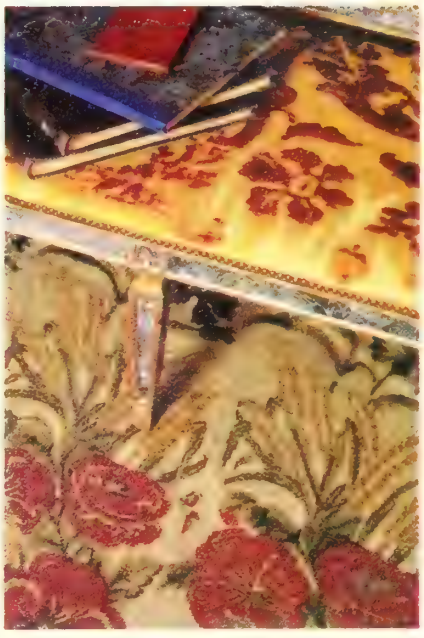
The gutting process left two good-sized (30 by 18 feet)—rooms and two smaller ones—enough space to ensure the roommate (a practicing baritone) and myself a minimum of togetherness. Over the next two years the apartment developed a cozy, bohemian character of its own. And then, all of a sudden, the roommate up and left—with a married lady and, less providentially, the uncle's pretty things. I wouldn't have minded if the pretty things had not included all the light bulbs, mops, and brooms—items that were sorely needed when I returned from a trip to London and found my new home dark, filthy, and bare except for a roll-top desk and a steel campaign bed rusting in a foot of flood water. Sell the place, sensible people advised. But I was hooked on the thrills of New York life, also constitutionally unable to resist the challenge of empty rooms. Friends rallied round and contributed everything from Sèvres plates to a lethal toaster. And I learned to scavenge the sidewalks of the Upper East Side on Wednesday evenings, before the Salvation Army trucks arrived—hence some passable paneling and a couple of rickety but good chairs that subsequently sold rather well. A good thing I had the usual English penchant for objects that had been patinated by wear and tear and time.

At this juncture I was lucky enough to land the job of running the U.S. branch of *(Text continued on page 212)*





On the mahogany-colored flocked wallpaper in living room a collection of drawings and prints by Picasso, Braque, Juan Gris, Nadia Léger, and Mucha are to left of fireplace with its two narwhal tusks; to the right, part of *Bandits in a Landscape* by Salvator Rosa. A 19th-century English club fender is in front of fireplace.



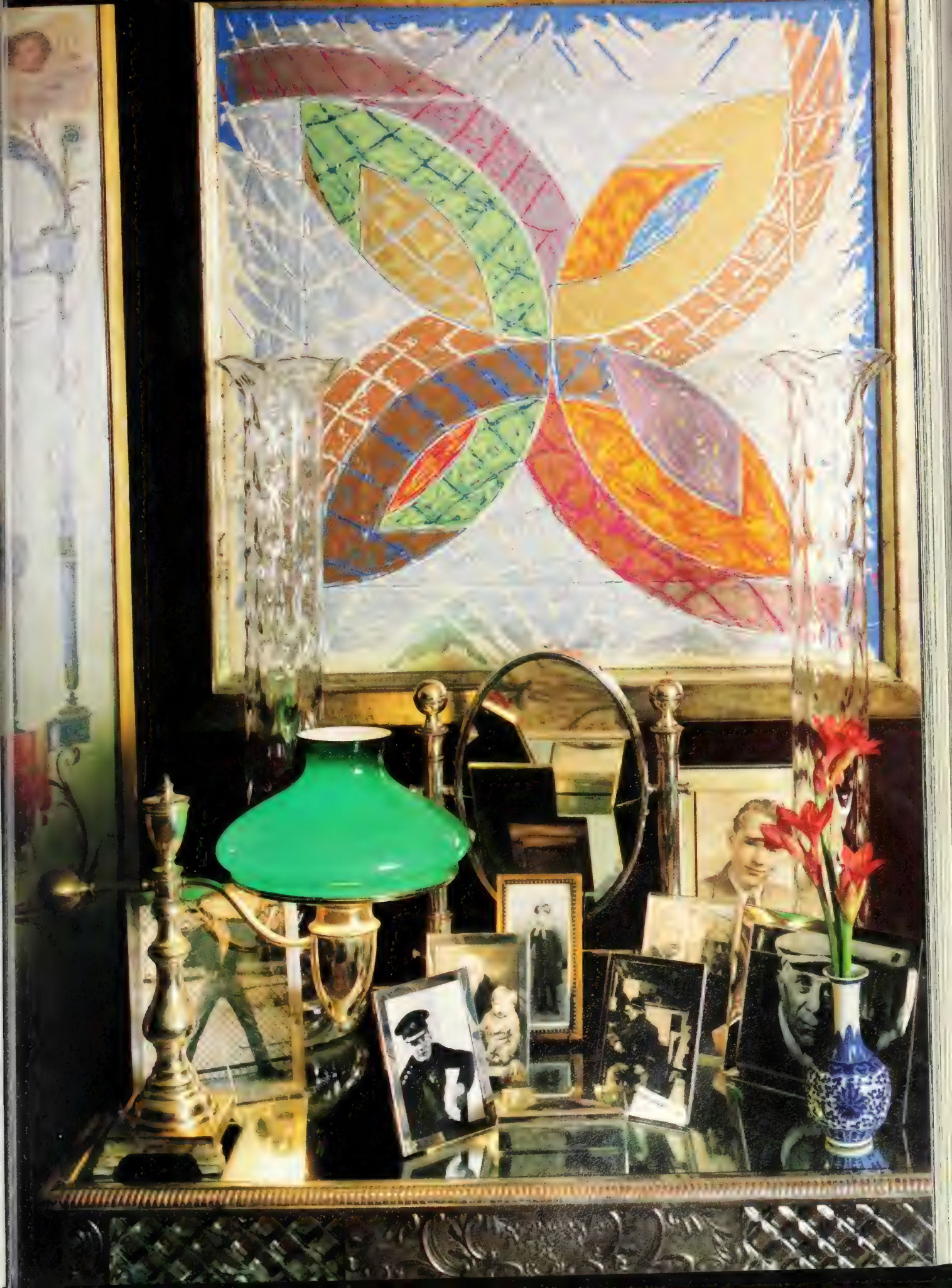




The dining table, *left,* is surrounded by architectural drawings; a photograph of Queen Alexandra is at the foot of Empire bed. *Opposite:* A Frank Stella hangs over 19th-century silver-plated console made for the Indian market.



An 18th-century Sicilian sofa of *verre églomisé, left,* faces the dining-room table and, behind, a pair of 1st-century Roman busts of members of the Imperial family frame the French doors leading to a garden; on the right is Second Empire painted screen in style of Bérain.



FOR THE SAKE OF ART

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALTHAZAR KORAB



A helicopter view clarifies architect Ulrich Franzen's organization of this house for Collectors, which is set on a greensward platform lifted from swampy ground about six feet. The property is only two acres but ingeniously gives impression of much larger space. David Acheson was project architect.



Architect Ulrich Franzen's design for a collecting couple is a cube split in two

Traced back to its beginnings, it was the fault of Jean Dubuffet that the huge-looking house was built in a two-acre neck of the woods almost within the sound of the ocean. Dubuffet is many things in one—painter, draftsman, master of media known only to himself, environmentalist, sometime semiarchitect, and quite possibly the best living stylist in the French language. Apart from all that, he is a man who keeps his friendships in good repair.

Some six or so years ago in Paris, Dubuffet talked to an American visitor about a structure—"house" is not quite the word, or so it seemed then—that he had built to go within another structure. Dubuffet loves doing things of that sort, and when you want to go inside those structures you have to take off your shoes, as if you were in the Far East, and put on your dark glasses, because the white light within is likely to be blinding, and slither around until you either fall over or come out the other side.

This particular structure was one of his most beguiling, but he didn't have a home for it. Maybe an American museum would like it? Barely was the thought formulated than his American visitor spoke up. "*I* should like it," he said.

"Don't be ridiculous," Dubuffet said. "What could you possibly do with that house in New York?"

Well, it was true that it wouldn't fit in New York. Nor did his American friend have a house in the country. But as he and his wife made the round of the Palladian villas near Venice, their thoughts came back and back to the Dubuffet structure. It wasn't so much a house as an inner room, but they had to have it. They called Paris.

"It's folly," said Dubuffet, and they could almost see his characteristic grimace. "Absolute folly. But if you really want it, you can have it for the cost of construction."

So it was shipped to New York in its component parts, and it sat there in a warehouse, eating up money. "We need land," they said to themselves. As they were habitual sailors who made nothing of a long haul on weekends, they wanted land near the ocean. The land that they bought was low, swampy, and densely wooded, given to flooding and not expensive. They had someone pour a concrete base for the Dubuffet, and they had someone else make a door and some windows for the house (as it was now called). Given that every shape in the Dubuffet was erratic in the highest degree, that was a neat trick, but they got it done.

So there it was, on the edge of the forest—a structure

Julian Schnabel's untitled vase column, *left,* occupies one corner of the front garden. *Opposite:* Entrance façade looking into central tree-filled atrium. Gray-carpeted double staircase has balustrade of bent steel. Bold pattern of granite in geometrical, classical pattern borrowed from Palladio.







The house looks like the Crystal Palace — the door opens onto a glass-roofed atrium that rises to full height — but it also has the feeling of a loft building, with high spaces, low spaces, and open spaces all together



Jim Dine's bronze sculpture, *The Arch, opposite,* inhabits the wild part of the property bordering on the pond. In this area the owners have encouraged local wild flowers by additional planting. *Above:* A closer view of the entrance shows floor of charcoal gray, pepper-and-salt gray, dark red, and white granite with white marble trim. Staircase was considered by architect Franzen to be "like a piece of furniture dropped into a big space. It's done like cabinetwork."



Louise Nevelson's steel sculpture, *Frozen Laces-Five, above,* sits near the front entrance of the house like a large, friendly beast. *Opposite:* Looking down from the second floor onto the central open space of atrium and sitting area. Franzen saw the basic conceptual scheme "as an interior space with a garden in it." Owners seldom use the intimate curved sofa at left, finding the larger space unexpectedly congenial. Austrian Art Deco armchairs.

like no other, made of cast epoxy like a boat, but with every sort of crazy twist and tilt and turn. It was irrationality made visible, palpable, inhabitable.

To their friend the architect Ulrich Franzen, the Dubuffet was a challenge. Without some kind of dialogue with the Dubuffet, whatever else was built on that site would make no sense. There were only two acres to work with, but they were acres fraught with possibility. They had thick trees around them, they had the gleam of moving water that led directly to the ocean, and they had a kind of untamed awkwardness. Asymmetry was the key to those acres, so Franzen began by having the Dubuffet taken apart and built all over again a little to the side of what would be the main axis of the estate.

All that remained was to build a house that was eloquent but regular, humane but closely ordered, monumental but intimate. To design that house was another neat trick, but Ulrich Franzen put his mind to it. First, he decided to raise the living-land, as distinct from the surrounding landscape, by some eleven feet. In this way he had a kind of podium on which a house, pool, terrace, and works of art could be hoisted as if onto a stage.

Next, Ulrich Franzen designed a house that was the exact antithesis of the Dubuffet. It is fundamentally a square split down the diagonal and pulled apart to make two triangles. All the *(Text continued on page 234)*





Rear view with terrace and swimming-reflecting pool, *this page*. Franzen would have preferred pergolas covered with grapes, but wisteria won out because it attracts fewer bees and birds. *Opposite:* Joan Miró's bronze, *Femme*, commands the side yard.





Jean Dubuffet's walk-in sculpture, *Chambre au lit sous l'arbre, these pages,* has an "irrational, mad shape that suggested a counter theme for the real house," says Franzen. The polyurethane-over-cast-epoxy structure is a splendid fantasy of cave-womb-playhouse.





LIFE OF THE PARTY



The carriage house of J. Allen Murphy, decorator to entertaining people

BY MARGARET MORSE PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

As a decorator and consultant on party decor J. Allen Murphy is no stay-at-home, particularly since clients' addresses range from Beverly Hills to the Swiss Alps, but for most of his life the Long Island horse country has been his base. He was a renter who periodically thought of sinking real roots there, and when he came upon an available circa-1880 carriage house made over in the French Country style, he bought it. There was a foyer with a handsome curved stair, a sitting room with boiserie and parquet flooring, and a dining room that would take his table for twelve. And, no minor feature to a man who in the late sixties was editor-in-chief of *Men's Bazaar,* the master bedroom had a dressing room–bath of nearly equal size. With decorating partner Robert Tartarini, Allen Murphy set to work indoors and out.

The existing landscaping—arborvitae hedges and an allée of oaks—reminded a visiting English countess of her country's parks. "These grounds don't need gardens," she said, "but vistas." Murphy agreed and placed statuary at strategic vanishing points, lit at night. Around the front door espaliered pear trees hint at the formality within.

In the rooms, eclecticism reigns, with a capital *E*. The sitting room's moiré window blinds, lace curtains, and fringed lampshades suggest the *fin de siècle,* but the colors are fresh and unstuffy. A tricolor Venetian desk faces white Regency sofas. A Louis XV bench upholstered in pink accompanies a yellow-lacquered modern table. Coquillage and dried flower arrangements, rafts of silver-

The stairwell, *opposite,* displays crested Lowestoft and one of Allen Murphy's antique portrait dummy boards. *Above:* Blue-and-white porcelain from five countries nearly covers the dining-room walls; seen here: Japanese Imari. Vermeil deer in a thicket of Waterford candlesticks dress the American Sheraton table.



framed photographs, and flotillas of Battersea boxes become valentines. The coquillage arrangements are Victorian ones that Allen Murphy had always admired at the late Mrs. Gilbert Miller's. When they came up at her estate auction he bought them, along with her ballroom chairs.

Shopper's luck struck again in Washington where a dealer offered Meissen place settings like his mother's. To the party consultant J.A.M. their *P.M.* monogram seemed like fate: they had belonged to Perle Mesta.

One thing Allen Murphy is never without is pelt-patterned rugs and upholstery: "Fashionable from the time Louis XIV ordered animal Aubussons for Versailles. And spots camouflage spots." In the dining room, leopard chair seats "cut the sweetness of the Balenciaga-pink walls." The Irish Chippendale chairs offer all guests clear views across the table—thanks to tall vases of Allen Murphy's design that hold flowers above eye level.

This April for the New Orleans Opera ball, Allen Murphy is unveiling an Indian setting, and his manuscript, *Memorable Occasions,* is being considered by book publishers. In a métier where business and friendship often mix, Messrs. Murphy and Tartarini know Little Things Matter, and at their parties they remember which client likes chocolate twigs from Fraser-Morris with her demitasse and which is counting calories. And when work takes Allen Murphy far away from home, he tucks a few of those silver-framed photos in his luggage—for family and friends are no little matter at all. □ *Editor: Clare Ruthrauff*

Over Allen Murphy's "Syrie-style" sofa, *above,* hangs a still life by Bee Cannon Nichols (a copy of a Dutch old master), Lowestoft plates, and English Roman-soldier figures. A staghorn-legged table displays Staffordshire deer-and-tree-trunk vases. *Opposite above:* The paisley upholstery (a Brunschwig cotton) and portrait of a Moroccan hark back to the late-Victorian romance with Islamic decor. *Opposite:* In summer, dinner is served in a paisley tent. Staffordshire sheep and antique goblets decorate the table, draped in Brunschwig's Cotillion, which Allen Murphy originally designed for an Old Westbury Gardens ball. Chinese wooden antelope, circa 1680, stand guard.









In the sitting room, green boiserie inspired the hunting lodge motif: carved wooden stag heads from Austria and Thailand, leopard and tiger velvets from Brunschwig & Fils, and tiger durries from the Rajmata of Jaipur's factory. Court portraits add an 18th-century note.



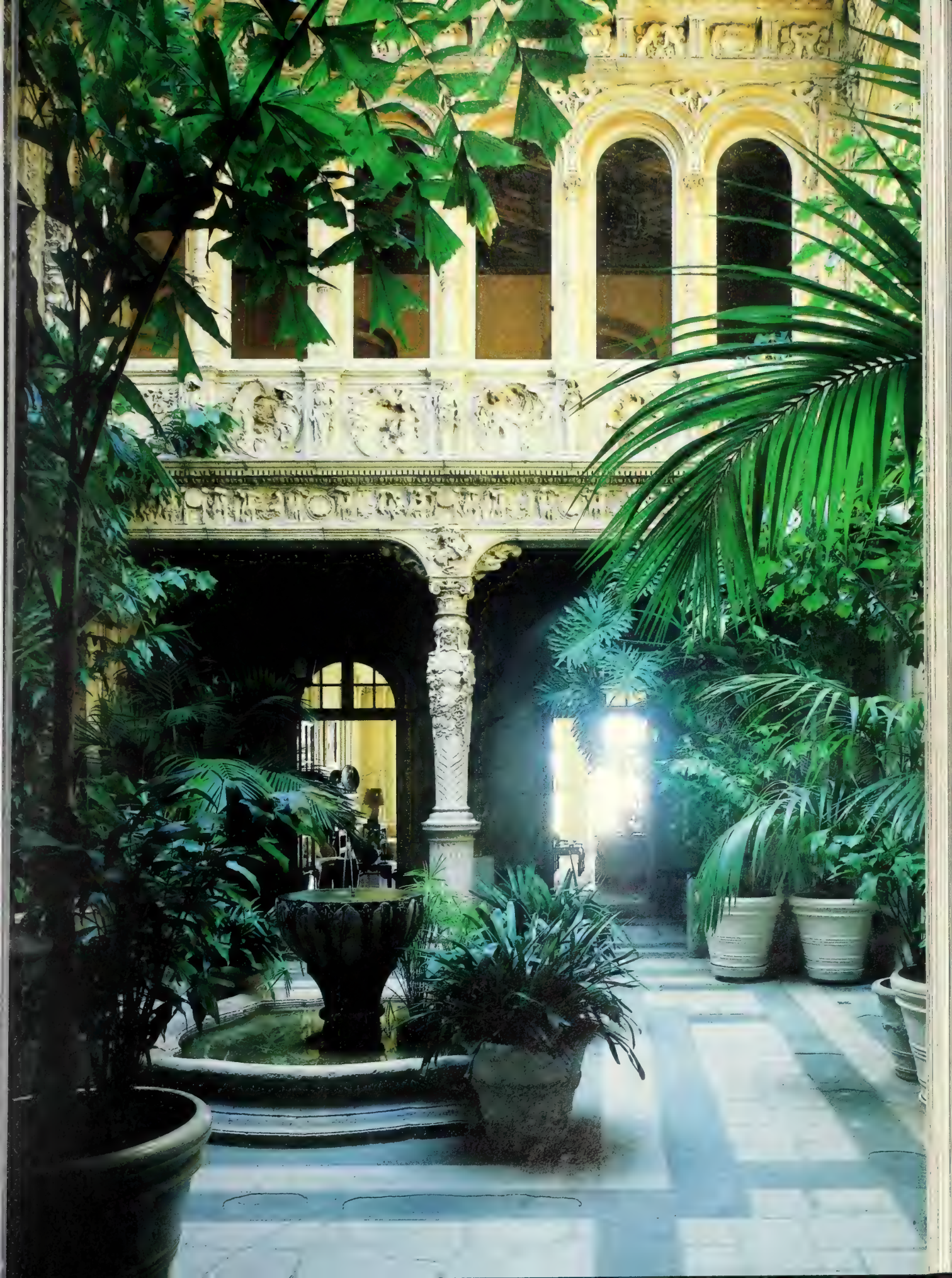
PALACE OF FINE CRAFTS

A 1917 house by Willis Jefferson Polk, newly decorated by Michael Taylor, recalls the grandeur of San Francisco in the wake of the Quake

BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

If the work of one architect could sum up the contradictions and conflicts in American architecture during the four crucial decades from 1880 to 1920, it would be that of Willis Jefferson Polk. The son of an itinerant carpenter, Polk was imbued in his early wanderings around the United States with a restlessness that was to stay with him throughout his life. Practicing first in Kansas City, then Washington, D.C., then Los Angeles, then again in Kansas City, then New York, he eventually gravitated to the Bay Area, settling in San Francisco in 1889. San Francisco in those days was fertile ground for the young architect: a boom town supplied with enormous wealth in the giddy aftermath of the gold rush and populated by self-made men who were more than willing to be adventurous in the pursuit of architectural innovation.

The original owner's love of Spanish architecture is evident in the richly atmospheric patio of the mansion, *opposite,* a replica of a Renaissance palace in Saragossa. Its ornate stonework, *above,* was executed by the sculptor Leo Lentelli.







The imposing size of the living room is successfully mediated by large-scale objects which give it a feeling that is unintimidating if not intimate. Among the uncommonly big pieces are a twelve-panel Coromandel screen dating from the late 17th century, a quartet of gilded armchairs (three are copies of the 18th-century English original), and the larger-than-life bronze of a young woman by the Italian sculptor Emilio Greco. Rug is an 18th-century Samarkand. French doors open onto the atrium court.





Michael Taylor's decisive use of boldly scaled furnishings works to great effect in the amply proportioned interiors of the Rosekrans house. The dining room, *above,* is centered on a travertine-topped table of Taylor's design. Surrounding it are a set of English hall chairs, at once formal and rustic. Chandelier with rock-crystal drops is 18th-century French, as is the pair of garden urns flanking the fireplace. *Opposite:* The view into the living room from the dining room.

Nowhere on the American continent was the High Victorian more full-blown and fanciful, icing the city with wood-frame confections of extraordinary complexity. But Polk looked on disapprovingly. His dream was of a purer, simpler, but by no means plain, architecture. Finding a personal expression was not an easy process for Polk. Yet the struggle must be deemed a success, for not one but several distinctive styles emerged over the course of his career. For many years, during the ascendance of the International Style, Polk's most widely reproduced work was his Hallidie Building of 1917–18 in San Francisco, a pioneering example of the glass curtain wall that was to become the hallmark of American modernism a half-century later. The recent rediscovery and reevaluation of the Shingle Style has led to the reappreciation of Polk's vigorous and inventive early essays in that aesthetic. Now, the renewed interest in Academic Classicism restitutes the last major style in which Polk excelled.

Four of the large Classical mansions that Polk completed in the last two decades of his life still stand in Pacific Heights. Two of those houses, next door to each other, are virtually identical in plan but are quite different in feeling. One of that pair, originally designed for the family of Albert L. Ehrmann, is now owned by Ann and Gordon Getty. The other, built by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch in 1915–17, is today the home of John and Dodie Rosekrans.

The Rosekrans house is a memorable example of the fad earlier in this century for buildings that not only took their inspiration from specific structures abroad, but even endeavored to copy them directly. The house's most dramatic borrowing is the two-story patio with columns, arches, balconies, and friezes carved by the Italian-American sculptor Leo Lentelli. Polk modeled the atrium after



The most recognizably Tayloresque interior is the smoking room, which displays the strong primitivist strain found in his most characteristic schemes. Walls are covered in his roughly textured grass cloth, an ideal backdrop for the collection of rather startling objects gathered there. On and next to the mantel are several immense quartz crystals from Brazil. In the corner, one of a pair of Senufo birds that originally formed the gateway to a village in the Ivory Coast. Prehistory finds further echoes in the petrified dinosaur egg and crab on the travertine coffee table. Adjacent pot and mask are pre-Columbian. Over the sofa is a sculpture by Charles Arnoldi.





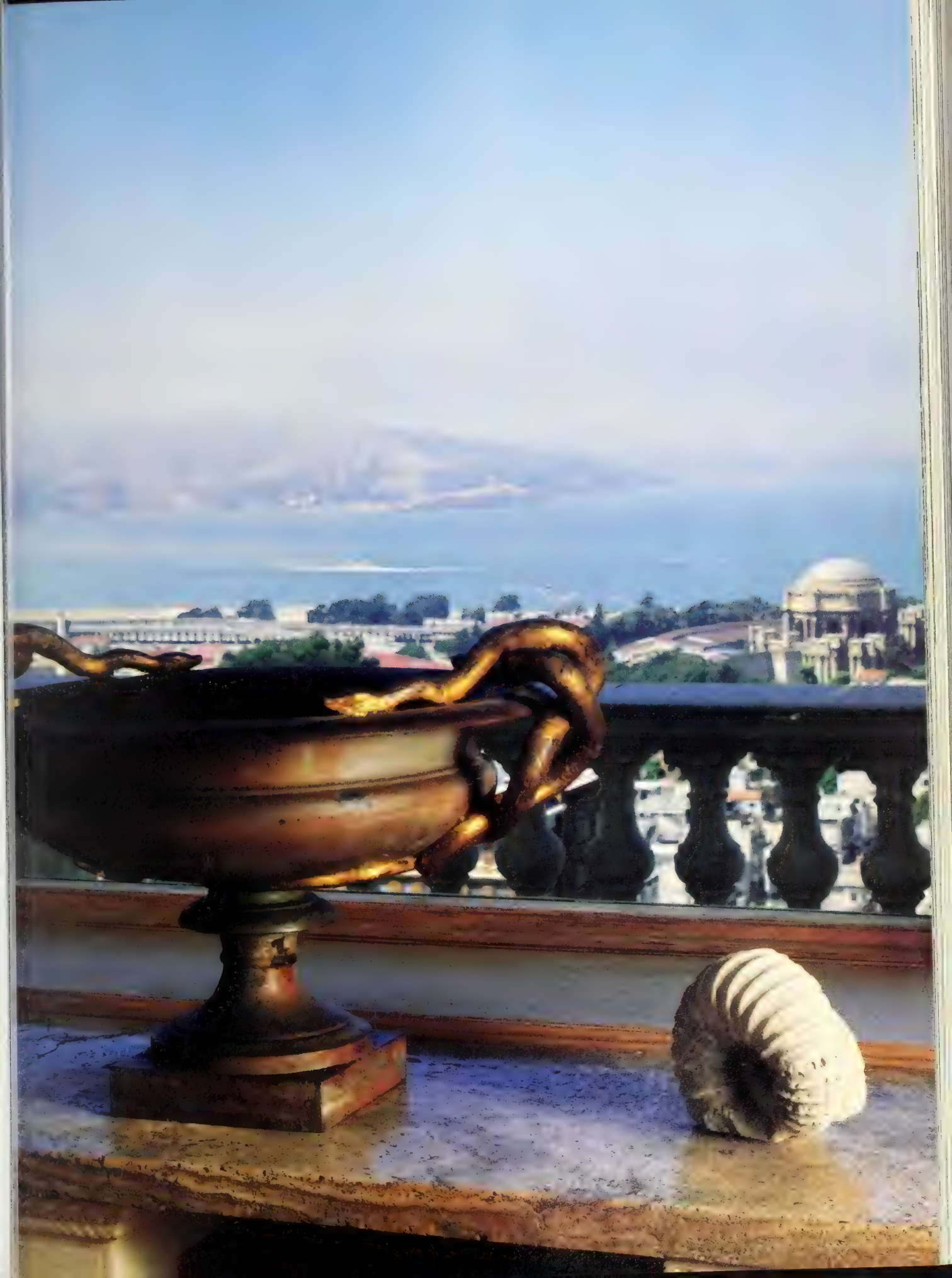
In contrast to the intricately carved pilasters of the master bedroom, *above,* the simply draped Majorcan bed gives a fresh but perfectly appropriate focus. *Opposite:* Beyond an 18th-century urn, a magnificent vista opens to the north across San Francisco Bay. At the far right is Bernard Maybeck's Palace of Fine Arts, built for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915, the same year the house was begun by Maybeck's student Polk.

a Spanish Renaissance palace, the Casa de Zaporta in Saragossa, a building known to Mrs. Welch, who was of Spanish descent and is said to have shown a picture of it to Polk at the time of the commission. So close was the replication that after the original was destroyed at the onset of the Spanish Civil War in the thirties, the San Francisco house was studied as a means to restoring the Saragossa prototype.

Fortunate circumstances have helped the Rosekrans house survive in a remarkable state of preservation. Mrs. Welch, a devout Catholic, willed the mansion to the Archdiocese of San Francisco, and her house was the Archepiscopal Palace for nearly four decades. When it was sold in 1979 (the incumbent archbishop felt it was too grand for the vow of poverty), it was quickly and gratefully bought by the Rosekranses, who lived just two doors away and had long admired it.

Their changes have been few and respectful. Beautifully maintained by the church, the house did not even require repainting. The one major alteration was the enclosing of the patio with a glass greenhouse roof that not only allows the atrium to be used year-round but has halted the erosion of the sandstone carving in the courtyard. The new interior design by Michael Taylor, who has designed other projects for the Rosekranses over the past twenty years, is notably less informal than much of his work and is thus sympathetic to the spirit of the place.

As Richard Longstreth wrote in his excellent recent study *On the Edge of the World: Four Architects in San Francisco at the Turn of the Century* (Architectural History Foundation/MIT Press), Willis Polk's architecture "suggests the state's cosmopolitan character more than its provincial roots." The inheritors of this fine remnant of San Francisco history have done very well in maintaining and reinforcing the essential qualities around which it was created. □ *Editor: Dorothea Walker*



CAFE MARTINIQUE

A STORY BY DEREK WALCOTT

Across the blue channel, from our island, we sometimes saw the haze that was Martinique. Civilization. French wines. Sidewalk cafés for disenchanted love. I went there briefly, and saw what I had imagined, so I have set him there under the blue, white, and red scalloped awning of the Café Martinique; his complexion sallow, nostrils delicate, and the posture erect, but ravaged.

Martinique was the Empress Joséphine, a liquid, golden name. Flirtatious folk music, the beguine, madras head-ties, green wine bottles with elaborate crests on their labels, and *causer,* the art of gestured conversation. There they drank wine like water. Rosé. Not those viscous punches served in our hotels, in which the waiters planted little paper parasols. The wind off the harbor braced the intellect.

All of this was years ago, so there is only a blur of gendarmes in khaki shorts, who wore the hard, round caps known as *képis;* white Frenchmen who carried revolvers. It was the first time I had seen white colonial police. Our own police were local, which meant that they were black, and were not armed. Perhaps we had nothing to protect, whereas the sunburnt, thick-thighed gendarmes on duty from the Métropole had the whole of French civilization to guard. Bacardi rum as well as Baudelaire. Bally rum as well as Rimbaud. And because Martinique had such a wide Antillean reputation for her culture, a reputation that reached across the Caribbean like a perfume or a distillery, I thought her gendarmes, as they directed traffic, recited Ronsard to themselves in the heat.

In the glorious days of the Café, he had held court right here. All he had had to do, in his black suit, was sit like a spider in this corner and weave his silvery web. His listeners would nod, and the brave ones contradict, as he spoke of a new civilization, of folk music, of how François Villon was at heart a Creole, and how, because it had always thought of time as linear, Europe was exhausted, a civilization that now had nothing left but science. Then, his face had the beauty of an ax blade, but he wanted to make it ugly, malign as Voltaire's.

The harbor is a gray-blue and the hills water his eyes with their iron haze. Yachts rock in the harbor, and the palms rust like anchors. Everything has been the same since that quick glance from God known as history in the tropics. In his pity he smiles the acid smile which has made his face provincially famous.

He no longer reads newspapers. He keeps out of the sun. He does not write any more, for that is another trap: time as ambition. The face—the flare of the contemptuous nostrils, the thin bridge of the nose, the smudges under the eyes—is like that of Artaud. It has set, in its own mask, an inflexible yet gentle disgust with race. The features, metropolitan though they may look, conceal a turmoil in the mulatto veins as tangled as a rain forest, the blood as brown as the rivers he once praised when he was Lamartine.

To call those jungle streams rivers was the usual betrayal of those who had come here, too lazy or too arrogant to find names for new things. Brief provinces as inflated as their names. A miserable green hillock was a mountain. A rivulet was a river. A district with one road became Alsace or Bretagne, until the alphabet, expiring in exasperation, could only reproduce diminutives. After a while (the stupidity of linear time again!) what was named believed its name as he had once believed that he was, inevitably, Maurice.

In those days his acidity was as essential to fêtes as lime to a rum punch. His acerbities were preserved and carefully sprinkled on small talk like bitters. His sardonic distance frightened and attracted guests. So one night at one of Madame Beausoleil's high-minded gatherings, a young woman with her black hair sharply sliced across the temples in the fashion of the time had leaned against a white veranda post after dinner. To exhaust everyone, even the stars, to be the last, to talk till dawn almost, was what was expected of him. She stayed through all this, open-eyed till darkness thinned out and trees began to show their leaves on the cool sky. Talk was like ash on his tongue and outside even the frogs and the crickets had stopped. *(Text continued on page 222)*

Paul Gauguin's *Martinique Landscape,* 1887
COURTESY NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, EDINBURGH



WATER MUSIC

Villa Lante: the masterpiece of Italian Renaissance garden design

BY HUGH HONOUR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURTICE TAYLOR

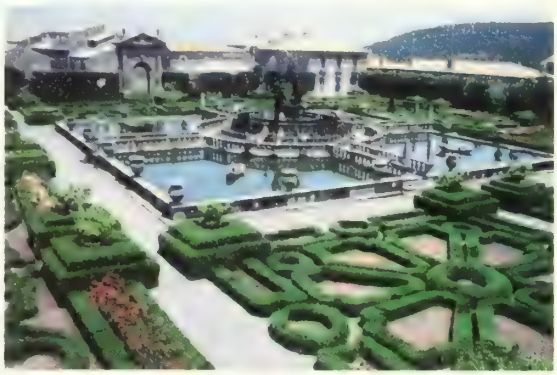






The Villa Lante at Bagnaia, *preceding pages*, the perfect realization of an Italian Renaissance ideal. *Above:* A fresco painted in about 1578 in the ground-floor loggia of the earlier of the twin villas shows how Cardinal Gambara envisaged the park and the garden. The second of the two small villas, in the left of the mural, had not yet been begun.

There is no more beautiful garden in Italy—some would say in Europe if not the whole world—than that of the Villa Lante which tumbles down a steep hillside in a series of balustraded terraces and lichened staircases to the walls of the little town of Bagnaia, some three miles from Viterbo and forty from Rome. It is the perfect realization of a Renaissance ideal, almost miraculously preserved and improved by the growth of trees to maturity and the weathering of the stonework. Spraying and splashing fountains, a rippling cascade, statues of classical deities and athletic youths, wide and shallow stone steps connecting one terrace with another, balustrades topped with urns, colonnades stretching into the cool shade of large ilexes and plane trees are combined in such a way that the works of man and the products of nature are fused into an indissoluble unity which is entirely artificial but not unnatural. What most distinguishes this great garden is, perhaps, the nicely calculated proportional relationships between the various parts and the whole within a composition which maintains so delicate a balance between formality and informality, the organic and inorganic, trees and water and stone. Buildings do not dominate, nor are they dominated by the site. And man is, here, truly the measure of all things. The human figure determines the scale so there are no endless avenues to be trodden, no daunting heights to be climbed. The beauties of the Villa Lante are unfolded gently to visitors strolling at a leisurely pace, ideally to a select company of congenial spirits appreciative of the poetic themes evoked by its design.



The parterre, which was given its present form in the late 17th century by the Duke of Lante.

Quintessentially it is a product of the civilization of the Italian Renaissance, inspired by humanism and financed by papal nepotism. Its creator, Cardinal Giovan Francesco Gambara, was a finely marked specimen of the Church dignitaries of his time, wellborn and as well-read in classical literature as in theology. His father was a soldier in the service of the Emperor Charles V at whose court he passed some time in his youth. His aunt was Veronica Gambara, princess and regent of the small state of Correggio, where she presided over a court frequented by men of letters and was herself the writer of poems on both sacred and secular themes (she was a friend of Vittoria Colonna, the "Egeria" of Michelangelo). One of his uncles, who oversaw his education, had been created a cardinal by the Farnese Pope Paul III. His mother's first husband had been a natural son of Pope Paul III and it was his nephew, Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, who advanced the young Gambara's ecclesiastical career. He began as secretary to the next pope, Julius III, whose most enduring monument is the Villa di Papa Giulio in Rome, a masterpiece of Mannerist architecture and garden design (now the Museum of Etruscan Art). In 1561, at the age of 28, he was made a cardinal and in 1566 appointed to the important bishopric of Viterbo.



The second of the twin villas, built in 1589 for Cardinal Montalto, and the central fountain he added to the parterre.

Bishops of Viterbo had enjoyed a summer residence at Bagnaia for a long while before the early sixteenth century when one, Cardinal Raffaele Riario (a nephew of Sixtus IV), enclosed part of the hillside above the town as a hunting park, and a successor (a nephew of Leo X) had an aqueduct built to bring water there, perhaps with the intention of making a garden. As soon as he had taken possession, Gambara wrote to Cardinal Alessandro Farnese for the services of his architect Vignola (Giacomo Barozzi da Vignola), who had played a leading part in the design of the Villa di Papa Giulio and, since 1559, had been in charge of building the vast Palazzo Farnese with its magnificent gardens at



The Fountain of the Deluge on the highest terrace of the garden. Water pouring into the pond descends underground to supply the cascade and fountains of the lower levels.





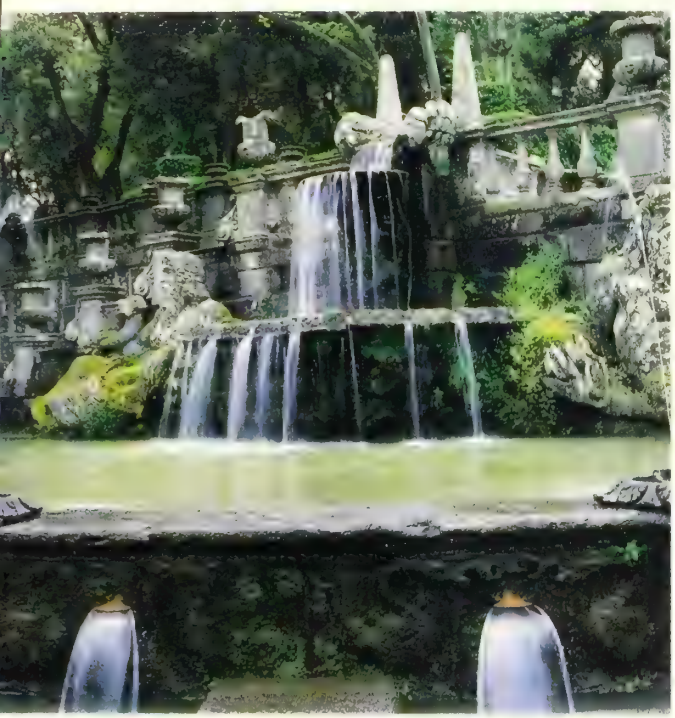
Nature is controlled by art in the Fountain of the Lamps, *opposite*, which descends to a terrace on a level with the main upper floors of the twin villas. *This page:* Inside the gateway to the park, which was intended to evoke the Golden Age, the Fountain of the Muses reminds visitors that they are entering the world of classical poetry.



From the walls of two pavilions flanking the area in front of the Fountain of the Deluge jets of water drench unwary visitors. Such water surprises were a standard feature of Italian Renaissance gardens.

Caprarola (some ten miles on the other side of the hills from Bagnaia). Vignola probably designed the buildings at Bagnaia which are much smaller and simpler but consistent with the rules laid down in his widely influential textbook on the classical orders of architecture first published in 1562. He may also have played a part in designing the gardens although the work was carried out after his death.

Gambara decided to have not one large villa but, most unusually, two identical small villas looking onto a square parterre and standing on either side of a slope and steps leading to the terraces which form the upper garden. One of them had been completed and the garden given its definitive form by 1578 when the reigning pope, Gregory XIII, visited Bagnaia. Although, or perhaps because, he was impressed by what he saw, he terminated soon afterward the large annual pension paid to Gambara as one of the supposedly "poor" cardinals.



The Fountain of the Giants, flanked by statues of river gods representing the Arno and Tiber.

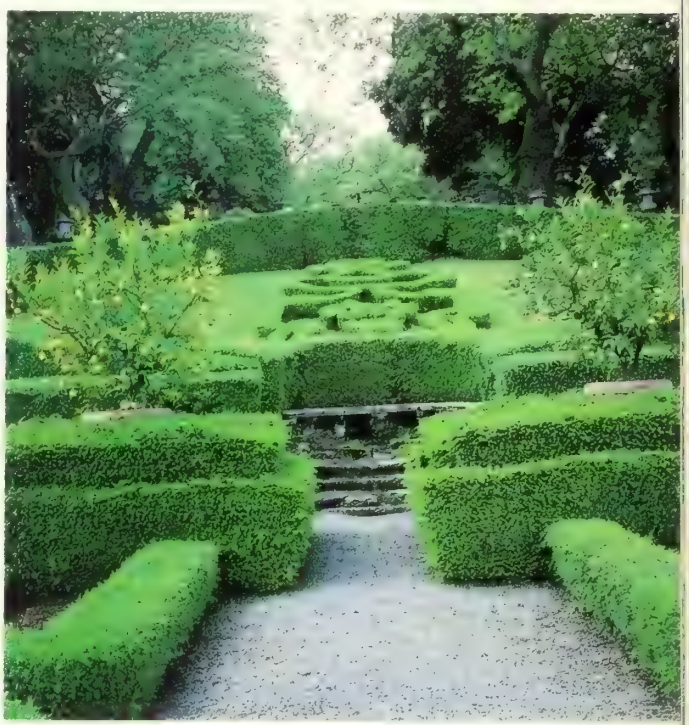
Two years later the ascetic Cardinal Carlo Borromeo—who was to be canonized shortly after his death—"happened to pass by Bagnaia." According to his secretary, "he was met and welcomed by Cardinal Gambara who led him through the delights of those most charming gardens, pointing out now one thing now another; but he with entirely different thoughts said nothing until Gambara finally questioned him and he replied, 'Monsignor, you would have done better to build a convent for nuns with the money you have thrown into this place.'" With reproof added to financial injury, Gambara appears to have had no further work done at Bagnaia. But even after he had been translated to the bishopric of Albano, the other side of Rome, he clung onto the garden he had created until his death in 1587 when, at his wish, he was buried in a nearby church.

Bagnaia then reverted to the papacy and Pope Sixtus V gave a life tenure to his nephew Cardinal Alessandro Peretti di Montalto. The new possessor came of peasant stock but had been created a cardinal at the age of fifteen, immediately after his uncle's election, acquired cultivated tastes, became a friend of the poet Torquato Tasso and a patron of artists. He soon had the second of two small villas constructed and its interior decorated with frescoes. Apart from adding a sculptural group to the center of the parterre, he changed little or nothing in the terraced garden, though he had alterations made to the fountains placed by Gambara in the former hunting park on its western side. The works done for the two cardinals are clearly marked by carvings of their insignia—a crayfish (*gambero*) for Gambara, a heraldic lion, pears (*pere*), and a stylized mountain (*monte*) for Peretti de Montalto.

After Cardinal Montalto's death in 1623, from excessive indulgence in rich food and iced drinks, Bagnaia passed through the hands of a succession of three papal nephews until 1656 when Pope Alexander VII presented it to Duke Ippolito Lante in whose family it was to remain for nearly three centuries. Although the Lantes gave the villa the name by which it has been known ever since, they made few alterations apart from giving a French look to the beds of the parterre in the late seventeenth century, and building gateways crowned by the eagle of their coat of arms in the eighteenth century. They maintained it without alteration through the period when gardens in the Italian style were little appreciated—and many were destroyed—until it came to be recognized as the most beautiful of all. "It is a perfect paradise," that paragon of guidebook writers Augustus Hare declared in the 1870s, noting that in his day "the comfort and elegance" of the twin villas "attest the frequent presence of a duchess who is of

American birth." To Edith Wharton in 1904 it seemed to "surpass in beauty, in preservation, and in the quality of garden-magic, all the other great pleasure houses of Italy." Not until the Second World War did the place begin to fall seriously into decay from which it was rescued by an Italian industrialist, Dr. Angelo Cantoni, who bought it, supervised the tactful restoration, and passed it to the state in 1973.

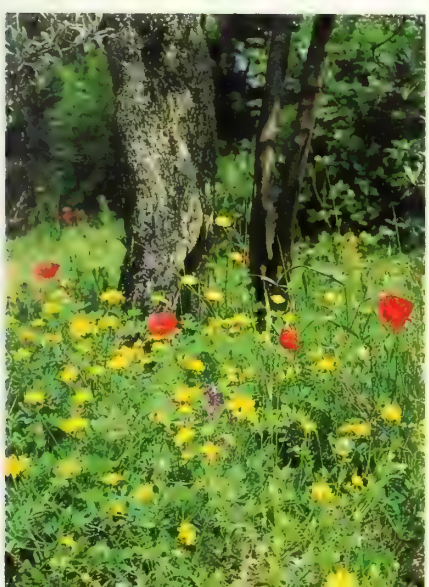
Nowadays we enter the Villa Lante from, so to speak, the end of its history, through the gateway which Dr. Cantoni had constructed to replace one built by a member of the Lante family and destroyed in the war. The parterre in front of the twin villas also marks the end of the story or iconographical program underlying the whole design of this great garden complex. For it was not simply—like some others of the sixteenth century—an evocation of classical antiquity inspired by descriptions of ancient Roman gardens, but it was also a kind of visual epic celebrating human development from dependence on to mastery of the forces of nature. As David R. Coffin—the leading modern historian of Italian gardens—has shown, this story was unfolded to visitors following the prescribed route through the park to the uppermost terrace of the garden and then descending to the parterre.



Clipped box provides a contrast with free-growing trees in the formal garden. *Below:* The park preserves the beauty of Italy's abundant wild flowers.

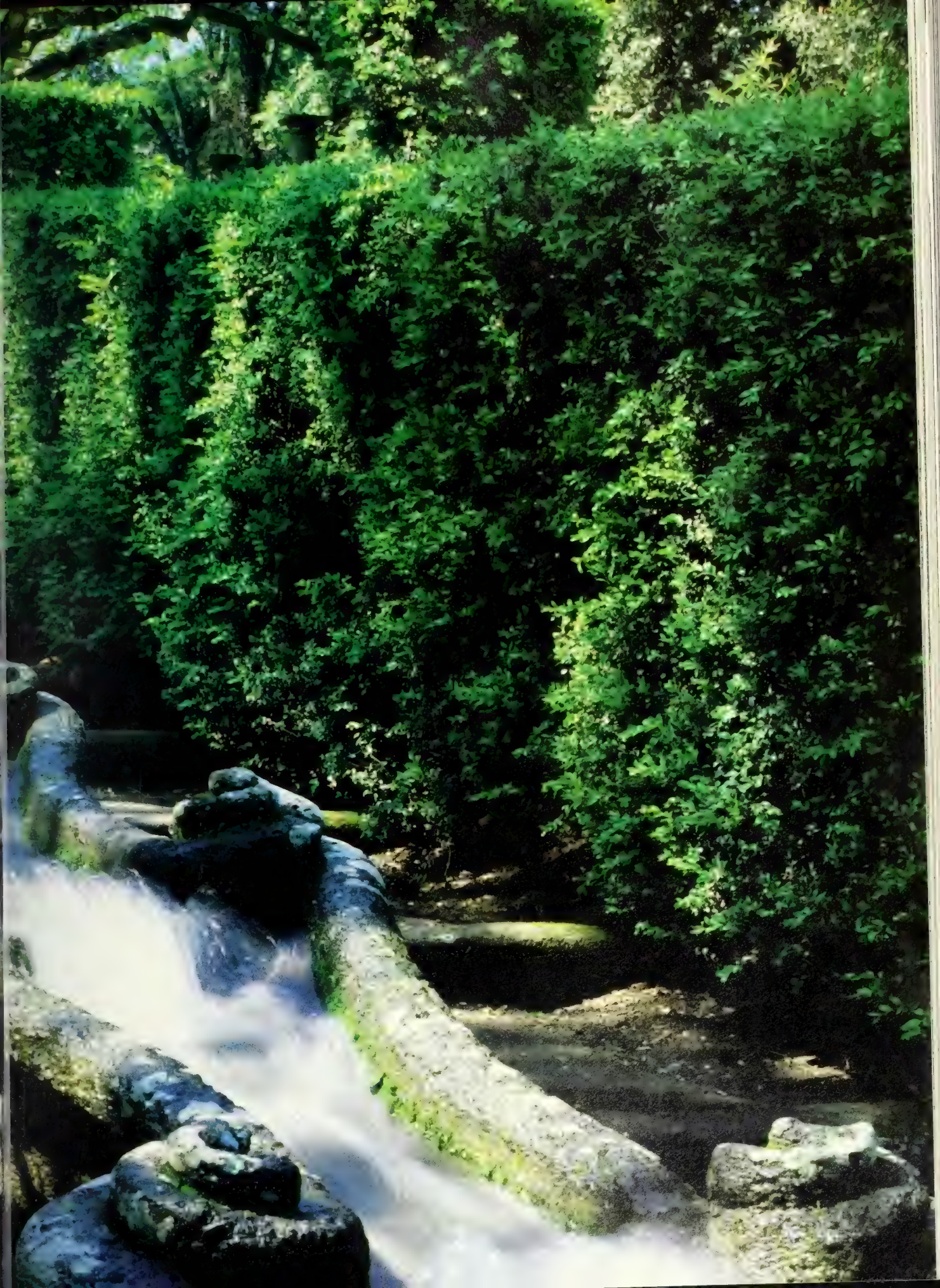
A large fountain just inside the main gateway serves as a prelude and, with its mythological figures, indicates that from then onward the visitor passes into a realm of poetry. From a high stone wall curving round the back of an oval basin, busts of the nine Muses look down on statues of four winged genii and of Pegasus about to take flight from a rock in the center. Slender jets of water spout up from the genii and the rock in front of Pegasus while others arch down from the mouths of the Muses. Pegasus was the winged horse which leapt out of the fountain gushing up with the blood of Medusa when Perseus cut off her head. But Pegasus was also the steed of the Muses, for the sacred spring of their home on Mount Helicon sprang from a kick of his hoof. The association between poetry and Bagnaia's many fountains could hardly have been more clearly indicated to a sixteenth-century visitor.

Paths wind gently uphill through the park past the ruins of Cardinal Riario's simple hunting lodge and a succession of softly gurgling fountains. The original hunting park was transformed by Gambara to evoke life in the golden age described in Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* perhaps the best known of all Latin poems at this time, as an age "blessed with fruits plucked from the trees and crops the earth put forth. Its people did not defile their lips with blood. Then birds flew through the air in safety, the hare wandered fearlessly in the open fields," and so on. Gambara cleared the park of game and had fruit trees planted among the indigenous oaks which yielded the acorns supposed to be a staple food in the golden age. One of his fountains had carved stone acorns, another ducks, on its rim, though both were altered for Cardinal Montalto who had them adorned with his heraldic lions. Two of Gambara's fountains have vanished altogether, one dedicated to Bacchus as god of wine, the other a vine-covered pergola beneath which unicorns drank from a pool. But the great reservoir made at the highest point to feed all the (*Text continued on page 206*)





Between box hedges a steep "chain" of water flows from the mouth of a crayfish through a series of semi-circular basins carved to resemble its elongated foreclaws. The form is a play on Gambara's name—it is pronounced the same as the word for crayfish in Italian.







SAN ANTONIO CAMPAIGN

How a collector of Napoleana and decorative arts restored a ruined mansion and saved a historic neighborhood

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

Walter Nold Mathis's limestone Italianate villa in San Antonio is an unabashed statement of Texas bigness and muchness, enlarged twice since its beginning in 1876 but reduced to a grim, eight-apartment slum when he boldly rescued it. The restored house includes a three-story tower, four colonnaded porches, eight fireplaces, a triple parlor and four other sitting rooms, and every one of them fifteen feet high. The expansive interflowing plan and grand scale of Villa Finale, so named because Mathis vows never to move, exhilarate visitors, who are sometimes invited to dinner by the hundreds.

Yet to bachelor Walter Mathis this is a warm and easeful home. And it is his own Victoria & Albert, his personal museum where everything can be touched and much is affectionately and unworriedly used. Densely packed into the accommodating rooms are inherited collections—his mother's silver, his aunt's paperweights, barber bottles, and Bohemian overlay glass, his rancher grandfather's Renaissance-revival bedroom furniture, the quilts his grandmother made—and Walter Mathis's own acquisitions.

The most remarkable part of the house is the triple parlor in the circa-1890 tower wing. Here are placed fifteen splendid French Empire pieces. They were made *en suite* and separated long ago, but Mathis tracked them down in England and France after buying the first armchair in Texas. Included are a writing table, sofa, side chairs, armchairs, and a stool. In the triple parlor Mathis keeps much of his notable collection of Napoleana, including paintings, dozens of

Spiral stair in upstairs sitting room, *opposite,* leads to the top of the tower. Rococo-revival suite by Prudent Mallard of New Orleans; French applewood Recamier; gilded cornices from a Mississippi plantation. *Above:* Broad staircase retains its original acorn finials.







prints, over thirty bronze figures and busts, a death mask, and a miniature five-part bronze and gold replica of Napoleon's sarcophagus under a bee-and-eagle-decorated pall and containing a removable six-inch figure of the dead emperor.

Walter Mathis became fascinated by Napoleon when he was a child, reading avidly about the battle strategies that led to the victories and the defeats. Even though Mathis's library walls are lined with religious icons and each room contains at least one music box and the pantries hold every implement a considerate host needs for Texas-size parties, one still perceives a certain military emphasis in Villa Finale: a group of Staffordshire platters from the Texian Campaigne series depicting cavalry charges, numerous gilt-bronze candelabras representing Indian warriors, collections of Texas-made revolvers and Currier and Ives prints of the Mexican War.

So it is not surprising to learn that in his World War II bomber-pilot days this six-foot, two-inch-tall Texan flew 65 missions and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross three times. (His pilot's wings, DFC, and other medals are displayed in a frame in the most private part of the house.) Walter Mathis was the pilot of the "pathfinder" aircraft on his missions: the plane that led the others to the target. *(Text continued on page 216)*

Rear portion of the triple parlor, *left,* contains part of the French Empire suite with winged-lion mounts. Chaudet bust of Napoleon in foreground was said to be Josephine's favorite portrait. *Above:* Napoleon and Marie Louise, period triptychs in ivory just under eight-and-a-half inches high.







Iron-and-marble Art Deco console runs nearly the length of the foyer, *above.* Art pieces include slate sculpture by Leona Dworman, *The Dance* by Archipenko, and painting by the American Indian George Longfish. *Opposite:* Jean Cocteau lithograph and Oriental porcelains in living-room corner.

ROOM FOR MORE

The decorating of Elaine Eisen's spacious apartment is a constantly evolving process

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL WARCHOL


GASTON DIEMP THE MODERNS



The scale of the apartment was emphasized by enlarging the doorway and adding bamboo rods the height of the ceiling. Edgar Buonagurio painting hangs on the subtle gray vinyl suede walls. Glass-top table, sofas, and pair of Oriental-style chairs from Philip Daniel.

For 21 years Elaine Sollar Eisen has been involved with furniture at home and at work. Her career in merchandising and design at B. Altman and W & J Sloane in New York and now as president of a furniture business has enhanced her love for antique Oriental porcelains, Art Deco furnishings, and a great deal in between. Her work has also given her a quick discriminating eye and plenty of self-control.

In the spacious rooms of the New York apartment she shares with her husband and her son are many pieces Mrs. Eisen has collected over the years. The fact that nothing really "goes together" is not a problem as she is a decorator who would rather mix than match. "You can't do anything pure any more. Your needs are not those of the eighteenth century, and if you don't combine different styles then you are just reproducing someone else's house." The mix is apparent everywhere. The fireplace in the living room, which she enlarged to suit the scale of the room, combines an early-nineteenth-century mantel from a Philadelphia house with a set of delicate French tiles. The room incorporates a pair of durrie rugs, a Japanese altar table, and many groupings of porcelains.



An aquatint by Joan Miró inspired the hues in the library, which contains Mrs. Eisen's favorite pieces from her early collecting days: English desk and wing chair. A border batik covers sofa and antique chairs. On the tray table, a brass sculpture puzzle, *Romeo and Juliet,* 1967, by Berrocal.

Newer pieces are oversized to match the room's scale. In the library Mrs. Eisen places a comfortable wing chair covered in purple glove leather in a room with walls lacquered in the color of Dubonnet, saying, "I don't like to say that it matches—I like to say that it works."

Favorite porcelains are displayed on stands so that they do not get lost in the dimensions of the rooms. One of Mrs. Eisen's early acquisitions, an Oriental elephant, is centered on the mantel shelf. *The Dance,* 1912, a bronze sculpture by Archipenko, has a higher pedestal that cleverly rotates near the floor in order to keep the viewer's eye on the art and not on the turning base.

Elaine Eisen has managed to mix business with the pleasure of collecting. A four-panel wood screen bought on a business trip in Spain was converted into two double doors now closing both ends of the foyer. In this country, her own to-the-trade showroom, Philip Daniel, has produced much of the new furniture in her apartment.

One might think that Elaine Eisen frequently redecorates, but, in fact, she doesn't. She still buys when she sees something she likes, but then "I just fit it in and make it work." □ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

MILANO MODA



An apartment designed by Piero Pinto for Krizia's Mariuccia Mandelli

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARLA DE BENEDETTI

There are sofas everywhere. No wonder. Krizia's Mariuccia Mandelli does all her designing lying down. "I am most inspired in the reclining position," she says, "and that is how I work. As a tall woman I feel better that way—is it circulation? I create *all* of my collections lying down—if not on the sofa, then in bed." Mandelli obviously has found the right mode. For thirty years Milan's first lady of fashion has been following her formula, tapping her most vital energies to build a formidable empire from scratch.

Just how many couture collections are we talking about? "Fifteen," she says, counting on her fingers—"Kriziamaglia (knitwear), Kriziababy (children's wear)—no eighteen!" Mandelli's husband and business partner, Aldo Pinto, who has stepped into her office to call it a day, fortunately does not count on his fingers when he sums up: "Krizia now does an annual volume of $100 million"—with bathroom tiles and kitchens the latest additions to the couture conglomerate that includes fashion accessories and fragrances.

"It all started with a hocked Lambretta," says Mandelli with a blush of what looks like "first time" enthusiasm, even at this the eleventh hour of a typical office day. "When my sister left for Rome in 1954, I inherited her Lambretta. Luckily I was able to sell it to get enough money to buy the few things I needed to set up an atelier in two rooms that had been turned over to me by a friend who had paid six months' rent in advance."

Milan's Mariuccia Mandelli, *above,* surrounded by a lily lamp with gold luster Favrile Glass shades clustered on a bronze base, and iridescent gold jack-in-the-pulpit vases. *Opposite:* Art Nouveau–style stairway was designed by Claude Lalanne, the contemporary French sculptress; 17th-century head was part of a Roman fountain.





In living room, with apricot sponged walls and sofas covered in Fortuny fabric, Japanese screen, circa 1750, hangs over mantelpiece designed by Pinto. On console, glass snake and ashtray signed Walter. Jungle beasts used in natural-science class around 1800 are opposite the cotton piqué *dormeuse matrimoniale* also designed by Pinto; fruitwood armchairs are upholstered in shirting fabric.





A close-up, *above,* of Mandelli's iridescent gold jack-in-the-pulpit vases. *Opposite:* Tree on bathroom wall is sculptured gesso from painting by Pinto. Floors, basins, baseboards, and bath are travertine; 18th-century bulldog usually sports Mandelli's shower cap.

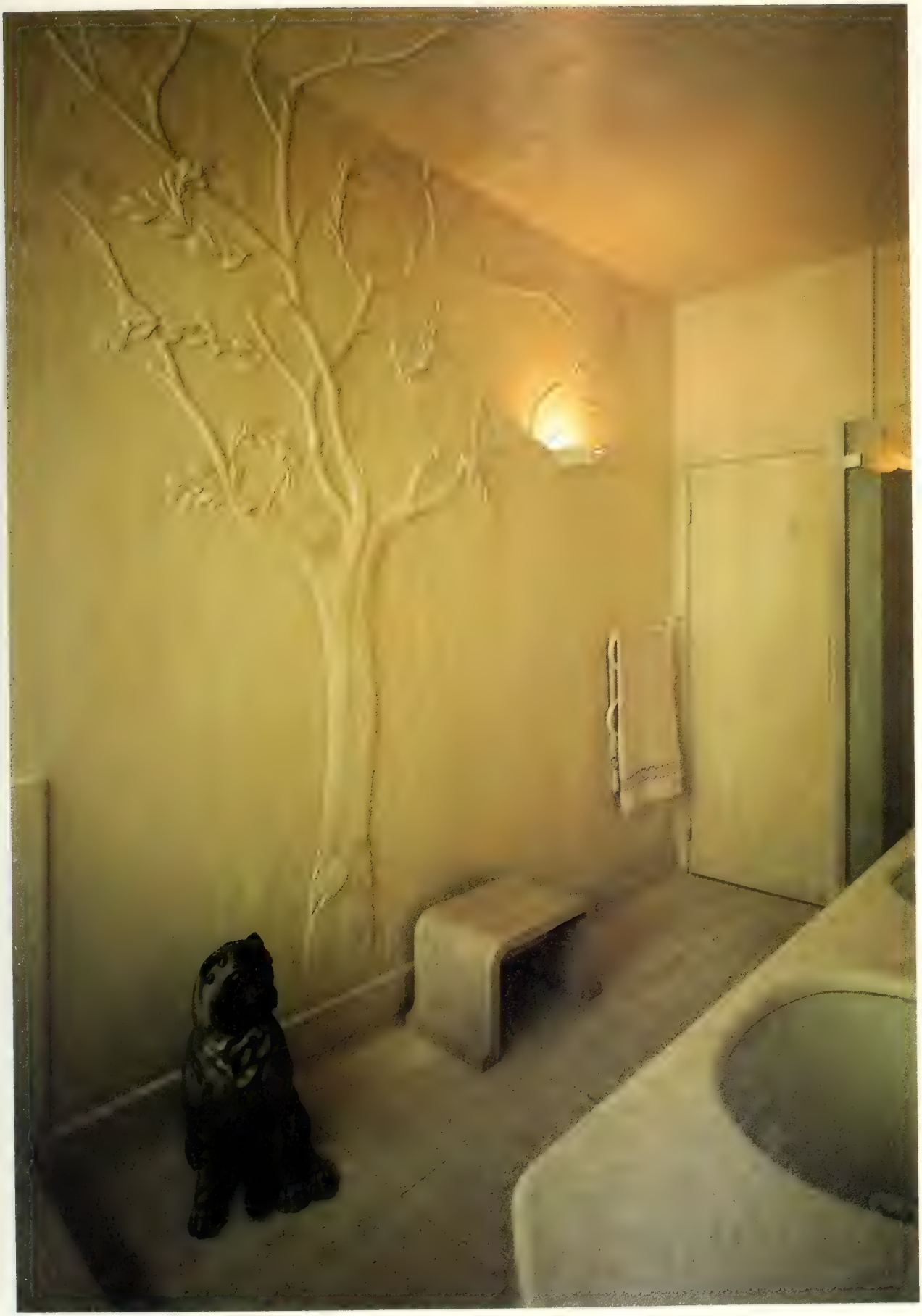
Dashing her family's hopes that she remain a schoolteacher ("I couldn't stand the idea of my future being secure"), Mandelli fast became a hot feline contender in the macho world of Milanese fashion, earning a name for herself as Crazy Krizia—a man's name, in fact, that she chose to assume. "In a Greek dialogue on feminine vanity, Krizia, a merchant of fabrics, perfumes, and oils, went broke because he constantly lavished gifts on women. That was the kind of man for me, I thought, one who would risk ruin just so I could come up with my next collection!"

With the Lambretta her only financial backing, Mandelli went knocking on doors with a suitcase full of clothes considered outlandish to say the least. She was both the designer and the mannequin. "People said you're crazy, you don't understand anything about fashion. I said no, *you* are the ones who don't understand."

She may design lying down, but Mariuccia Mandelli is one pistol-packing lady known for shooting her way to the top. There is an aura of gun smoke about her. Even today at fiftyish, underneath the well-behaved auburn pageboy smolders the temper of a flaming redhead. Speaking of her new frontier—a line of kitchens—she throws up her hands and says, "They wanted Krizia written big all over. I said no, please, a small *K* in black. That was a fight. Then the bathroom-tile people showed up with their line. I said, those are hideous! They said choose the most hideous and that's what we sell most of. What I came up with has showed them people want more than a grain of wheat on their walls. That was another fight. *Madonna*!"

Armed with an unfair share of talent and unbridled Latin temperament, Mariuccia was clearly born to disobey. "In those early days," she continues in such heavily accented French it sounds like Italian (English is one battle she has not yet fought), "there was no *prêt-à-porter* in Italy. We were dependent on Paris. We had a complex about France because our chic people only outfitted themselves there." And that's why she avoided using her own name, convinced at the time, as she puts it, "an Italian name would call up images of spaghetti, oranges, and mandolins.

"For years, none of us had the courage to show our collections as though they were actually worth being seen. We were all limited to a group show in Florence and you couldn't see anything. Finally, I said, *I'm* going to show in Milan." Other designers followed her example in throwing over the renaissance *(Text continued on page 232)*





Upstairs terrace dining room brings Mandelli's jungle to fever pitch with black-panther honor guard (plastic copies found in Japan of bronze Art Deco originals). Trompe l'oeil on mirrored columns picks up on fabric designed for one of Krizia's collections (printed by Rainbow). Lacquered wood table with movable base designed by Pinto to go with Hoffmann's Fledermaus chairs.



PASSAGE IN INDIA

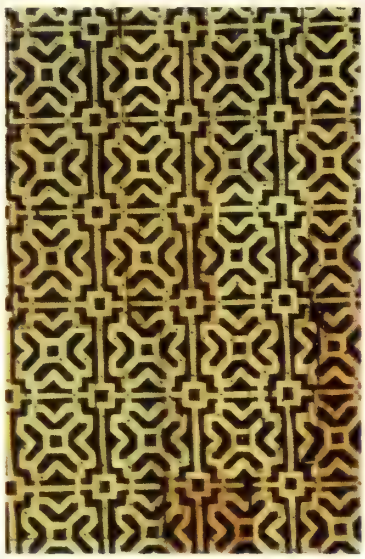
Rajeev Sethi designs a showcase of timeless craftsmanship

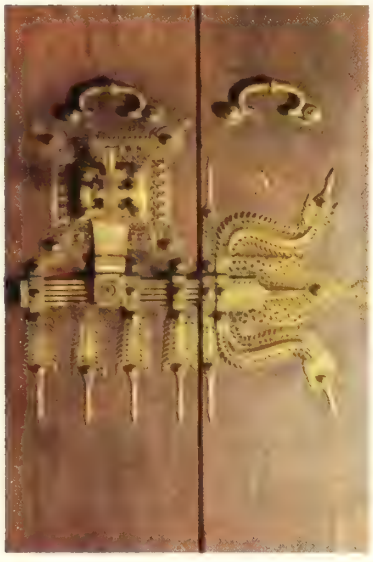
BY PUPUL JAYAKAR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Rajeev Sethi blends antiques and newly crafted pieces from all corners of the nation to create a VIP lounge that's modern but unmistakably Indian, *left*. Antique Gujarat swing bed moves among new star-shaped "Bajot" tables and pairs of chairs carved by a puppeteers' cooperative in Rajasthan. Antique windows are from Bikaner; contemporary ivory lion, *above*, from Jodhpur.









Although inspired by natural forms, the intricate patterns dear to Indian craftsmen are usually highly stylized if not geometric. *Top left:* Detail of Chettinad door from a house belonging to a great money lender of the south. *Above left:* a delicate brass clasp on a rosewood door from Kerala.

Detail of a recently crafted inlaid panel, *top right,* that is part of a wall hanging in the VIP lounge. *Above right:* A latch from one of the main doors. *Opposite:* Wooden doves of peace modeled from clay toys by Gujarat wood-carvers perch on a Rajasthani window that is both old and new. One side is the original stone; the other carefully reconstructed in clay.

The government of India asked me, in the winter of 1982, to suggest the name of a creator of interiors and spaces. I suggested Rajeev Sethi, a young man with an ancient mind. His work and relationships with craftsmen, their tools, and their skills had a delicate tentative touch, a maturity unusual in a man of his age.

The challenge was to create within a short time span, out of a prefabricated structure of concrete, steel, and glass facing the runway of Palam Airport, New Delhi, a milieu—the focusing of a moment of time, as in theater—where presidents, prime ministers, kings, and queens could, after a long jet journey, relax. And when pauses grew long, to provide an environment that encouraged and even provoked intelligent but not conflict-prone conversation.

There was an immediacy in the demand. The time given to the designer was six weeks. Rajeev came to see me and we discussed the role of the designer in a society undergoing an accelerated pace of change. We spoke of the turbulence in the creative scene, the need to draw into a single unified field, the perceptions and artifacts of yesterday with the directions of tomorrow. The very doing with sight and skill without the burden of the past or the need to conform to the gurus of design of East or West was the creation of the new. Rajeev spoke of the imminent danger of the signature of man being reduced to a Photostat. We discussed the need for an affirmation of hand and eye; a celebration of the craftsman and his vocabulary. It was an ambience where the role of the designer receded. We spoke of the theme: "Doors and Windows into India," suggesting welcome and an open society. Mahatma Gandhi had sown a seed in the Indian mind when he wrote:

"I do not want my house to be walled in on all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want the culture of all lands to be blown about my house as freely as possible but I refuse to be blown off my feet by any of them."

Integral to the theme of doors and windows was the need to embody symbols of peace. Out of this arose the search for doves as harbingers of peace; a fragrant word that in a storm-tossed angry world lingers in the mind. When *(Text continued on page 229)*







DESIGNING IN CIRCLES

Without evoking any one period, Brian Alfred Murphy triggers many stylistic memories

BY BARBARA FLANAGAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER

Scenic Spanish houses are standard fare in Southern California, where this 1929 casa is deemed a classic, not an eccentric. But when its new owners asked designer and contractor Brian Alfred Murphy, of BAM Construction/Design in Santa Monica, to expand the classic kitchen, Murphy suggested they explore the house's eccentric potential as well. Then the clients, a film maker and an artist, admitted their latent desire to live in a "Spanish Deco-ship," and the project took off on a spontaneous life of its own, fueled by collaborative curiosity and cumulative whimsy—the more the clients built, the more they wanted to build.

As the commission expanded, so did the influences: Japanese, Balinese, Milanese, Greek, Midwestern Deco, Forties Hollywood. But instead of flaunting them, Murphy distributed his homages sparingly and ambiguously; the only reigning style could be called nostalgic abstraction: certain colors, shapes, and materials trigger many memories at once, without evoking an obvious period.

Murphy welcomes visitors with recognizable clues—a Spanish arched doorway, an Islamic one, a Chinese "moon gate"—and then confounds their expectations with ironic twists of materials and function: ceramic tile, used with Deco faithfulness in some areas, reappears contrarily to pave the living-room ceiling; soft inlaid carpet is designed to resemble the hard garden tiles outside; the hardwood dining-room floor is stained high-gloss blue to mimic the rippling surface of the nearby pool. All these skillfully blended illusions—whether enigmatic or familiar—celebrate the sublime potential for eccentricity always lurking in houses, in clients, and in the designers who agree to set it free. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

To dramatize this 1929 Spanish living room Brian Murphy lowered the floor and tiled the ceiling. The black ceramic surface not only reflects light downward but also mirrors the furniture (Deco seating from an Indiana movie house). The fireplace, keyhole doorway, and coffee table are tiled, too.



Witty simulations of materials reoccur throughout the house. In media center, *left,* a high-gloss plastic laminate echoes the real ceramic tile of the corner light sconce; the gridded inlaid carpet imitates the patio floor tiles outside. *Below:* The family room, seen through tiled "Islamic" doorway, opens onto the pool terrace. Grids appear in all materials: "tile" carpet, harlequin-pattern tiles, criss-crossed bamboo, and even the doors, with their 1-5-10-15 sequence of panes.



In the living room, *opposite,* Ron Rezek's "Iris" lamps, reflected in the foyer mirror, beam strong light up into the coved ceramic ceiling. The pink-stained oak platform doubles as seating.









Murphy plays with the barriers between indoors and outdoors, between one room and another. Changes in patterns enhance the spatial confusion by making surfaces both ambiguous and kinetic. *Left:* The "underwater" dining room was achieved with a high-gloss, blue-stained oak floor and tinted daylight through the wavy glass-block wall. Murphy's chandeliers are police flashlights aimed at shattered disks of auto glass. *Above:* From the kitchen counter, a simultaneous inside/outside look at the block wall. *Below:* The roof patio is a reminder of the "Spanish-Deco-ship" design theme requested by the clients.



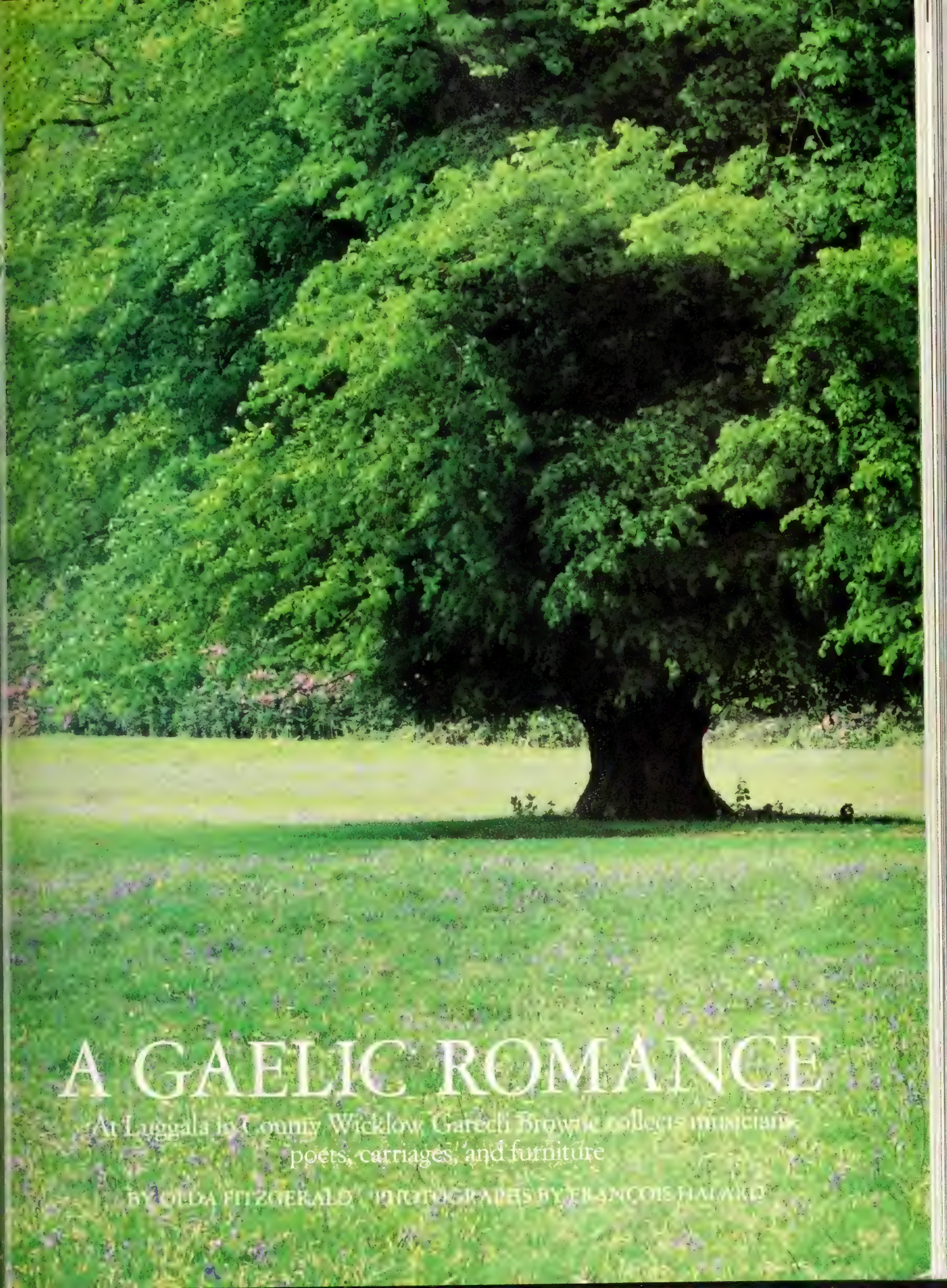
Murphy and clients worked closely with landscape designer Ivy Reed to develop a tropical Deco-style backyard, *right* and *below*. Specially cast concrete pavers alternate with terra-cotta tiles to repeat the pink-and-green-colored grid-and-curve patterns of the interior. *Opposite:* Lisa Lombardi designed the vegetable furniture for the breakfast room, where guests watch the fast-growing backyard of banana trees and sugar cane through the "moon window." The pool was positioned to reflect dappled light into the room; the French glass roof tiles admit direct sunlight.











A GAELIC ROMANCE

An Laggala in County Wicklow, Gareth Browne collects musicians, poets, carriages, and furniture

BY OLIDA FITZGERALD · PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD



Edward McGuire's 1968 portrait of Garech Browne in the hall at Luggala, *above*. Late-18th-century Irish furniture includes: secretary bookcase with broken pediment, center table with Kilkenny marble top, pair of mahogany side chairs and grandfather clock by Jonathan Crampton of Dublin. *Opposite:* An Irish mail coach in a primitive painting and a coach-builder's model.

On the way to Luggala, County Wicklow, the small mountain road winds past hedges thick with creamy white may and yellow gorse and across the purple-and-green bog; past the little ricks and open seams of chocolate loamy turf and the rusty reeds spotted with bog cotton, to suddenly plunge down the hillside into a vast mountainous amphitheater. The silver tail of a river in the valley below leads into an unfathomable lake and shadows sweep across the green flanks of the hills and across the fall of granite hanging precariously above the steel-blue water. A small stone Classical rotunda stands near the edge of the white lip of sandy beach, and the serpentine avenue curls on past shady green caverns and moss-covered stones, twisted thorn trees and smudges of yellow primroses under the dappled glossy shade of primeval oaks. A thousand meandering cascades come bubbling and trickling among the rocks into the river, and the black shining water when taken out is absolutely clear.

Rounding a corner, through the trees and green unfurling bracken, a whitewashed Regency gothick pavilion stands at the head of the valley. Mica glistens on the paths as it does on the bottom of the lake, and there is the constant sound of rushing water from the waterfall. Roosters and bantams scratch among the cobbles in the courtyard and drifts of bluebells run down to the lake. Gentle sika deer with ears cocked look anxiously toward the house, and poppies and sweet peas attempt to climb the peeling white walls while a single heavy red rose is pinned close to the front door. Sitting on the warm front steps the fields seem full of buttercups and clover and the sound of wood pigeons comes from the forest of lime trees and beech, and from among the waxen candles of chestnuts. The toy pavilion is built in the gothick of pastry cooks and Rockingham china with little granite-capped battlements,


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The drawing room, reflected in the 1760 Irish gothick mirror, *opposite,* has wallpaper designed by Augustus Pugin for the Houses of Parliament. *Above:* Its mixture of Victorian and 18th-century furniture includes chaises and a settee—in dust covers—from the Russborough suite made for the Earl of Miltown in the 1750s.

crochets, trefoil and quatrefoil windows, and ogee mantelpieces. From whichever window you look out, the sharp slate-wet side of the mountain cuts into the sky, and sometimes, on moonlit nights, the faint ghost of a white lady glides across the lawn toward the house. Her silken dress is heard whisking up the stairs to the bedroom window (now bricked up) from which she long ago took the fatal jump.

Peter La Touche, a rich Huguenot banker living in Dublin, bought Luggala in about 1790 and it is not unlikely that his architect for this "cottage mansion in the pointed style" was Francis Sandys who was also a landscape gardener, so that the whole layout of the house, plantings, winding avenue, with the mountain and lake would fit into the late-eighteenth-century theories of romantic landscape gardening. Peter La Touche used Luggala for picnics and stalking and by the early nineteenth century it was a three-star attraction on the Wicklow tourist route. It remained with the La Touche family until mid century, when it became part of the nearby Powerscourt Estate. In 1937 the Honourable Ernest Guinness bought the valley, lake, and house as a wedding present for his daughter Oonagh on her marriage to Lord Oranmore and Browne, and it all now belongs to their son, the Honourable Garech Browne.

Born in 1939, this shambly delicate figure is often dressed in a delphinium-blue or foxglove-purple Aran jersey under—no matter what the weather—a thick handwoven pair of Connemara trousers supported by a *crios* (the traditional Aran Islander's belt). Aran socks are squeezed into polished brown ankle boots and longish brown hair is neatly tied back in a black bow. Over the last twenty years Garech has, with impeccable taste and vision, gathered together an important collection of books, paintings, carriages, and Irish furniture, and he has also been largely





In the distinctly musical dining room, an upright harpsichord by Ferdinand Weber of Dublin, Irish pipes on the floor and mantel, a harp by George Morley. Around the dining table, circa 1800, are gilt-bamboo chairs, circa 1955. An early-19th-century Waterford mirror.



The Luggala photograph album compiled by Garech's mother during his childhood, traditional Irish sparan or purse, and a 19th-century velvet coat compile a still life on a Russborough day bed (opposite).

responsible for revitalizing the pure central tradition of Irish music. One moment persuasive and coaxing, funny and perceptive, and the next childish, spoiled and stubborn, he has inquisitive curiosity and energy. His instinctive good manners and understanding of what people are feeling and thinking have attracted friends from different races and backgrounds all his life. Cultivated and well-read, his bright clear razor-sharp mind darts across the depths of one's ignorance. The shining blue eyes in the pale veined face give only a second's blank stare of haughty impatience before crinkling into laughter. "If people really think you understand what they are doing and that you know the difference between what is good and what is bad, and that you realize they are the ones who know, they are generous with their knowledge. I think what I have always done is to be interested in things and sounds, and then find people who know about them. There is always cross-fertilization and that is the whole fun of everything. Antiques dealers, collectors, musicians, writers, poets, film makers, artists, actors, and bums; you end up with friends who are all totally different."

The fuse must first have been lit in the west of Ireland, where he spent his childhood at Castle MacGarrett in County Mayo in the middle of a large and loving family and a vast household. The Brownes were one of the tribes of Galway and had lived in feudal state in their castles and towers on the same land for eight hundred years. When he was a child 150 people were still employed and there was an annual football match among the four sections of the estate; sawmill, farm, garden, and house. Garech remembers the first time he was allowed down from the nursery to eat with grownups at the dining-room table and how terrified he was of the grimacing mask on the Irish mahogany side table which seemed to



Cut velvet like the day bed's upholstery still hangs on the walls of the Saloon at Russborough. Irish mahogany chair with pierced vase-shaped splat back comes from the same period.

be glowering at him on a level with his own head from across the room. "My least favorite thing in the house although it would probably now be my favorite." The best beekeeper in County Mayo would come to look after the hives in the garden; Patrick Delaney, father of Irish sculptor Edward Delaney whose bronze of a shepherd stands on the avenue at Luggala today. In the summers and in the stalking and grouse season, the whole family would move to Luggala.

Oonagh Lady Oranmore and Browne wasn't particularly interested in society but she was interested in people, quite unlike her father the quiet and shy Ernest Guinness (brother of Lord Iveagh). He ran the Guinness brewery in Saint James's Gate, Dublin, all his life, and was much more involved with machinery and inventions than in entertaining, which he left to his lively and enquiring wife, Chloe. Being a man of extremely regular habits he liked to listen to every single news bulletin on the radio, and had a button under the dining-room table so he could switch the news on and off at the right time and everyone else had to stop talking. While traveling abroad he always ate on his yacht but was once persuaded to get off for lunch at Cádiz and arranged to have his bottles of Guinness sent on ahead. Finding that they had been put on ice, he knew that abroad was uncivilized and refused to get off the yacht for the rest of the trip.

Garech meanwhile had been growing up a constant rebel in between schools in Ireland, England, and Switzerland. While at Le Rosey he sent himself a telegram purporting to come from his mother saying, "Due to unforeseen circumstances come home immediately," thus getting himself sent away in the middle of term. "All schools seemed to me to be a very good training for prison but I wasn't sure what other purpose they served. They certainly weren't *(Text continued on page 200)*





An 18th-century Doric temple in memory of a family member is all but dwarfed in the dramatic setting that is Luggala

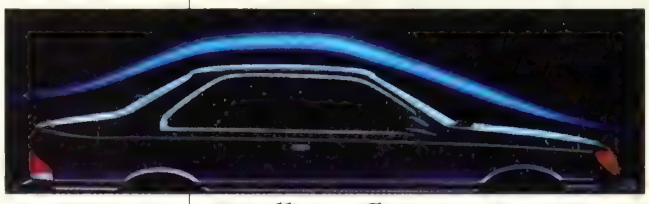
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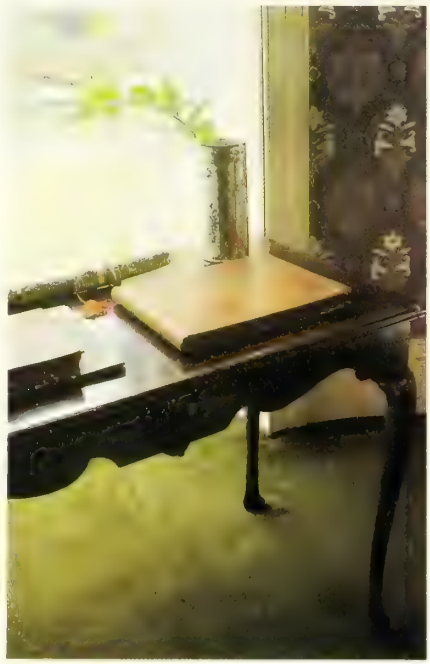
The forward thinking car.

A GAELIC ROMANCE

(Continued from page 195) meant for people who had ideas of their own. I've always been a problem to everyone in sight, haven't you?"

This endearing and infuriating boy already had a basic knowledge of classical music and finally ended up in Paris being taught French by a Breton, and in learning about Brittany and Breton music he started to properly relearn about Ireland what he must already have instinctively known from his childhood. Lady Oranmore and Browne was delightful, gay, and beautiful as well as sympathetic and hospitable and gathered round her at Luggala as well as in Paris and London a group of people who were to have a profound influence on Garech. Iris Tree, Daphne Bath, Cyril Connolly, Lucian Freud, A.E. Ellis, author of *The Rack,* Robert Kee (who was just starting his studies of Irish history), although a generation older, would all sweep him along with them wherever they were going. He started looking at furniture, antiques shops, museums, exhibitions; listening to Sidney Bechet play in Paris or going around the Louvre with Lucian. Summers were spent in Ireland which led him back to an interest in Irish literature and poetry. He met Brendan Behan, Anthony Cronin, Paddy Kavanagh, and would pick up a newspaper, see what musical festival or poetry reading was going on in the countryside and wander off to Clare or Wexford.

There were huge parties at Luggala with the whole house taken up and people sleeping on the floor and then one frosty night in 1956 a spark from an upstairs fireplace got into the wainscoting and from there spread into a wardrobe. The fire engine couldn't get over the mountains because of the snow and the house was very dry so it burned merrily, and Robert Kee, who was staying at the time, lost some of his scripts although most of the downstairs pictures and furniture were saved. Lady Oranmore had the house completely rebuilt, phoenix-like, much as before, and while this was going on, Garech stayed in Ireland to make sure that all the details were right. He started Claddagh Records



Luggala's Centre Table now reproduced in Kindel Irish Georgian Collection.

when he was just under 21 with Dr. Ivor Browne the psychiatrist and John Montague the poet, to record what they felt should be recorded and what the bigger companies weren't doing either because the music wasn't commercial enough or else because they simply didn't want to know about it. Their first record was of the piper Leo Rowsome, and the second of the poet Paddy Kavanagh reading his own work. Seán Ó'Riada, the great Irish composer and musician, was a close friend of Garech for over twenty years until his death. They were both determined to do all they could to restore the true status of Irish traditional music which had been lying forgotten while expatriates mistook it for tunes like "Dear Little Shamrock" and "Mother Machree."

Ideally Irish traditional music should be played on a solo instrument or by a small number of musicians who happen to have come together by chance. Garech asked his friend the musician Paddy Moloney to start a small group; fiddle, flute, tin whistle, pipes, and drum; and later a harp, but *no* accordians; and the now world-famous group called The Chieftains was formed. While traveling to the Aran Islands on a boat Garech heard Máire Áine ni Dhonnchadha humming to herself some really remarkable tunes. When coaxed into making the recording she named the record in a way that implied purity, and Seán Ó'Riada in his notes implied again an equivalent of the word purity and in a way clarity and soaring, and something beside the sea, and Louis le Broquey who designed the record sleeve visually echoed the theme. None of the others knew that they had all independently pitched on this facet of her singing. Erskine Childers, the President of Ireland at the time and a friend of Garech since childhood, said to him with the blinkered view of the politician, "Why are you trying to damage the image of Ireland by making records of old people wailing by hearthsides when what we want to show is an image of twentieth-century Ireland with chimneys and factory smoke?"

Soon the music of the blind eighteenth-century harper Carolan was recorded on a metal-strung Irish harp by the Belfast harper Derek Bell. Then came recordings of Irish poets reading their own works, Seamus Heaney, John Montague, Austin Clarke, Thomas Kinsella, and many more; followed by Scottish music and poetry; English and American poets reading their own poems and Bernadette Greevy singing classical songs. Then came the music of the Irish musician John Field who was the first real romantic composer, invented the nocturne, lived most of his life in Moscow, and whose music Chopin taught to his pupils.

Garech's Ireland is pride in the people and the music and pride in the past and Luggala is the delicately fragile gothick storehouse for his collections and memories. Walking through the gray stone ribbed pillars holding up the tiny pinnacled porch, past the curved arabesques on the glass-paned front door and into the black-and-white-diamond-stoned hall, is walking into an Irish chieftain's house in miniature. Two massive gleaming brass-bound mahogany plate buckets flank the fire hissing in the grate, and a life-size painting of Garech by Edward McGuire balances on the marble-topped Irish table between the broken pedimented cupboard and the gothick

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bookcase. Garech's refusal to diverge from his obstinately high standards extends to furniture as well. "I was interested in collecting Irish furniture at a time when few others were, but there is a large element of instinct involved in what I buy, much larger than one thinks, which makes it far more complicated because one's instinct could be wrong. How does one tell unless one is an expert what is genuine from what is fake? I think what things look like is much more important than is generally realized and I don't know why people relate so much to their environment but they do." He remembers an occasion when he bought a piece of furniture and after trying it in every room was forced to return it to the dealer saying that it simply would not "settle down." Years later the same dealer asked him how he had known it was a fake.

Lupines, daisies, and yellow flags tumble out of the blue-and-white pot in the center of the dining-room table which is ringed by the very best quality



The Hon. Garech Browne at Luggala

gilt-bamboo rout chairs bought in the feasting fifties. Simple oval Waterford-glass mirrors throw back the light falling through the square-paned windows onto the full-breasted mahogany herms supporting the handsome Irish grandfather clock. There are models of sailing boats and carriages, and in the hall a model of a snipe, while a jumble of Uileann pipes and musical instruments clutter the floor. A smooth walnut honey-colored eighteenth-century Irish upright harpsichord inlaid with gold stands out against the Prussian-blue walls, and a beautiful golden girl on the prow of an Irish harp leans her head against the thin elegant twenty-foot-long bookcase. Made by Gillows of Lancaster it was bought from a Christie's sale at Clonbrock, a Georgian house in the depths of County Galway. At this same memorable sale Garech also bought a carriage and while towing it in a horsebox to Luggala, stopped at a public house for a refreshing "pint." On reemerging he found to his horror that although the horsebox was still there the carriage had totally vanished and has never been seen or heard of since!

Looking from the staircase window out onto the big limestone pebbles of the courtyard shaded by pine trees in the sunshine, the yellow-apricot walls seem built into the hillside with boulders lying poised above the house as if an avalanche had just been stopped in time. The upstairs passage leads through mysterious bedrooms and one is almost built into the roof so that its ceiling folds round it like an envelope or a neat parcel. The passage dips down the back staircase into the bedrooms on the ground floor,their windows on a level with the grass so it feels as if one were on board a ship sailing through purple dips of bluebells.

In the drawing room a small square of an early Lucian Freud canvas of Garech as a dreamy boy hangs above the gilt ivy-twined candelabra and the marvelous gothicky overmantel mirror is alive with crochets and twirls. The fetlocked legs of the Irish desk pull out smoothly to reveal a nest of thin mahogany partitions and secret drawers, and the fine curling back of the chaise longue in its crushed raspberry cut velvet and the clipped swirling sofa from the suite of furniture at Russborough stand proud, elegant, and faded in the sun-soaked afternoon light. The thoroughbred quality and taut animal-like feel of Irish furniture must always have appealed to this race of centaurs. In Garech de Brún, the Gaelic spirit of Ireland that flourished before the flight of the Wild Geese and the disintegration of the old Irish order at the Battle of Aughrim lives on. □

Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

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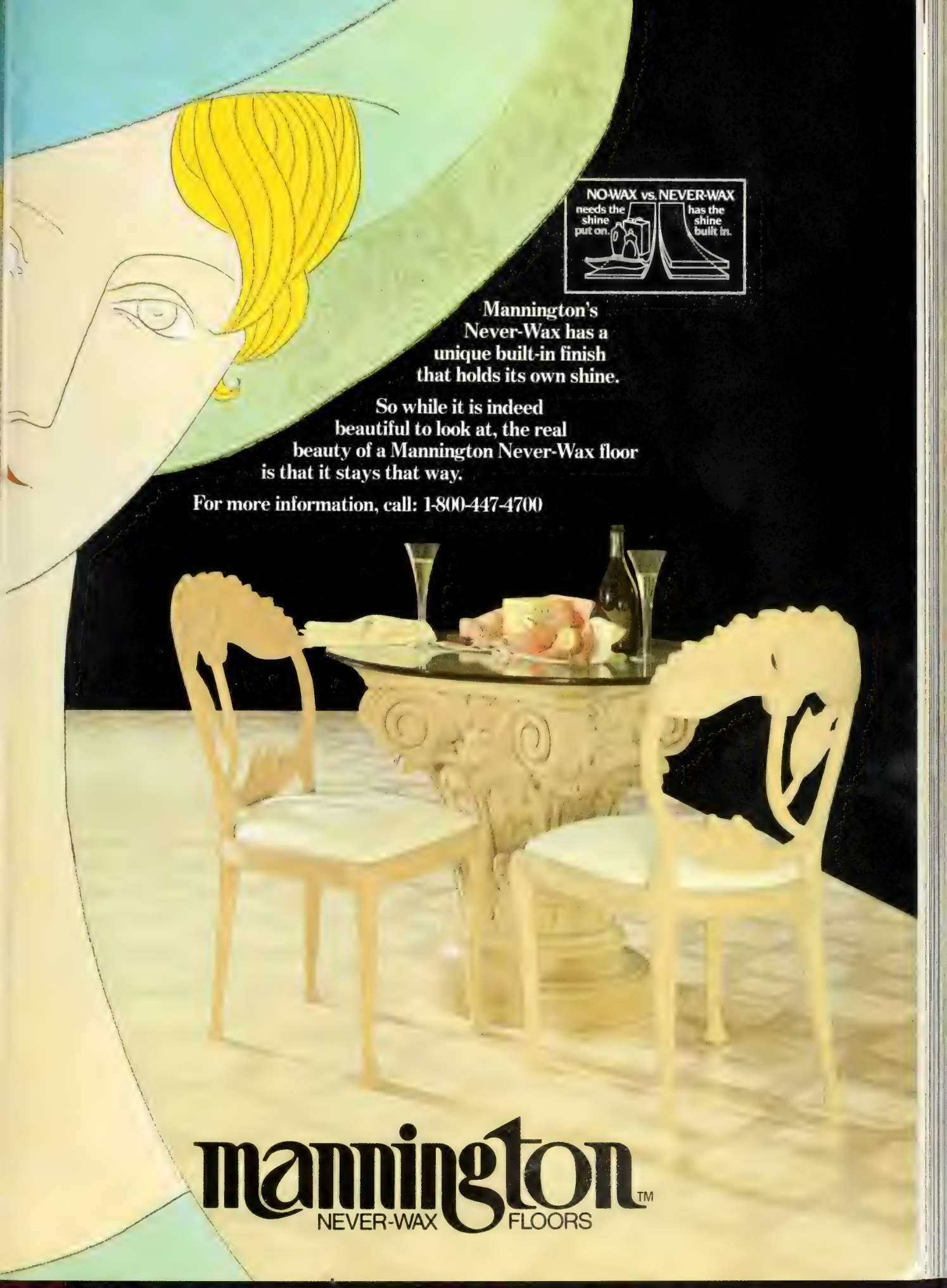
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NEVER-WAX FLOORS

(Continued from page 153) fountains still survives, with a giant bust comprising four bearded faces emerging mysteriously from the center of its still waters.

The transition from the park to the garden is effected by way of a fountain where water falls from the back of a creeper-hung grotto into a pond in which dolphins covered with moss and ferns lazily bask among the pond weed. It is flanked by two pavilions dedicated to the Muses with roughly rendered stone sides and neat Ionic porticoes. At the turn of a tap the whole area between them is converted into a shimmering network of jets of water. Such water surprises, designed to drench unwary visitors, were a regular feature of sixteenth-century gardens. This one may, however, have had a more "learned" significance. Called "the fountain of the deluge," it was probably intended to recall the flood described by Ovid shortly after his account of the golden age. "Dolphins took possession of the woods," he wrote; and the next fountain on the same level is indeed surrounded by dolphins.



The water table for alfresco meals

By steps and terraces the gardens descend on either side of the course of water which is made to flow and spurt in an astonishing variety of ways. The first and steepest part is by stairs between box hedges with a central cascade or "chain" of water emerging from the mouth of a giant crayfish and rushing down a channel carved to resemble its elongated foreclaws—to suggest, no doubt, Gambara's control of the water. From the crayfish's pincers the stream splashes into a series of semicircular basins guarded by two gigantic river gods around whom small fountains play. The rivers represented are those of Florence and Rome, the Arno and the Tiber, which irrigated the cardinal's lands producing the gifts symbolized by statues of Pomona and Flora in niches on either side. An allusion to Pope Pius IV, a Florentine, who made Gambara a cardinal may also have been intended.

On the terrace in front of this fountain there is a huge stone table made in such a way that water could flow along a trough in its top to cool flasks of wine during an alfresco meal—though one may doubt whether it was often used for dining. For a few yards the water flows underground to reemerge in numerous needle-thin jets from little basins resembling lamps on the steps of a hemicycle called the *Fontana dei lumini* (the fountain of the lamps). The chronicler of Gregory XIII's visit likened the effect to "so many silver candles in their candlesticks." The steps bring the visitor level with the entrances to the main floor or *piano nobile* of each of the twin villas and, facing them, grottos sheltering statues of Neptune, god of the waters, and Venus pressing water from her breasts to symbolize fertility. From the balustrade there is a view across the parterre to the little town of Bagnaia with its umber roofs shimmering and melting imperceptibly into the hot white distance.

The parterre is the most formal part of the garden, the area in which nature is completely ruled by art. It has also been more subject to modification than any other. When Michel de Montaigne visited Bagnaia in 1581 he saw in the center "a high pyramid which spouts water in a great many different ways: one rises, another falls. Around this pyramid are four pretty little lakes, full of pure and limpid water. In the center of each is a stone boat, with musketeers who shoot and hurl water against the pyramid, and a trumpeter in each, who also shoots water. You go round these lakes and the pyramid by the prettiest walks, with balustrades of handsome stone, very artistically carved." The stone boats still appear to float on the water though most of their crews have perished. But Cardinal Montalto had the pyramid replaced by a stone group—the work of a sculptor



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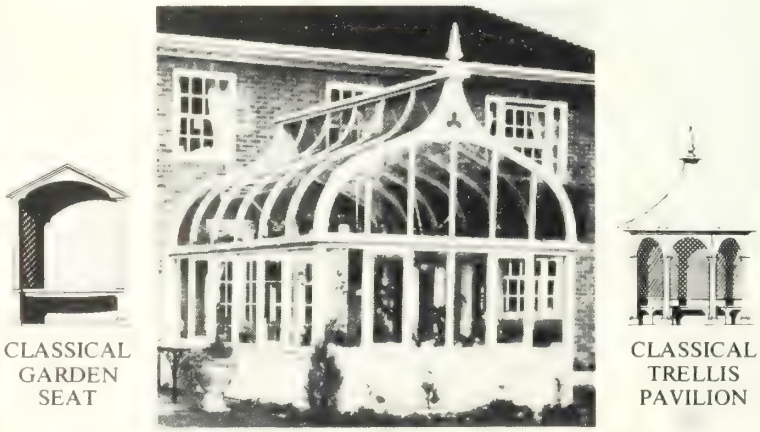
whose name is, strangely, unrecorded—of four athletic nude youths with pears in their hands holding aloft his "mountain" topped by a star which spouts silvery wires of water. He clearly had an eye for sculpture and was later to be among the first patrons of the young Gian Lorenzo Bernini who carved his bust and, for a fountain in his Roman garden, an animated Baroque group of *Neptune and Triton* (now in the Victoria & Albert Museum, London). The rectangular beds of the parterre must, in his time, still have been filled with flowering and, especially, fragrant plants, as in other Italian gardens of the period. But here, as elsewhere, they were later replaced by the French-style *broderies* ranged round the central fountain. Little room was left for flowers which were, however, reintroduced in the nineteenth century. Now the effect, when seen from above, is of some gigantic *surtout de table* of silver, old ivory, and bronze, placed in the middle of a cloth embroidered in dark green on a pink ground.

Inside the twin villas, walls and ceilings are liberally decorated with frescoes. The most interesting, in the earlier building's loggia opening onto the parterre, are large views of Bagnaia as envisaged by Gambara and, for comparison, Palazzo Farnese at Caprarola and Villa d'Este at Tivoli. On the vault above, among much grotesque ornament, there are paintings of mythological subjects of complex significance; they represent the origins of four constellations incorporating allusions to Gambara (whose crayfish stands in for the Crab of Cancer) and the Farnese family who protected him. Upstairs the paintings include Biblical scenes, the only specific reference to Gambara's religious faith—he was, in fact, one of the cardinals who administered the Inquisition and had the special duty of censoring heretical books.

By the time Cardinal Montalto had the second of the twin villas decorated, between 1613 and 1615, the sixteenth-century passion for intricate, even abstruse, allegories had somewhat abated. Artistic taste had also changed. Delight in variety and piquant juxtapositions, sometimes of incongruous figures or ornamental motifs, had given way to greater appreciation of boldly unified compositions—a change which affected garden design and architecture as much as the figurative arts. Thus the ground-floor loggia is treated not as a series of richly decorated surfaces but as a single space expanded by trompe-l'oeil painting into long empty corridors at either end and cupolas where birds flutter overhead. It is interesting to find that the young Claude Lorraine, who was soon to create a virtually new art of landscape painting, appears to have worked as an assistant in the team of artists who decorated the building. The garden remains, however, unmodified, a pure expression of the earlier Mannerist aesthetic.

Standing beside the main fountain and looking back at the twin villas and the steps climbing up into the shade of the trees behind them, one may appreciate the stroke of genius that substituted these two small buildings for the more usual single structure. Whereas most gardens are laid out around a house, here the houses are mere incidents in the garden. They stand aside, giving pride of place to the water that splashes down from the topmost pool through a succession of fountains on descending levels. Like a sixteenth-century fresco cycle—or long poem—the garden at Bagnaia was intended to be admired for the abundance and variety of its several parts and for the grace, the wit, and ingenuity displayed in their execution. From the beginning it was a showplace where visitors were by turns entranced, amused, and astonished. Montaigne praised the fountains for their "infinity of designs." But it was also, and still is, a place to take refuge from the bustle, the heat, and dust of the city, to watch the sparkling patterns woven in the air by jets of water, to linger beneath dark trees and listen to the sultry chatter of the cicadas during the long siesta, to stand on the parterre and savor the scent of dew-damp box in the evening and, later perhaps, to watch the fireflies playing among the urns on a balustrade. □

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THE ACQUISITIVE EYE

(Continued from page 106) Christie's. As a salesroom addict, I could not have found a more enviable or congenial assignment. Or a more opportune one: since there's at least one bargain in every sale, my apartment was soon packed with stuff. The only trouble was that I never knew when to stop. Every penny I earned went on "finds" which seldom served any useful purpose: a giant tortoise (stuffed), a jester's rattle, a silver chamber pot, daguerreotypes of the royal family and circus freaks, a lump of obsidian, several narwhal tusks, an enormous coral brain, busts galore, an apron made of giraffe tails, embroidered bellpulls, and much more besides. "The apartment represents the story of my life," I would echo Mario Praz, and then look around the shambles and pray that it was nothing of the sort. Was I that much of a mess? The only things in which I took real pride were some paintings—a Salvator Rosa, an early Reynolds, a tiny Cézanne (now sold)—which I had discovered for a fraction of their value: also a collection of presents, mostly drawings, from artists I had been lucky enough to know: Picasso, Braque, de Staël, César, Sutherland, Warhol.

In the course of time I have come to see my apartment as a desperate rearguard action, a struggle against a Collyer Brothers propensity to accumulate, against innate untidiness, and against the depredations of an overindulged dog. However, there is another problem which is *not* my fault—an accident-prone upstairs neighbor whose ordeals by fire and water—ordeals I have no choice but to share—have periodically reduced me to the state of Tamino, victim of all that tedious hazing in *The Magic Flute.* The first ordeal—by water—was not too taxing; the second—by smoke rather than fire—was severe enough to entail radical redecoration. To exorcise sooty stains, smells, and memories, I had Malcolm Robson, the English woodgrainer, paint the damaged areas, some in imitation of yellow and gray marble, some in *bois clair* and mahogany—what a malicious friend accurately described as *folie de grandeur* on the cheap. "Aren't the yellow 'marble' walls a touch garish?" the same friend went on to ask. The answer, of course, is yes, but they cheer up what would otherwise be a gloomy little hall; they are also—here I look upwards and keep my fingers crossed—a hostage to fate.

Fire and water were blessings in disguise to the extent that they obliged me to find a way of transforming my disparate chattels—good, bad, and indifferent, from all civilizations and periods—into a coherent ensemble. To my mind, the only solution was some sort of unifying background. Fortunately, I knew what I wanted: the mahogany-colored velvet (brown with a lot of purple in it) that Knoedler's have traditionally hung on their gallery walls. In the course of organizing and hanging a series of exhibitions in Knoedler's galleries I had discovered that the whole gamut of art—from Perugino to Picasso—was enhanced by the chocolatey depths of this wonderful stuff. Knoedler's plush was beyond my means; however, I found a plastic-backed flock (sounds disgusting; looks great) that had the same color, the same tonal value, the same rich nap. As I hoped, this ground has proved the perfect foil for the ever-changing mass of paintings, drawings, sculpture, Oriental pots, and Surrealist objects that clutter my living room.

This addiction to dark backgrounds manifests itself once again on the garden floor—a space that serves as bedroom, sitting room, and dining room—which is hung in the darkest mulberry-colored flock paper I could persuade Coles of London to print. "Flock paper's fearfully hick," the critical friend drew attention to my solecism in vain. What was good enough for some of John Fowler's best rooms is good enough for me. As usual it is a question of getting the color and the tone exactly right (not easy: the mulberry should have had more blueberry in it). Given that you achieve *le ton juste,* a dark flock paper homogenizes the most eclectic things, in my case drawings by artists as diverse as Burne-Jones, Ingres, Helleu, Hockney, and Frank Stella. And then I've put one of those Victorian Turkey carpets in military red and blues on the floor to serve a similar purpose. Like Matisse's great red studio in The Museum of Modern Art, it unifies the most disparate things: needlework rugs, a coral lacquer table, a Sicilian sofa in *verre églomisé,* a silverplated console made for the Indian market.

None of these effects have been



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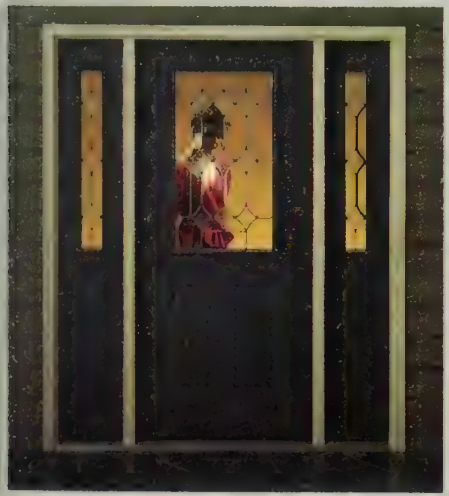
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thought out—contrived as a decorator might contrive them. On the contrary, they have come about through trial and error, through an instinctive process beyond my control. If only I could force my taste, such as it is, into new patterns: for a change, have a light room, in a gamut of cream and gray and silver and gold, but I can't. For better or worse I am at the mercy of my own peculiar predilections: for darkness which I disdain because it makes for melancholy, for clutter, which I dislike because it makes for confusion, for nostalgia, which I despise because it enhances the past at the expense of the present, and for splendor which I am obliged to dispense with (or, at a pinch, simulate), because of the cost. Those of us who suffer from an obsession with the look and feel of our surroundings know what it is to waste hours simply *gazing*—sometimes with proprietary pride, sometimes in a spirit of criticism or fantasy, and sometimes with a view to making infinitesimal adjustments to the angle of a chair or the alignment of a box. I plead guilty to this, specifically to going into a kind of trance over the effects of chiaroscuro, light and shade: for instance over the glow of a green silk shade in mirror glass, a palm tree's shadow on the ceiling, the glint of silver sconces against mahogany paneling, the play of light on gilded surfaces or, best of all, on a new acquisition, like an Imari pot recently placed on a console table. I feel like a painter relishing a particular brush stroke. Nor is my pleasure confined to visual experiences. I love my rooms when they smell of lilies in the summer, of wood smoke in the winter (better than those asphyxiating *bougies d'ambiance*), when the faint sounds of the city give way to the old-fashioned rattle of ice in a cocktail shaker, or the just audible *va-et-vient* of my dog. At moments like this the atmosphere of the apartment seems, to me at least, palpably romantic. The only thing that manages to dissipate it is the telephone with its incessant demands and temptations. But it is perhaps as well to have pretext for escaping from the narcissistic pool that one's apartment threatens to become. I say "one's" in the hope that there are others whose aspirations and vanities and follies are reflected in the idiosyncratic disposition of their household goods and gods. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

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IRELAND
he unexpected pleasures.

(Continued from page 159) Pathfinding is a natural role to Mathis and he is a widely known San Antonio civic leader in the arts and local crafts and in historic preservation. No one disputes that it was his courage and personal commitment that saved the King William historic district in which Villa Finale stands.

In the early 1700s, the King William area was farmland that belonged to the Spanish mission we know today as the Alamo. German immigrants settled on this land along the San Antonio River in the mid nineteenth century, naming their main street after the first Kaiser Wilhelm (the name was Anglicized after 1917) and building vernacular cottages, Greek Revival mansions, Victorian gingerbread houses, and Italianate villas like Walter Mathis's.

Mathis, who is an investment banker and vice-president at Shearson Lehman/American Express, is a thirteenth-generation San Antonian and the first entry in *Debrett's Texas Peerage*. The notion of noblesse oblige is alien to him, but he clearly feels a strong obligation to the city in which six of his relatives have served as mayor. And perhaps the best thing he has done for San Antonio was to save and restore his house and neighborhood.



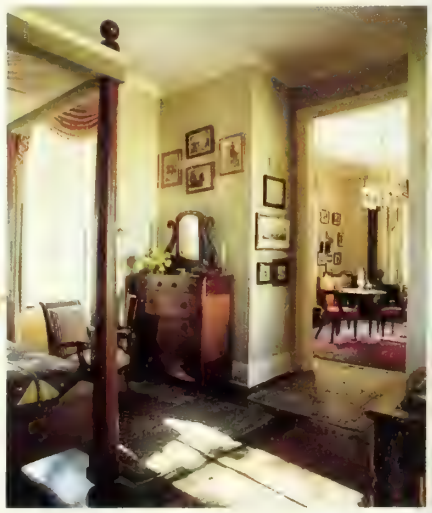
In 1890 the Mathis house gained tower wing

By the end of the twenties, almost every fine house in King William had been deserted by owners fleeing to the suburban hills after a bad river flood. The housing shortage of World War II was the finishing blow as the spacious buildings were carved up into tiny apartments and rooming houses. It was a neighborhood frozen in dereliction when Walter Mathis suddenly needed a place to live.

As soon as he learned in 1967 that the new north freeway was to plow through his backyard, he thought of King William. He was involved in the area two years before, raising $200,000 to rehabilitate a local mansion that serves as headquarters for the San Antonio Conservation Society, the pioneer preservation group.

Mathis chose the house he liked best—he had his pick in those days—for its beautiful limestone exterior and large garden, its scale, size, and solidity. With the help of the renowned Texas architect O'Neil Ford, Mathis gutted the house of its superfluous bathrooms and kitchens, many of them cubicles inserted on the porches. He banished vermin, steam-cleaned the limestone, mended and replaced shutters and hardware, rewired, replastered, replumbed, restored stained glass and interior details. He moved in a year and a half later.

Mathis's deep plunge into the restoration experience made him decide to improve his surroundings by buying and restoring fourteen other King William houses in a four-year period. Needless to say, he is a high-roller who wins. Others came to restore: the neighborhood is a gold coast once more and the pride of the city. Everybody won in this Texas-size gamble. □



Texas-made family pieces in bedroom suite

AUCTION CALENDAR

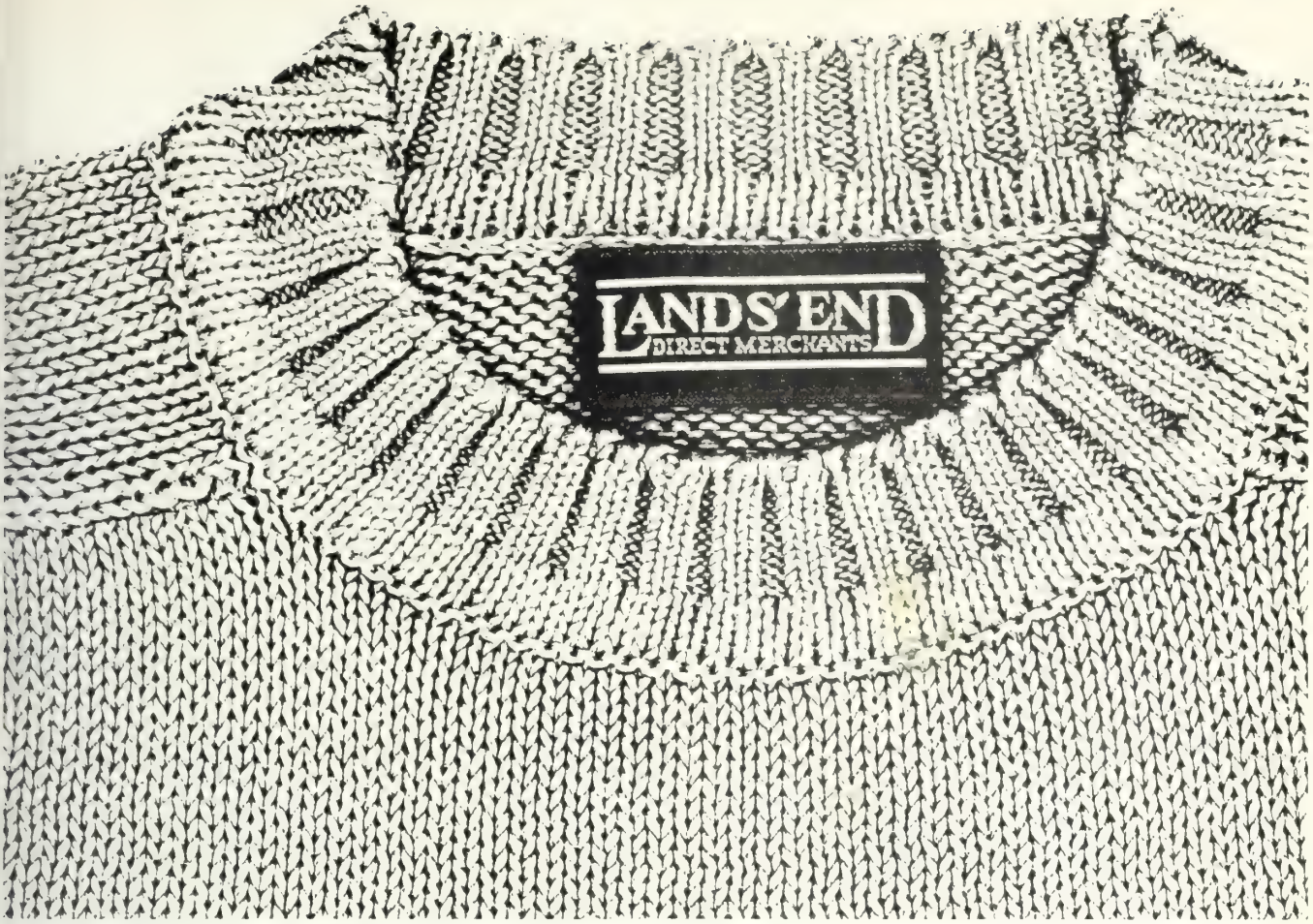
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TUES 5	**Important Jewelry**
WED 6	**American and European Prints**
THURS 14	**Important Paperweights**
FRI 15	**American Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture**
WED 20 THURS 21 FRI 22	**Japanese Works of Art**
THURS 28 FRI 29	**Stamps**
SAT 30	**Art Nouveau, Art Déco and Sculpture**

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STROKES OF GENIUS

Masters of Japanese Calligraphy: 8th–9th Century
The Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, Kansas City, Mo.; through Mar. 30.

This exhibition and symposium, organized by New York's Japan Society, is the first program in the United States to present a comprehensive survey of Japanese calligraphy. One hundred fifty calligraphies are shown, with the above styles being just two: a Zen monk's ordination document, *left;* and a painterly hand-scroll poem, *right. Donovan Webster*

FLASH IN JAPAN

Wear your favorite building? The concept isn't so strange as it sounds, especially where Japanese fashion is concerned. These outfits, designed by Sachito Ito, have yet to become a fashion cornerstone in Tokyo but have appeared in a whiskey advertisement, *below,* and in Leonard Koren's new book, *New Fashion Japan* (Kodansha).

Architecture chic isn't new, however, and has been sliced by the cutting edge for more than sixty years now. The inspiration for this "streetwear" may have been taken from Picasso's "building costumes" for Satie's *Parade,* or Ito may have heard about New York's Beaux-Arts Ball of 1931, where architects of the New York City skyline dressed for dinner as their own building designs. Six decades haven't dimmed the absurdity of these outfits, and it's doubtful that another century will make archicouture any less outlandish. *D.W.*





JAPANNED HIGH CHEST, BOSTON, 1733–45.

PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

New England Furniture: The Colonial Era,
DeCordova and Dana Museum and Park, Lincoln, Mass., March 24–June 2.

When the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities was founded in 1910 to save "buildings, places and objects of historical and other interest," furniture was not what they had in mind. Yet today SPNEA not only owns and administers 41 properties ranging from the seventeenth-century Coffin House to the 1937 Walter Gropius House, but also owns more than 1,200 pieces of antique New England Colonial furniture.

Cataloguing the Colonial pieces began in 1975, a lengthy but thrilling adventure for SPNEA chief curator Brock Jobe, former consulting curator Myrna Kaye, and their staff. The results of that adventure have led to the first major interpretive exhibition of such furniture. Brock Jobe chose four themes to organize the display of nearly one hundred objects: evolution of design, construction techniques, the taste of Colonial patrons, and regional variations. Jobe and Kaye's 1984 Houghton Mifflin book takes the same name as the exhibition that it documents and enhances. *Elaine Greene*



DESK AND BOOKCASE, BOSTON, 1770–90.

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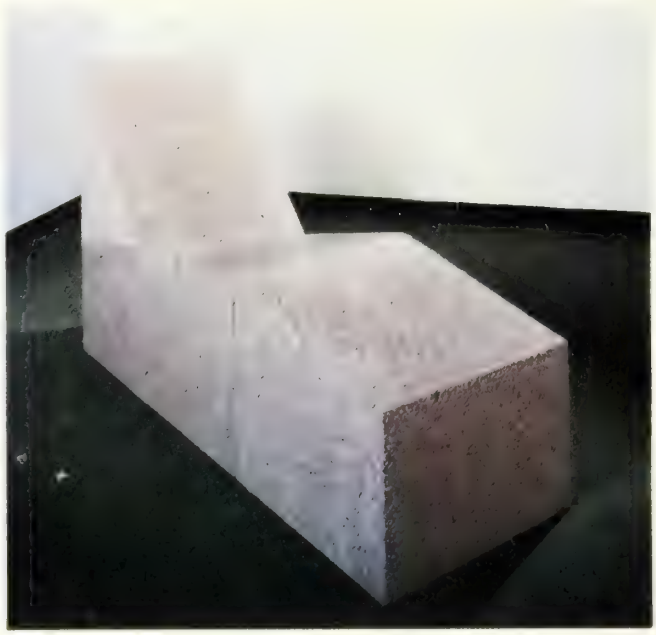
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EARTHLY DELIGHTS

David Attenborough redefines "the grand tour" as he continues his global journey with *The Living Planet: A Portrait of the Earth.* His television journal is vividly filmed; his enthusiasm contagious. It airs Sunday evenings on PBS. *Gabrielle Winkel*



HOST AND ALBATROSSES



SEATS OF POWER

Scott Burton: Granite Furniture, Max Protetch Gallery, New York, through Mar. 23.

Furniture as fine art, or serviceable sculpture? *Chaise Longue* (1984) adds a new angle to a traditional form. From its hard-line simplicity to its hard-edged material, the piece—part of Burton's *Geometric Granite Furniture* series—calls into question the relationship between representation and the object represented. As his titles tell, Burton's pieces can occupy and be occupied. *Anne Rieselbach*



OTHER EDENS

Philadelphia Flower Show, Philadelphia Civic Center, Mar. 3–10. *New York Flower Show,* Hudson River Exhibition Pier at 50th St., Mar. 20–24.

Philly's got the largest, longest annual (since 1829) paean to Flora in America, but New York's show—after 15 years' dormancy—may be the hot hothouse ticket this year. It takes a leaf (*above*) from Parkinson's 1629 *Paradise. M.M.*



THE LIONS' SHARE

Treasures from The New York Public Library, 5th Ave. & 42nd St., New York, Feb. 15–May 24.

The Library's stone lions aren't named Patience and Fortitude for nothing—its research collections number 26 million items. Now its range of riches is going public through an intriguing show of 250 selections, among them a pastel by J.S. Duplessis (*above*) deemed the only posed portrait of Franklin, an Aztec manuscript, and an illuminated Aesop. *Margaret Morse*

SOPHIE'S CHOICE

Newcomb Pottery: An Enterprise for Southern Women, 1895–1940. The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, March 30–May 26.

The products of America's early twentieth-century art potteries are often exhibited together, largely because of their common Arts and Crafts heritage. But the art pottery founded in 1895 at Sophie Newcomb College, the women's division of Tulane University, had other allegiances as well, and separate attention is well worthwhile. The Newcomb Pottery was meant to be a place where graduates of the college art school could earn an aesthetically rewarding and "respectable" living—not necessarily an easy task for women of their era. The pottery's output was to be distinctively Southern, and decorative motifs of the region—hollyhocks, black-eyed Susans, and palm trees—appear frequently. Exhibition and catalogue are evidence that this unusual enterprise succeeded. *Amy McNeish*



VASES FROM THE NEWCOMB POTTERY: LEFT TO RIGHT, C. 1900, 1910, AND 1929.



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(Continued from page 140) There was an edge of morning in the night wind.

"It's such a privilege to have met you," she had kept saying.

But the palms knew nothing about all this in the Café where he sat in the shade on this midafternoon. He looked at their wilted plumes across the hot rue de Somewhere as, in his mind, he watched himself leave the Café. Without stirring he projected every gesture. The body called Maurice left a tip on the table, by a pile of saucers. He had made his own little ziggurat here because conversations in a Paris café were once measured by the piling of saucers. So Maurice was leaving while he sat still, his projection adhering to a rigid schedule, an inner clock.

He was, after all, a fixture. A riddle that had survived. Pedestrians examined him from afar, like a sphinx. As he sat, his tongue probed a cavity like a snake in a ruin. An adder in Delphi. But it pressed too hard, and a calcified tooth broke off in a fragment of coral, so he curled it on the tip of his tongue,



and, removing it with a finger, pressed it carefully into the saucer. There, that was history. It was by such little things that we measure entire epochs, not by love. A palm tree blurring without his glasses, a button breaking. They could pierce one more than a book, like the time when, having poured out half of his heart in a long, long letter to her right here at this white iron table, the nib broke.

He watched himself walk the street of Negro shacks, punctuated now and then by an aspiring bourgeois villa with its fruit trees, lawn, and chairs in the thick garden. His shadow moved along the walls, and he turned his head.

He thought how he hated those local courtesans who began in their teens the rites of titillation, whose goddess was the Empress Joséphine. He had known too many beauties whose vanity was exactly like the island's. Who wanted poems written to them, who showed, in the flashing thigh of some valley here, the bared knee of a hill, provocations, *oeillades,* flirtations behind bamboo fans, who wanted only to be admired; teasers whose motto was see but don't touch. So, he did not try to touch her that summer when she had dropped him off at his rented room on the quiet street.

The next afternoon, after Madame Beausoleil's, she had driven him to a wide, long, empty beach near the volcano, on which the appearance of a single fisherman was as startling as an exclamation point. She had lain on her stomach and squinted at him as she spoke about her own poems and stories. She wanted to write well, she told him, salt glittering in her gaze. She wrote nonsense, silly little stories. It should be her life's work, he said, even if she was beautiful.

Sitting cross-legged on the sand, she had stretched and scooped and piled and patted a mound around her thighs. Frowning, she had scraped his brain empty with the sweet voracity of a child finishing a dessert. Then she would rapidly slap the sand from her palms, her thighs, and her rear and, after making a swift crucifix, dive without a ripple into the water. His heart felt as wide as the bay, but when she came out of the sea, her smile had altered. It was the smile of Eve, he thought, or the mantis, but a smile that changed him from a lover to an uncle. Uncle Maurice.

He watched the paler marks at the edge of her shoulder straps. She was white, a metropolitan, but two years in Martinique had made her skin cinnamon, like a native. Her face was still a schoolgirl's. He wanted to make it

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tragic, to put pouches under her eyes, to make her young breasts sag with time, to place the parenthesis of a secret sorrow around a despondent mouth, then she might understand him. Seductions and adulteries had been easy for him. His lechery cried out for an obstruction.

She swam strongly, far, far out, as if she wanted to leave the island. Her hair was a black helmet bobbing. He was worried that the afternoon would bore her. Soon it wore him out, the discipline of keeping his stomach in, of smiling carefully to conceal his teeth, of deflating carefully when she strolled out of range.

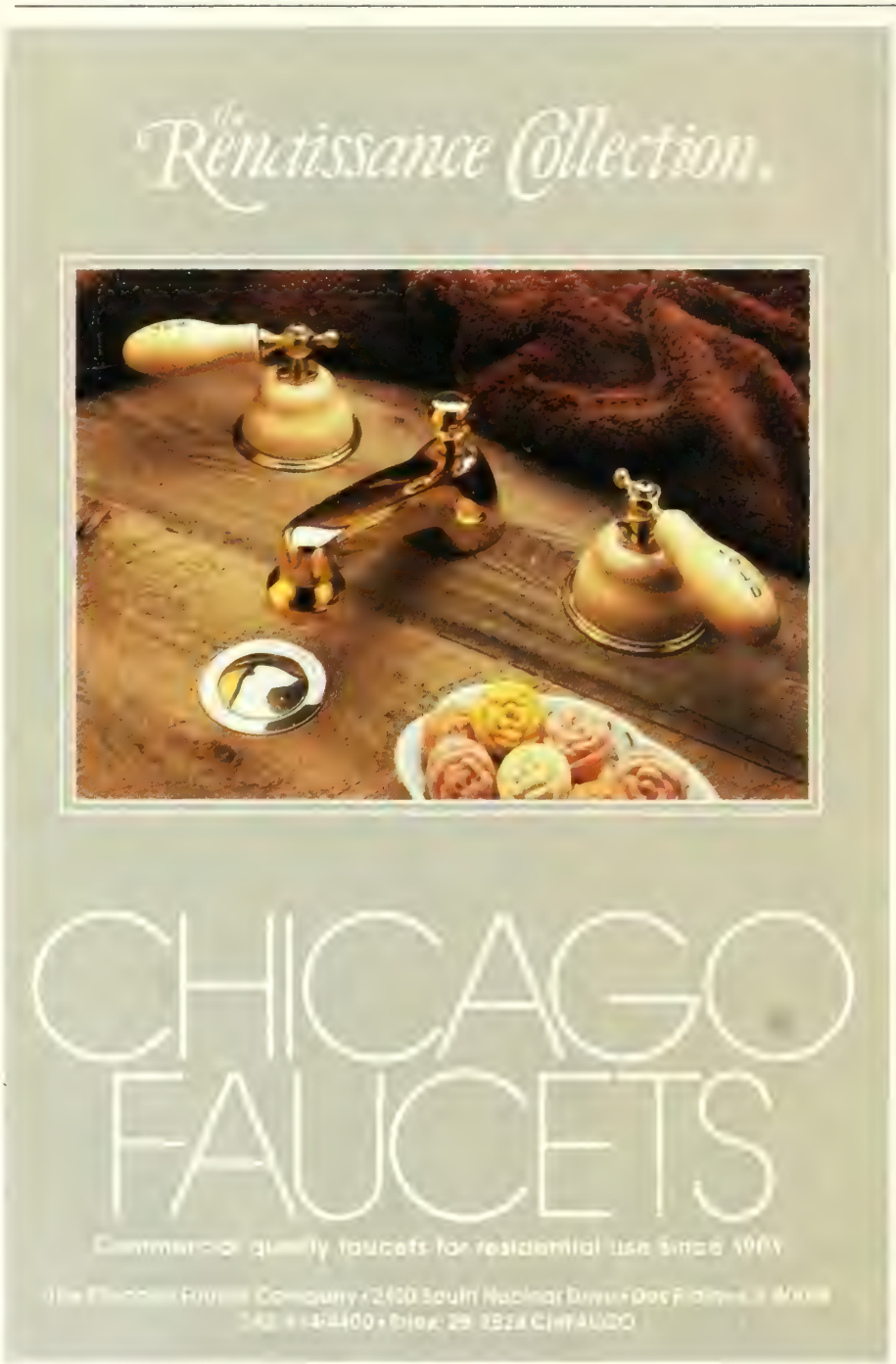
II

During the murderous rain of August, with its plague of rainflies and its threat of mildew, the air in his room was palpable, damp blotting paper. The rainflies fell in his food. His writing paper sagged. The rainflies crawled over it, like an alphabet with its own will. He let her write, imagined her at a window sill, straining to remember what he had tried to teach her on that afternoon at the beach. The rainflies were the obverse of that tribal parable in which we grow wings and soar toward light. He watched them fall from the bulb and lose their wings and turn into ants. Termites. Frantic as her handwriting. It was the hurricane season, and on bad days the sky was indigo. He would have to turn the bulb on, on the worst days. The awning of the small veranda of the Café would be taken down. Then put back up. Then taken down again. This farce depended on the sun. Without the sun all his thesis of helotry and the new Aegean felt soggy, a ball of newspaper in an ocher-flowing drain. It rained and the rain flooded the tiled terrace and the Café. He never sat indoors in the Café, so he stayed in his room. Where could he sit? There were no passers-by to point him out. They would be sheltering under balconies with defeated black faces. He forgot how much it rained in August. The months passed, and he thought of August as dry, rusted, golden, and there would be days when she was, but then the rain would begin and everything would halt in that long, indigo eclipse.

After the convulsions of rainstorms, of tropical depressions, the sun worried its way through thick gray clouds, like a cigarette burn in his blanket. The clouds burned away. The sun came out full. Heat sucked up the puddles in the asphalt. The trees shook themselves like wet dogs. Everything, after involuntary shudders, from chickens to the seminal drops on the electric wires, returned to its normal, sunlit sadness. A season passed, wet then dry.

One day at the Café, the waiter brought him a brown package with a Parisian postmark. A magazine and an anthology of short stories. He looked at the contents. It was a cheap magazine with blurry photographs of the contributors. Was that her? With even shorter hair? He supposed so. The hurricane season passed, and with it, the threat to his mind. And then it was December, then January, and it was cool and blue and hard with light again, the fronds of the palms sounding fresh, and when it rained it was through the sunshine.

He was glad that her small, rust-col-



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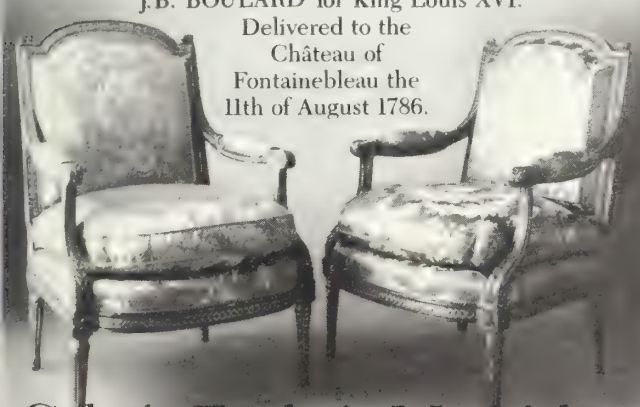
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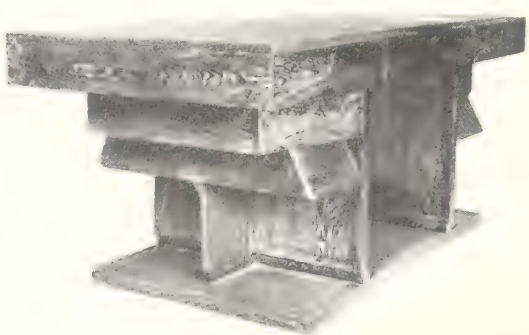


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ored Peugeot would not have to pass him on the road and that she would not have to wave at him and he pretend that he had not seen. She was beautiful, certainly, but up in the country there were beautiful women whose skin was the color of smoke, of charcoal itself. Their eyes glared, and when they permitted their high-boned, smoldering faces more than a taut smile, their teeth flashed white as paper. Knotted madrases across their brows gave them the blank severity of ebony masks, the varicolored plaid of the handkerchiefs deepened the sheen of black flesh, and these women were from his grandmother's side. Country women. The dirtier their condition, the nobler they looked. Their element was poverty and when he had worked for awhile at the tourist bureau he had designed that poverty's emblematic costume. Her clothes gray, dirt-crusted, soiled, but her bound head in its black profile, uplifted and as noble as Hecuba. He had fluted her skirts in the wind to evoke a classical statue, thinking of his grandmother and his gallery of great-aunts, but of course they had rejected his design. They wanted reverie, fantasy. In the end they went back to the usual photographs of tanned blondes waterskiing, corals under water, immaculate tennis, and a local model in national costume, also immaculate, parting bougainvillaea branches and holding a vacant basket, her grin as empty. He had tried to market poverty as an idea, as a poetic truth. He had seen how tourists looked for it on the pretext that they were seeking something native, real. That was the way he had tried to pay back grand-mère, and to take revenge on his illegitimate white grandfather, a khaki man with a khaki helmet on a khaki horse. He had probably tumbled her in the canes.

> It was resignation that had made him a philosopher, a message in a bottle on the Gulf Stream

The young poets celebrated blackness now, but for him their devotion was another kind of Oedipal rape, or an infantile desire to hide in those skirts, away from the world, away from technology deep in maternal Africa. One had said to him, in this same Café, some days ago, "I know why you don't write any more. Why you haven't written anything for years. It is because of the past. Because of your color, you cannot face the past. It is shame, that's all."

"Whatever you want," he smiled.

"You sit here and look mysterious while things pass you by. And everybody reveres your silence. But we do not. You do not read us, you don't encourage us. You have no political position. You could help young people. Don't you notice that nobody comes and talks to you any more?"

"Except you."

"Not any more."

"I hope so."

"*Couillon.*" He got up to go. He left money on the table. After that, he stayed away from the Café for a week. Leaving his emblem there at the empty table. But there was a mold to fill and he came back.

He fell in love again. Implacably, this time. She sat by a window, the light behind her golden, in a white shift. Madame Vigée-Lebrun with her sketchbook. Chiton folds, transparent, fell over her breasts. He could not quite see her face because it was in shadow, like his own in the Café. "They do not understand you, my love," she was writing, "but I do."

He did what he had never done in his life before and vandalized a book. He tore the picture out and put it in his wallet. He had found her in the library. Write me a letter, he muttered.

Once more he took pride in his step, the buoyancy of the boulevardier. It is the idea of time, he assured himself, that makes a floating man drown. That punctures him, panics him, and makes him leak like a ribbed canoe. Otherwise, he could last forever, floating on the whim of the currents. It was this resignation that had made him a philosopher, a message in a bottle on the

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Gulf Stream. He enters his room. Thinking of all this, smiling, he falls asleep.

He sleeps like Chatterton, like a dead matador in *Carmen*. He snores delicately. But there is nobody watching him, except me. Over the trees, down the dry gulch with rocks that have boiled so often in the heat that they have cracked and splintered, and over the nasty brown rivulet where they dump colorful garbage, boys are playing soccer. The thud of the ball goes on all afternoon.

I am writing this letter 25 years later. She is taking up her sketchbook and propping it up on her transparent knee, Madame Vigée-Lebrun and her sketchbook, and I write to him, in his sleeping form, because I cannot bear his disenchantments when he is awake. I will not read all of his sad, self-published book that talks about new civilizations. It is too close to my own life. I should compose a plot, cunningly, while he sleeps, and there he would be immortalized.

It would have the hills, first, that he loved young and despised when their proportions became absurd, their names inflated. And small houses on the sides of the hills, and two black women, in clean rags, walking along the side of the road toward the river. The names, too, that he would write and rewrite in his blue-covered, then, later, marbleized exercise books, sound so rich in themselves that they did not need rhymes. And Renan in the cathedrals by the sea. And Gauguin in the lowered flame of the *immortelle*. And the reefs under the clear green water that looked like bruises, when he was trying to write prose-poetry and was also a determined adulterer, going through the wives of his friends like doors in a farce. He had his litany of hatreds and they kept him going: the turgid molasses of the harbor at night. Whores suddenly bursting into song before the night began. Country and Western music on the jukebox. The lounges of luxury hotels. Women who seemed alone in bars until their husbands came. Berets. Beards. Metropolitan gendarmes. Black policemen. Good-byes. When she left for Paris he did not see her off. He wanted someone who would never move again. Who did not catch planes whose engines tore up the clouds like paper and broke his heart. Write me a letter, he had asked her.

All right, then.

Dear Maurice: There were no sidewalk cafés in my island where we watched yours across the channel, and thought of conversation and white wine. The British don't go in for that. Was Fort-de-France very much like Paris? Was it ever at all like Paris? Did you really see wide marble plazas by a bluish-purple harbor and the philosophers moving around, not in African but in white robes, with nothing Moroccan about them, though? Did you see the whole archipelago as another Aegean? You never managed to decide what costumes we would wear. Togas. All of that wonderful talk! All of that invaluable bitterness! Your muse was a black-haired, brown-skinned girl who, mentally, was only visiting. She wanted to be embittered, like you, to know that life was not like daydreams, because she had been punished by having everything: beauty, wit, and laughter that winked off the long-stemmed glasses. And when she lowered her eyelids at some careful crudity you uttered, Maurice, as the poet of this civilization poisoned by Europe—yet blazing-eyed as the plants with your love of our indigo islands—you hoped you had pierced her heart for good. That your bitterness might send her away while your adoration needed her to remain. She chose your bitterness, it fed her gift.

If men cry in their sleep, while they are actually sleeping, I can hear that silent sobbing, and it is, as we kept telling you, Maurice, unnecessary. This is not the nineteenth century. Bitterness has gone, and paradoxes, and the smoke of railway stations in novels of departure, and because of the penitence of fiction, your face in which I might see myself. It's all gone, *flâneur*, boulevardier, the century has turned, and the police are black today. For all your hatred of it, it is you who believe in time, in history. If you will permit me to contradict you. It is you who are waiting. And only you know what for. Meanwhile, the rest of us have things to do. We move ahead. □

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(Continued from page 176) the heads of state arrived in Delhi in February 1983, they stepped onto Indian soil to face a barracks-like structure, nondescript as are all airport structures, across the façade of which doves gamboled in space, brooded or ruffled their wings in delight, while a single dove soared, holding a green branch in its beak. M.F. Hussain, white-bearded, venerable, intensely young and alive, had painted seven panels of doves in tones of pearl white and dusk gray, generating movement and energy against azure sunlit skies.

At the portals of the building earthen jars molded on wheels by Gujarat potters and painted chunam white flanked the doorway. The pot in India for five thousand years has symbolized abundance, an auspicious holding and nurturing, suggesting presence of water or grain, both life-givers.

Immediately ahead facing the doorway was a recessed alcove, a madder-red dot of exploding energy. Red in India has evoked many moods of love. Of these, madder red symbolizes true love, for it does not fade nor can time diminish its depth.

The alcove had spaces demarcated; some enclosures were closed, others had doves nesting, fluttering their wings, preening themselves or with necks raised in proud greeting. Carved in wood, they were born of the excitement of an Indian bazaar. Wandering one evening in an Ahmedabad bazaar looking for doors and windows, Rajeev came upon a potter molding clay pigeons for a local fair. Perceiving the energy and vigor in the molding of the birds and the skill of the potter, he bought a few. Rounding another corner he came upon a wood-carver to whom he gave the clay pigeons. What emerged from the hands of these craftsmen became poignant yet triumphant symbols of peace.

It is a tragedy of the Indian visual scene that the authentic interiors and living spaces of India prior to the nineteenth century are little known either in India or abroad. By the time photography came of age, traditional secular interiors had disappeared. Frescoes and miniature paintings where interiors were hinted at by the introduction of architectural elements, artifacts, and floor spreads were the only resource material. By the mid nineteenth century the ethos of the West had permeated



Ivory inlaid chairs from the Punjab; verandah doors from Gujarat.

the Indian environment. The bedstead, the cupboard, the sofa and chair had become symbols of the new culture. A concept of artifact as decorative object independent of function was introduced. It was an aesthetic totally alien to the craftsman's vocabulary of form. He saw ornament as integral to architecture, furniture, utensil, ritual vessel, a slate or a book cover or the howdah of elephant, the saddle of camel or horse. Indications are that in a traditional household low wooden boards proportioned to satisfy the many functions of living were the only furniture used during the pre-British period. The living room had a wooden swing suspended from the ceiling with intricate chains cast in brass with birds and figurines interwoven into the links and little receptacles to hold incense. Other wooden boards, oblong when used for sleeping, low and lacquered, square or hexagonal for sitting upright or when used for eating, were to be found in the homes of rich and poor. The simple wooden board ensured that the spines of those who used it to sleep on or to sit remained straight and supple.

Doors and windows, beams and columns, utensils and precious objects were made in wood, stone, or metal,



carved or inlaid with ivory, gems, gold, silver, copper, or brass; while heavy bell-metal hardware was embedded in plain but extremely well-chosen wood surfaces. Iron was sometimes used on wood to strengthen and also to provide an accent, a density to other metals. Vertical or horizontal chests with little drawers and secret spaces were used to hold jewels or medicinal herbs. Mirrors were lacquered or set in ivory frames; bronze mirrors polished to reflect faces were used in south India. The Indian home does not appear to have had a tradition of cloth draperies to divide spaces, but used painted or lacquered screens. Stretched cloths, painted with floral or abstract designs, printed or embroidered, were used as blinds to be lowered or raised, to separate or provide open spaces. Cushions of all shapes on floor or on wooden boards were integral to all interiors.

In the airport structure Rajeev Sethi created two spacious rooms; the one to the left of the entrance for the visiting dignitary, to the right for his entourage. Both rooms were built around an unwritten raga, a melody in white. The palette ranged from the cold white of marble to the husk white of earth floor or wall of village hut. An ancient Indian text speaks of five tones of white; sandal white, conch white, the white of the August moon, jasmine white, and the white of water which reflects a cloudless sky. There is a luminosity in no color, in which all color is contained. An Indian proverb speaks of "the juice of a peacock's egg, translucent white, containing within it the exploding colors of a peacock's tail."

Authentic interiors and living spaces of India prior to the 19th century are little known in India or abroad

Faced with finding furniture so made and used that it retained anonymity, while providing comfort, Rajeev designed vast well-cushioned sofas and chairs in tones of white, placed so that they receded into the tussah-silk covered walls.

The room for the dignitaries, intended for repose, was so spaced that the energies of the room converged outward. As a unifying element Mughal flowers were used in the delicate tones of the Mughal palette—old rose and pistachio green, mauve of blossoming iris or the golden color of mango juice—hand-blocked silk embroidered in gold on cushions and inlaid in jeweled tones, using bone, metal, or mother-of-pearl on yellow-ocher marble from Rajasthan; or translated into ornament for ivory screens.

On the right of the brilliant red vestibule was the room for the entourage. It was so conceived that energies converged inward, toward a square platform built to suggest a central courtyard above which a stately wooden swing hung from carved rafters.

A massive spherical pot, in burnished leather, used for storing water in the deserts of Rajasthan, broke the vertical and horizontal geometry of the room.

Doors carved with the tree of life made by blockmakers, intricately carved doors from Chettinad in the deep south, heavy, plain doors from a village house were angled to divide spaces.

Carved pink sandstone *jarokhas,* or balconies, invited the eye; doves nested in latticed alcoves. Wrought-iron grilles were inlet into the walls, permitting light to enter, and were so placed that one caught glimpses of secret nooks and sheltered rooms where uninterrupted conversation was possible. Within these rooms an interplay of objects in clay, metal, and stone provided treasures of classical, rural, and nomadic art.

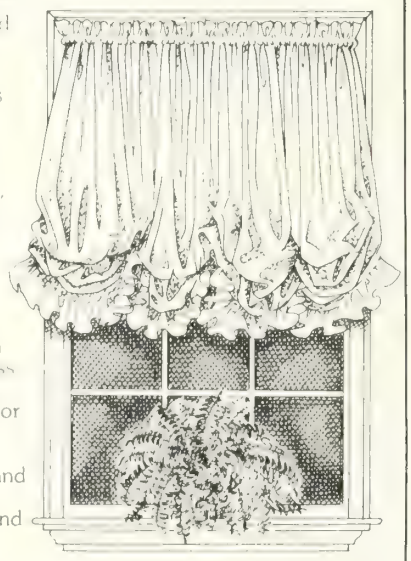
The eye lingered savoring each object, architectural motif, or artifact.

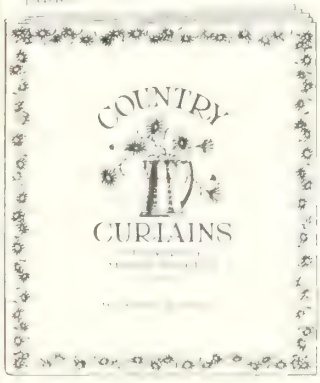
The two rooms, the one based on the elegance of the linear, the other on the depth and density of dark woods and heavy metals, came together in the vermilion of the vestibule. A red fiery dot on the pale golden forehead of an Indian girl. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

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(Continued from page 170) splendors of Florence for their industrial hometown.

Because of triumphs like this, it is often said Mandelli is at times the one who wears the pants in the Milanese fashion community. The image is not displeasing to the sizzling signora, whose train of thought now hits such speeds the threat of derailing is an ever-present thrill. "I've always liked androgyny in my clothes, provided you alternate with a very sexy look. The woman I design for has an enormous range to be an angel—and a demon. She has the courage of her contradictions."

Mandelli cultivates those contrasts in her own lifestyle with perfect Yin-Yang artistry. Though many fellow designers live in *palazzi* to match their egos, Mandelli refuses to budge from the Milan apartment she has shared with her parents for 24 years. "I'm not obsessed with living in the center of town just because it's chicquer."

In a playful, if unintended, reverse-snobbery move, Mandelli did, in fact, recently purchase a *palazzo*—one of Milan's finest, at that—not as a home, but as new Krizia headquarters. The national monument, one of rare beauty that dates to 1500, inspired Mandelli, wouldn't you know, to go all the way modern with mostly Memphis punctuating the basic black-and-whiteness.

In typical counterpoint, her apartment, though in a contemporary building, is a far cry from Milano-modern, but an Art Nouveau–Art Deco look "revised and renewed." Such swings of the pendulum are second nature by now to her alter ego Piero Pinto, interior designer for all of her endeavors. After all, as her brother-in-law he is well placed to understand what makes her tick. When asked how certain design decisions were reached Pinto replies, as if surprised by the question, "We fought. That's how Mariuccia makes up her mind!" Though at least a foot shorter, Pinto is one of the few to stand up to her towering talents. And like naughty siblings, they both seem to thrive on the perpetual tug of war.

Whether it's the *nuovo design* of Krizia's offices or the *grandi tradizioni* of Laura Biagiotti's Roman castle, Piero Pinto is a chameleon by his own description, equally at home in both genres. It was his expertise in doing yacht interiors, however, that inspired the approach to this apartment. "In the end, I'm more object- than furniture-oriented, because when you get fed up, you just put things away in a closet," he sums up, reclining on Mandelli's huge *dormeuse matrimoniale* in the living room during my visit. Are *all* Italians at their best lying down, I wondered? "You must respect people's independence—how else could I work with Mariuccia?—and leave them free to place things where they choose. There should even be wrong things."

At the Mandelli apartment, aside from the soporific sofas, all at her request and of his design, there is very little other furniture to speak of. "I don't like the formality of furniture," he says. Ever quick on the draw, she later mentions buying the Dunand lacquer bar, "because I got worried people might think this was a sofa showroom!" Most everything is built-in, basically to provide unobtrusive surfaces for Mandelli's collections—including prized Art Nouveau or Deco glass from the masters of the art: Gallé, Daum, Tiffany, Lalique.

Dozens of sunglasses lie on her bedside table while many more necklaces than that deck the walls in the dressing room like ready-to-wear art. Mandelli's passion for collecting even spills over to something as unlikely as soap: well over fifty cakes commingle at the side of the tub in enviable promiscuity.

Then there are the animals. As might be expected of Crazy Krizia, the *famosissima* feline who has made animals her fashion trademark, she has opened her heart and her living quarters to a veritable menagerie of jungle beasts. The menagerie is only glass, of course, or wood, metal, and occasionally stone, for true to her contradictions she confesses: "I am petrified of animals."

As fate would have it, Mariuccia Mandelli's new *palazzo* offices on the via Manin are just across the street from the Milan zoo. If there are any species there she hasn't tamed yet, their time, too, will come. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



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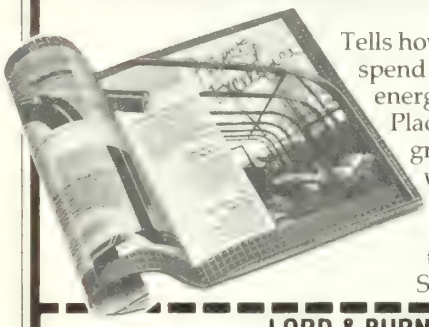
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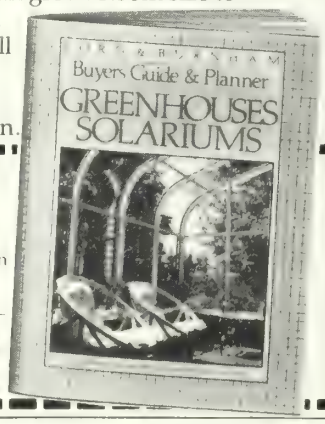
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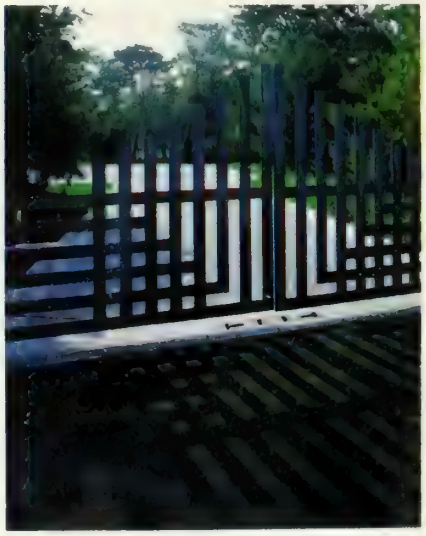


(Continued from page 118) rooms except the main atrium are triangular spaces, and the poolside terrace behind the house likewise is triangular. The house looks like the Crystal Palace in its prime, but it also has the feeling of a loft building, with high spaces, low spaces, and open spaces all together.

The first impression of the house is undeniably grand, however. There is a fine door—"like Mycenae, but without the lions," someone said. The fine door opens onto a glass-roofed atrium that rises the full height of the house. This is both its transparent backbone and its living center. It's big, but it doesn't feel overbearing, and when the lights are turned out on a clear night you can look up and count the stars and name them.

Just inside the front door a big double staircase swings up and round to right and left, to a bridge that connects the upstairs bedrooms. "It took months to get that staircase right," Ulrich Franzen said. "A stone staircase would have been monumental and inhospitable. Finally it was treated like a piece of furniture that could be dropped into a given space. We softened it with gray carpet, gave it some lacquered wood trim, and made the banisters of bent steel, the only contemporary material that was pliable enough."

Though not initially conceived of as either a sculpture garden or a greenhouse, the house and its surroundings ended up with elements of both. Places



The copper gates to the house were created by Lucas Samaras.

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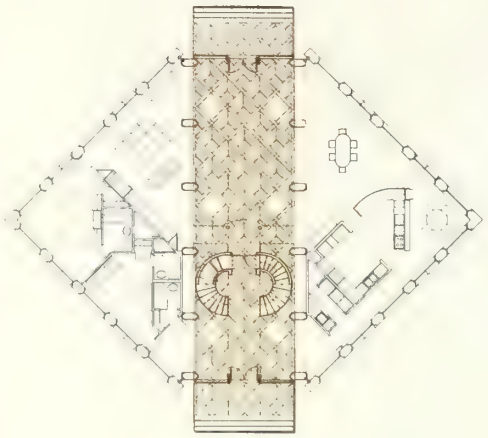
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were found for large-scale pieces by Joan Miró, Louise Nevelson, Jim Dine, and Julian Schnabel that are dear to the client—a professional of the art world—and his wife, a student of art history. Lucas Samaras designed the entrance gates. The siting of all these was conceived in relation to what is as tightly controlled a two-acre space as can be found in classical French landscape gardening. Franzen even gave the pool—so often a mere functional feature in a summer-oriented house—a year-round look by adding a fountain that spouts big vertical jets of water so thick and strong that they can hold their own with the sculptures.

As for the botanical-garden aspect of the inside of the house, the first warning came when it turned out that the client was a born-again gardener who insisted on having a large potting shed right there in the middle of the living room. "After some discussion," as the historians say, that particular idea was laid aside, though the potting shed is very much a part of the basement.



Architect Franzen's plan of the ground floor shows his symmetrical design.

It was always envisaged that plants would have their part to play in the interior spaces, but Ulrich Franzen found himself outmaneuvered when whole trees were ordered, brought indoors, and persuaded to grow. Hardly since Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane in *Macbeth* had anything as spectacular been contrived. If pressed, Mr. Franzen will agree that "perhaps the architecture is not as legible as it might be." "Trees," he may even go on, "are not necessarily what makes the architect's heart leap."

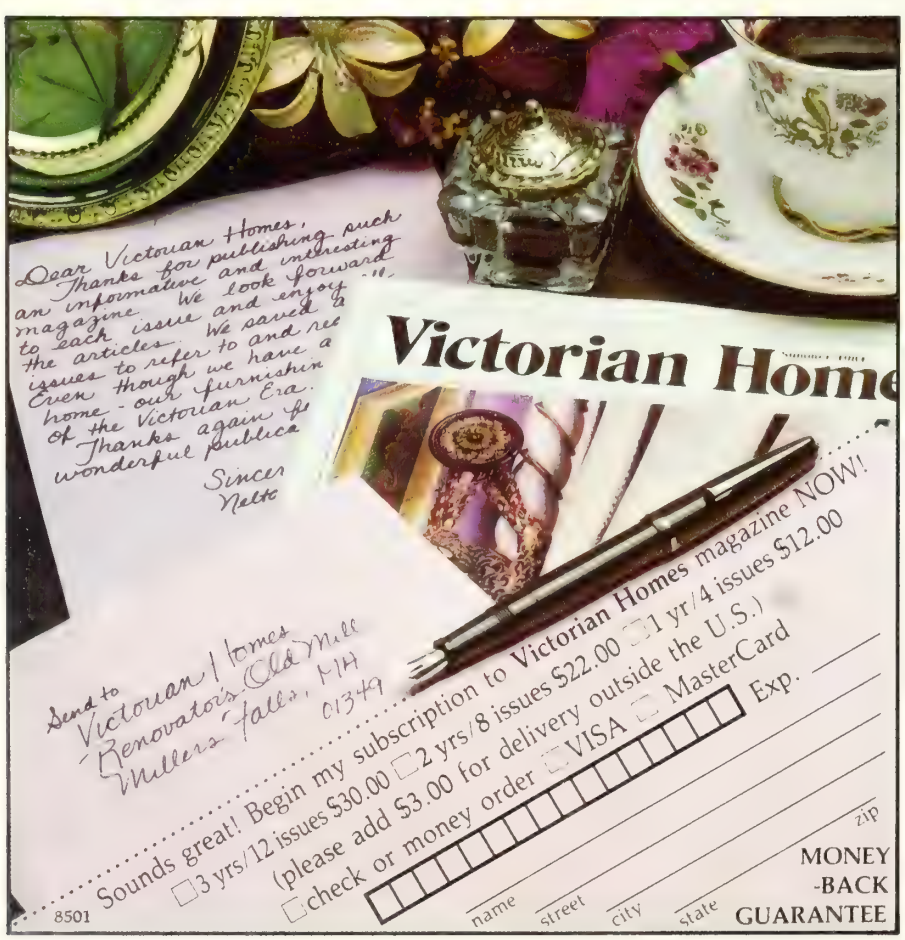
But there they are, nonetheless, and the general air of the house is somewhat like an ocean-going steamboat, perfect in its every detail, that was somehow run aground in the jungle. (Visitors may also feel that they have walked into a painting by the Douanier Rousseau, minus the monkeys, the macaws, and the man-eating tiger.)

Fundamentally it's a minimalist house outside, with cast stone throughout and the kind of ordered, regular, repetitive geometries that put the ball back in Dubuffet's court. Inside it is predominantly gray, even if the floor patterns (picked up from Palladio) move from charcoal gray and pepper-and-salt gray to dark red, with white marble trim. (All the granite comes, by the way, from Minnesota, where the client was born.)

It looks a big house, but it's just right for a nuclear family of two parents and two children. It is a house that clearly gives untold pleasure ("It's my second skin," the client says happily), so much so that one almost expects the barefooted owner to swing from tree to tree, like Tarzan himself—but it is a house in which nobody shows off, or gives big ostentatious parties, or hires a big-name decorator. "I think of the house," the client says, "as a container to put a few personal things into." Most of the bedroom furniture, for example, belonged to his wife's parents in the thirties, the only difference being that now it has been stripped and lacquered gray to go with the rest of the house.

There is some art in the house, but not too much—the triangular rooms see to that—and in the end it is the basic simple elements of architecture that predominate: columns, walls, windows, stone. Also the straight line, the acute angle (constantly varied), and the curve. If you have to get into a dialogue with Dubuffet, you couldn't make a better start. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron



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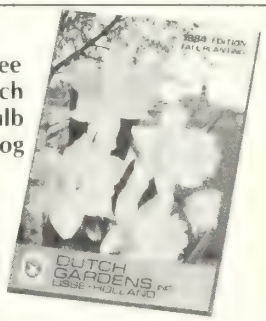
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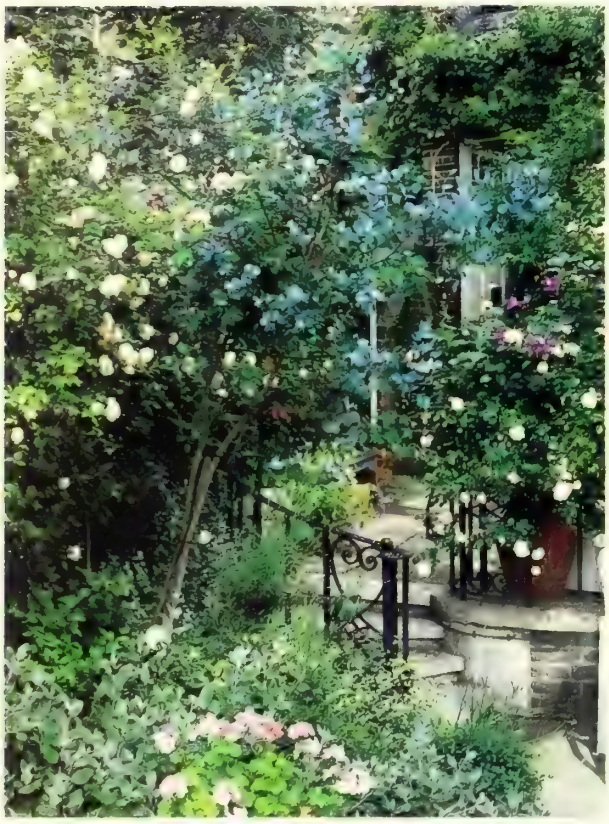
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LADY ANTONIA'S SECRET GARDEN

Historian and novelist Antonia Fraser describes her wilderness in the heart of London

When I first entered into the kingdom of my garden, in September 1959, it was a long, fairly narrow oblong—about ninety feet by twenty-five—running from the back of a house in a West London square (not far from the main road) down to a small road at the back. It was very bleak, for the oblong was confined by high bare walls except on the north side, where a neighbor's garden was left open for inspection (presumably because it was slightly less desolate).

Our garden contained no plants worth mentioning, since a sad border which bisected the lawn was marked only by a few mingy herbaceous plants gone to seed. The back of the house itself—dark brick and white paint, built in the 1820s—should have been pretty enough in a domestic way; however it had been ruined by an extraordinarily ugly set of windows looking out from the drawing room, and continuing down to the basement.

The author, *above*, seated among her clematis and full-blown pale roses.

Immediately on seeing this garden, being an optimist at least where horticulture is concerned, I decided I should not rest until I had created out of it my kind of personal paradise, which would be as near to a romantic flowering wilderness as I could make it. I use the world "wilderness" for two reasons. First, the kind of garden I like is what I call a Permissive Garden (with acknowledgments to the Permissive Society!) in which everything rambles and gambols and rambles again in vast profusion, not to say a certain amount of vast confusion. Secondly, the word "wilderness" has a special meaning for me, having worked for so many years studying the lives of women in the seventeenth century.

A lady's "wilderness," an artificial creation of trees and shrubs, was the seventeenth-century equivalent of "a room of one's own." Owing to the total lack of privacy indoors, women would retreat to their own wilderness in order to think, pray—or even just dream. Mary Countess of Warwick, a Puritan grandee, called her wilderness her "sweet place," where she loved to

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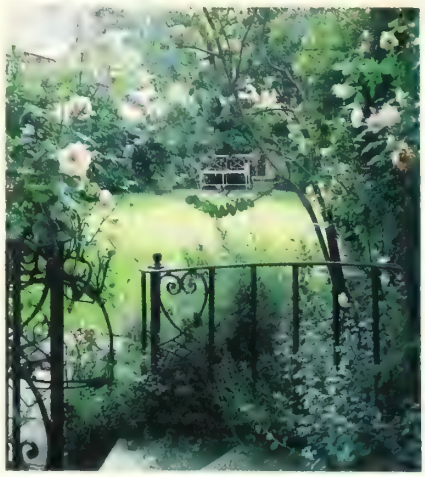
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meditate alone in the early mornings before her numerous maids arose. Dorothy Osborne, author of the famous witty yearning love letters to William Temple, sought out much-needed privacy from a busy household in the garden alone at night: "a place to roam without disturbance," with the jasmine smelling "beyond all perfume."

So that although my garden is as permissive and profuse (and perfumed) as I can make it, given the inevitable drawbacks of living in a big city, it is at the same time a room of my own, or rather several rooms. I should add that the "living-room" aspect of my garden is quite as important as its rampant growth: for this is a house in which six children have been brought up over the 25 years. Consequently privacy is sometimes quite as difficult for the writing mother to secure as it was for Dorothy Osborne three hundred years earlier. . .

Indeed, the very first steps I took toward my personal wilderness were in the direction of building, not planting.



The far end of the garden offers the perfect spot for quiet retreat.

I built up the north wall (despite the neighbor's pained incomprehension) to complete the oblong. Most important of all, I had the offending windows wrenched out and magnificent French windows, plus terrace and Versailles-like steps, installed in their place. Thus the shape of the garden was complete from the beginning, a series of little rooms on different levels, a shape which I think still continues to give it its chief charm. After that, it was a case of letting planting commence.

And plant I did. And plant and plant and plant, for year after year. I still do, incidentally, being much fonder of planting than weeding, and in a small space, one is often a substitute for the other. Thus only this year I decided to plant 'Hidcote' Lavender under the hedge of 'Queen Elizabeth' Roses at the front of the house, instead of pulling out weeds every year after the bulbs have flowered. The 'Queen Elizabeth' Roses themselves, planted originally in 1960, are now like a ten-foot rose hedge in a fairy story; since for years I pruned them savagely every December, thinking that would stunt them, nobody having explained to me that this kind of cutting would have the contrary effect. But at rising 24 years old, they still flower as loyally as ever, and at least the presence of the new lavender will prevent me having to grub about among their thorny roots for weeds instead of merely enjoying the display in July.

Apart from the rose hedge, I planted in the front garden two magnolias, *Soulangiana* and *alba superba,* and some snowdrops beneath them for the darkest days. Then I installed two rhododendrons in stone pots by the front door for the waft of their scent on a warm May day (the pots also meant that the rhododendrons could have their own special soil). After that I allowed the front garden to rest, for being a public garden looking onto the square, delightful and leafy that it is, it was obviously no use to me as any kind of refuge.

The back garden was a very different matter. A lawn, I decided, was essential, however small and however much of a struggle it would prove to keep it a patch of emerald restful to the eye, considering the fact that the roots of the giant ash tree next door run beneath it (and indeed the whole garden) everywhere, like a giant subway system. It *did* prove a struggle but I still think the decision was the right one. Having eliminated the original central border, there are now virtually no borders in my garden; only down the side of the south wall do I preserve just enough earth, heavily impregnated



with bone meal, and fortified with other fertilizers every spring, to grow my favorite peonies, whose feathery pink-and-white blooms in June give way to dark green foliage for the rest of the summer which in itself is an acceptable part of my greenery. I intersperse them with lavender, *Senecio Greyi* as the essential background, some variegated mint, a few pinks, and just two floribunda roses: 'Meg Merrilees' and 'Iced Ginger', the former a strongly perfumed white, just flushed with pink, and the latter turning from orange to palest coffee when full-blown, and looking something like a silk rose when cut.

These few nonclimbing flowers are an indulgence. In general everything scampers up the wall from somewhere near its base, or from a tub cunningly concealed nearby. Pots and tubs of all sorts are indeed the clue to my garden planting (as with most town gardens) but in my case I use them as much for climbers as for the spring hyacinths and many-colored geraniums of the summer which I also love. This is because the giant tree roots of the ash tree, however magnificent this patriarch may be, really left me no choice, particularly with the additional problem of a prolific chestnut tree to the south, providing privacy from neighbors but adding its own roots to the subway system.

Indeed my garden only began to flourish when I fully appreciated that watering, not shelter, was its main problem, due to the tree cover. Once I began to treat it like a garden in dry Italy, watering for up to an hour a night in summer, the requisite greenery for my wilderness came along much quicker.

Of course this shelter has its advantages as well as drawbacks; many tender things have proved hardy here including a blue passionflower, grown from seed. A myrtle bush, originally a cutting from my mother's wedding bouquet and used in both my own and my daughter's wedding bouquet in 1980, flourishes on the south wall. A linden cutting presented by a friend with strict instructions to winter it in the little greenhouse is perfectly happy alongside. Then the roses flower, some of them, as early as April: the first rose to appear being also one of my favorites, the creamy papery 'Gloire de Dijon', whose fat flowers I like to cut and

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put on my desk *pour encourager*. I think only my family wish we lived in a garden which was watered more often by God from on high than by us from a hose; since I have noticed that the request "would you mind watering . . ." is followed by a prolonged rush toward toil of almost any other sort. But after all watering, like gardening in general, is a pleasant soothing occupation for a writer; many a knotty problem of biographical structure have I solved in the course of this ordeal by water, returning to my desk after an evening session with hose and watering can, soaking but triumphant.

My use of roses as climbers is unlimited, except that crimson unhappily won't fit into a small garden. Instead I use all the softer colors of the Impressionist palette, yellow and pink mingling particularly happily together among the greenery, the new yellowy pink of 'Compassion', for example, with the old faithful favorite 'Golden Showers'. Then I use buddleia in profusion, also virtually as climbers, because their shimmery graceful foliage is pleasant to the eye before they flower, and then they provided that much-needed lift to the garden in late July and August. Thus the deep tint of 'Black Knight' and the pretty variegation of 'Harlequin' amuse the eye when the peonies are long forgotten, and the roses are somehow pausing before getting (one hopes—no room for single-flowering roses in my garden) a second wind.

Nevertheless, for all the buddleias, for all the multitudinous clematis which I adore, flowering at all seasons, there is no doubt that the most glorious epoch of the garden is that midsummer moment when the lovely rambling rose 'New Dawn' is at its height. Mysteriously pale, so that it glimmers at night when we sit out in the garden, looking naturally lit by moonlight, and is yet its own true pink by day, a color I sometimes try to reproduce in the interior of a house without success, 'New Dawn' frames the terrace for a good four weeks.

Even the name appeals to me. It may be some literary predisposition, it may be because I am as fond of reading gardening catalogues as others of reading cookbooks, but the names of the plants are most important to me. Did I perhaps originally order 'Meg Merrilees' from the Chelsea Flower Show because the name is taken from a character in a novel by Sir Walter Scott? One year I found I was planting whitish daffodils called 'Desdemona' in the front of the house, and croci called 'Pickwick': neither was particularly successful, so it must have been Shakespeare and Dickens who were responsible. On the other hand one of the prettiest of my myriad clematis, seen at its best rambling through the rambling 'New Dawn', is the true-blue 'Daniel Deronda'. That I must have ordered on the strength of the book by George Eliot, and as a method of selection it certainly worked. But then equally beautiful through the 'New Dawn' is the purple-crimson clematis 'Niobe', and that name should not really token quite so much joy.



For her roses, Lady Antonia likes to plant only the softest yellows and pinks.

I've planted nearly everything in the garden myself, and continue to care for it single-handed, with the exception of mowing the lawn, which unlike watering, makes me irritable and thus is farmed out to others of more aggressive temperament. (I've decided that lawn mowing is an aggressive action.) Certainly aggression has no place in my personal philosophy of gardening which is to derive as much pleasure as possible from it at the time, and even more pleasure from contemplating the results of it afterward.

Happiest of all is that moment of personal retreat, when like Dorothy Osborne, I find myself in the garden without disturbance, while the jasmine and orange blossom and honeysuckle smell "beyond all perfume." After 25 years, my garden is *still* not far from a main road in West London, *still* only measures ninety feet by twenty-five, but to me, as to Mary Countess of Warwick, it is my "sweet place," my wilderness of my own . . . .□



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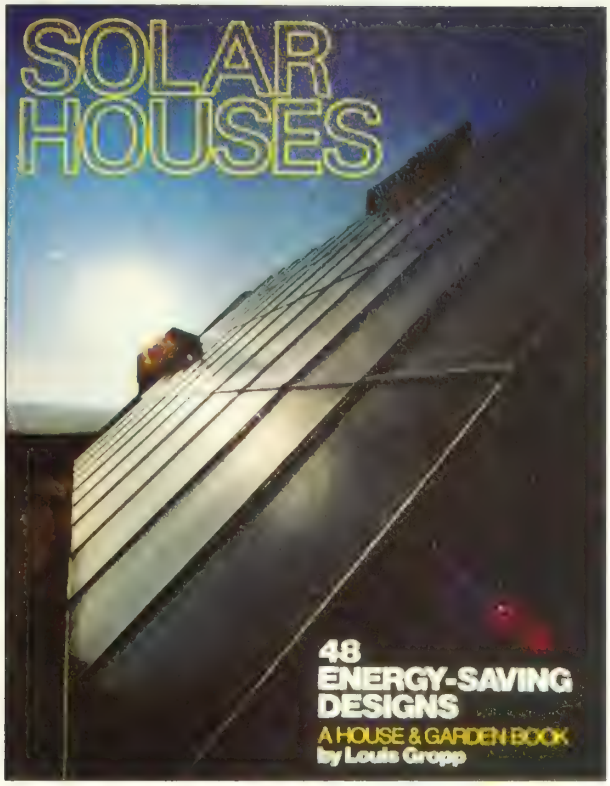
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Mirrored doors, stenciled in a long continuous sentence, announce the themes of the Jencks house in London.

This is not required reading, the professor used to say, but if you want to get all there is to be gotten out of this course . . . . It took a while for me to come to appreciate her advice, but I did, and now I find myself wanting to say, if you really want to get all there is to be gotten from the Jencks house (page 112 and above) you must read the text by its creator, Post-Modern critic and architect Charles Jencks, who designed this amazing terrace house in London in collaboration with his wife, Maggie Keswick. From the "Cosmic Loo" off its entrance to the "stirring" symbolism in the kitchen and all the themes of cosmic and cultural time in between, the Jencks house will come, in time, I'm sure, to symbolize the search for meaning that characterizes much of the architecture of our time.

A related time is captured in the work of Mallet-Stevens, as you will see in our feature Monsieur Moderne, page 170. The collaboration between Paris contributing editor Mary-Sargent Ladd and editor Martin Filler shows how twenties architect Robert Mallet-Stevens was a bridge between Art Deco and high-style Modernism. To me, both his work and his personal style bring to mind the Post-Modernists of today with their taste for rich materials, ornamentation, and complex workmanship.

His best-known work, the six Cubist structures on rue Mallet-Stevens, still stands on the private cul-de-sac in the Auteuil section of Paris where it was built in 1926–27.

Like most who stay on or near the place de la Concorde in Paris, I've ended many a day on the embassy-lined rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré, strolling as far as the Elysée Palace before turning back to my hotel. In this issue we stop at one of the impressive *hôtels particuliers* on that history-filled street, number 41, the American embassy residence in Paris since 1971. Its current residents, Ambassador and Mrs. Evan Galbraith, invited us in to share its fascinating history and ongoing restoration, which we in turn share with you—see page 164.

Jack Lenor Larsen's African-inspired compound, page 136, is one of my favorite places on eastern Long Island. Artists gather there from all over the world to visit Jack, enjoy the three round houses that make up his house-studio-guest quarters, savor his renowned hospitality and his astonishing collection of art and artifacts. As Jane and I took our first walk with Jack among the score of gardens he has developed over the past twenty years, I had a glimmer of the answer to the young child's question about what God did on the eighth day. Clearly, the work goes on.

When Rory Cameron suggested we photograph Hill-Stead, page 186, we didn't know we would also be getting a very special story on Philip Johnson's aunt, one of the first woman architects in this country, in whose footsteps her nephew was to follow.

In Theodate Pope Riddle's day, however, architecture schools were all male, and she had to arrange to be tutored in private by the members of the Art Department at Princeton University. As Rory Cameron tells it, Mrs. Riddle, a strong individualist, felt that "the ways in which people differ are more important than the ways they are alike," and she went on to found a school that would meet the needs of other individuals.

Hill-Stead, the house she designed for her parents in the center of Farmington, Connecticut, is open Wednesday through Sunday, from two to five. Henry James described the house in *The American Scene* as "a great new house on a hill"; to me now, it will always be the house of a great woman.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief

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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson



Dolls at Leila Antiquités, Stand 42, Marché Serpette.



Ebony armoire at Maison James, Stand 247, Marché Vernaison. *Below:* Sèvres centerpiece at Vautrin, Stand 194, Marché Vernaison.



■ LUST For those who enjoy furniture and pictures as much as they do people, there is still, after thirty years, only one place to go in Paris and that is the Marché aux Puces in St.-Ouen. It is twenty minutes from the place de la Concorde and runs full tilt every week from Saturday morning until Monday afternoon. Jacques Kugel and Bernard Steinitz arrive with small flashlights as the market opens around 7 A.M. on Saturdays. Saint Laurent, Ungaro, and Nureyev go often. Jacques Grange completely furnished his apartment on similar excursions. Juan Portela makes several trips a year from New York. He thinks of the Puces as the core of the Paris antiques market, the clearing house for everything coming into Paris from all over France each week as the dealers bring back in their trucks this fruit of the countryside. Everyone explains that on some days there is nothing, on others there is so much you can't buy it all even though most things cost a fourth of what they would in the United States. Prices are usually flexible; they depend on the weather or whether the dealer thinks the piece is really commercial, as well as how long he has had it. Increasingly, dealers from all over the world fill their inventories here, and the word of mouth in the trade is that if you want to start a shop the best training is the Puces with its quantity of material, both good and bad. People have found top-quality eighteenth-century things but that was mostly twenty years ago. Today the most exciting goods are nineteenth and early twentieth century including Art Deco. Paintings are sold as furniture, furniture as objects, glorious things appear in dilapidated stands. The Puces is divided into markets, and the best are Serpette, Paul Bert, and Biron, but everyone also goes to Vernaison and Cambo. If you want to buy one or two things, take cash; if you want to furnish a few rooms completely on under $15,000, call a transporter such as Umberto Siani, Atlantic Transport, or Camard. Get one of their receipt books and make your purchases, leaving the shippers' slip. Their trucks come by later and pay the dealers, deal with customs, pack your goods, and ship to the States. ■ THE LOVE OF THE HORSE There are three exhibitions this spring that will make it more artistically and intellectually respectable to like and collect sporting and animal paintings: the Stubbs exhibition at the Yale Center for British Art, the National Gallery's exhibition of Leonardo da Vinci's drawings of horses from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, and the Metropolitan Museum's costume exhibition, "Man and the Horse." The Yale exhibition defines George Stubbs once and for all as a major painter and arguably the greatest painter of horses. Leonardo's experiments in perspective are a reminder of the grand tradition of equestrian paintings, which begins with Antonio Pisanello and Paolo Uccello, Dürer and Michelangelo and goes

18th-century clothes at Andrée Autran, Stand 157 Marché Biron.





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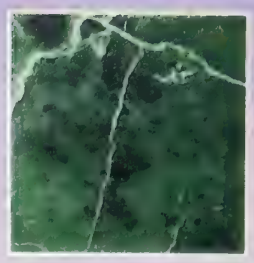
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Top: George Stubbs's *Turf with Jockey Up. Above: Marie Antoinette* by Louis Auguste Brun. *Right: L'Ecuyère Kippler* by Alfred De Dreux.

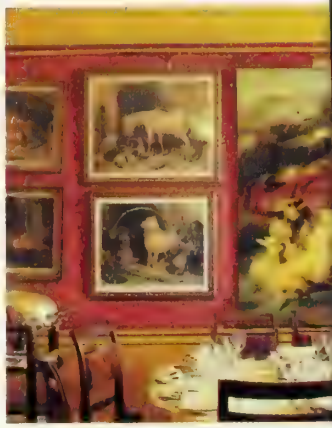
through Titian, Rubens, and Velázquez, all of whom treated a horse as more than something for a king to sit on. Although the paintings, which Mario Buatta helped Mrs. Vreeland hang, are not really the subject of the exhibition at the Met, their effect is to place the horse, his owner, the trainer, jockey, and anybody else who happened to be out that day solidly in one of the richest corners of social history. One almost forgets the question "is it art?" in the face of the charm of the rituals of country life, the love of landscape in all seasons and weathers, the clothing of pride and self-assurance in the guise of informality. "A man mounted on his horse is twice the man he is on the ground," as Diana Vreeland observed in her introduction to the catalogue. Perhaps the guiding influence, direct or indirect, for all these exhibitions has been that of Paul Mellon. An amateur of fox hunting and racing, he has been a collector of, among other things, sporting paintings since his school days. Most of Mr. Mellon's collection of British sporting and animal paintings is to be seen at Yale. The twentieth-century pictures are still at home in Virginia. The Metropolitan's exhibition has pictures from both places. To see what four hundred first-rate examples of this sort of art would look like, I looked back over the enormous catalogue of his collection of British sporting pictures done in 1978 by Judy Egerton of the Tate. Stubbs would be there of course, but which Marshalls, Seymours, Woottons, Sartoriuses, and Herrings? And why was there nothing after 1867? The color plates more than explain what a first-rate Ben Marshall ought to look like, and in *The Horse in Art,* a good companion volume to the Tate catalogue, Mr. Mellon states in the introduction that he doesn't like the sentimental portrayal of horses and dogs in the late nineteenth century. That means Landseer. For the beginning collector, the notes for each picture, under provenance, tell where Mr. Mellon bought them. The dealers mentioned most often are Ackerman, Agnew, and Colnaghi in London. Partridge, Leger, Leggatt, and Gooden & Fox appear occasionally. Christie's sales were another major source. To put Mr. Mellon's achievement into perspective one must remember that horsemen are rarely connoisseurs of sporting painting. Louis XIV, a fanatic horseman, sent Bernini's equestrian statue of him back saying that wasn't how a horse moved. The much-quoted comment of Dr. Johnson used normally to make the argument for British painting sums up the aesthetic preferences of many sports-



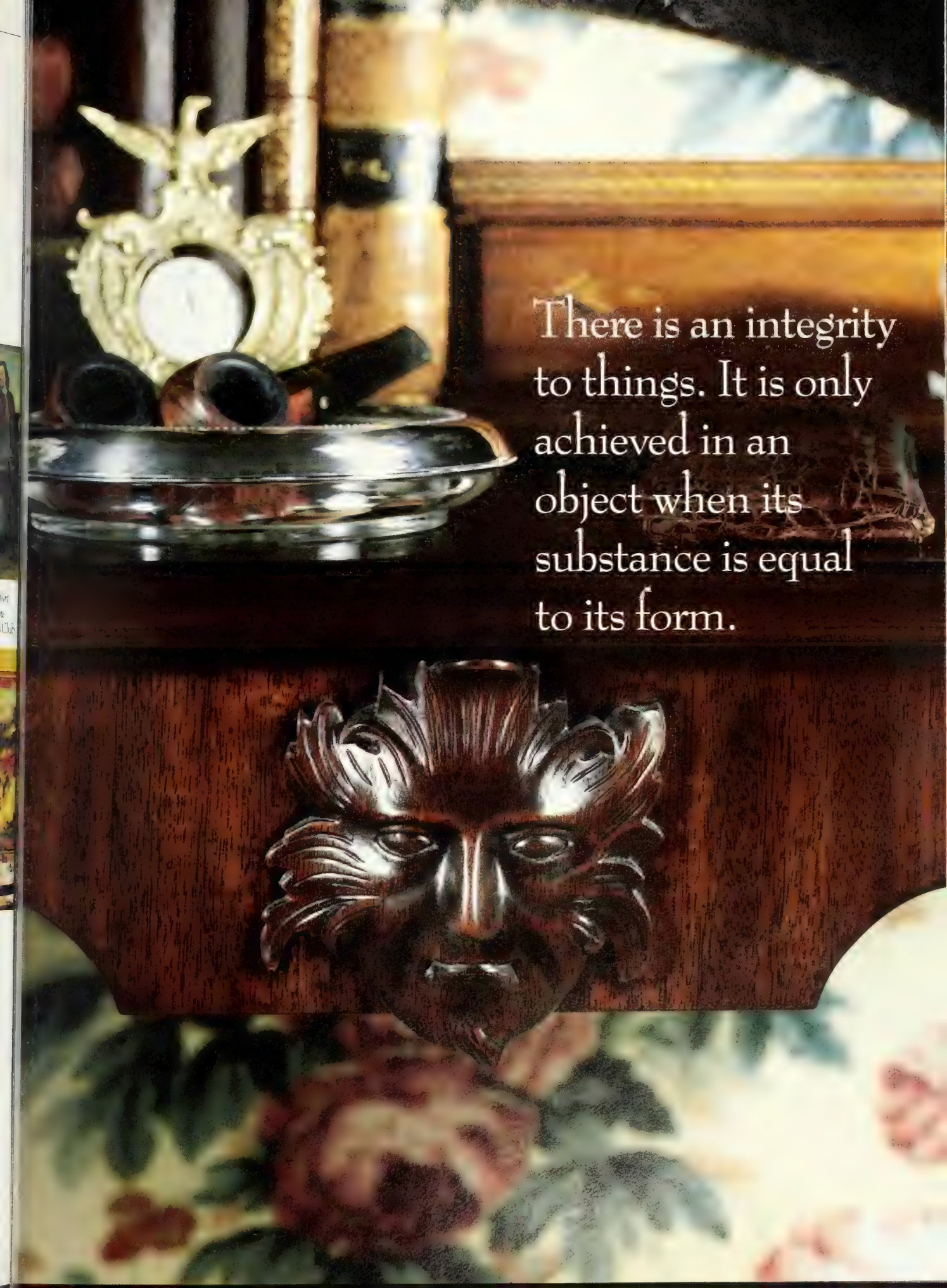
Two Busvines and a Cutaway by Sir Alfred Munnings.



The Fifth Duke of Beaufort by John Wootton. *Below:* Sporting pictures at Mark's Club.



PHOTOGRAPH TOP LEFT COURTESY YALE CENTER FOR BRITISH ART; M. KNOEDLER & CO., INC., NEW YORK; ALL OTHERS, COURTESY ARENBERG MAN... BOOK AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.


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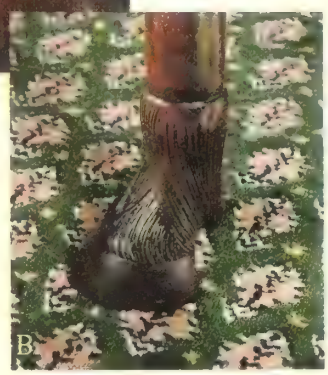
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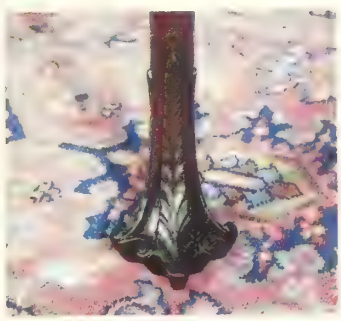












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men: "I would rather see the portrait of a dog I know than all the allegories you can show me." When you think that Mr. Mellon has also collected important Impressionist pictures, you realize what kind of an eye was doing the choosing. Another lender to "Man and the Horse" represents a British attitude toward sporting art, and he, like Mr. Mellon, also represents the unexpected blend of connoisseur and horseman. The present Duke of Beaufort is joint master at Badminton and chairman of Marlborough Fine Arts, London. He has inherited, among others, paintings by John Wootton of the third duke's favorite race horse and hunter. The Wootton on loan to the Met is of the fifth duke with his pony and his tutor. As a quintessential element of a horseman's kit, the painting's associative value takes precedence over any aesthetic judgment, however favorable. This particular picture exists at Badminton as if it were furniture, familiar as a photograph, as integral to the house as its paneling. And what is to be made of all this in terms of decoration? Of course, at the time they were painted, eighteenth-century Englishmen thought this sort of picture went in a bedroom or upstairs hall and old masters belonged in the state rooms. Today some people think that French sporting pictures by such artists as Alfred de Dreux or Chasseriau are more dramatic in big sitting rooms than British sporting paintings. Probably late-nineteenth-century animal paintings, unless they are very big, do belong in bedrooms or in a dining room. One of the most sophisticated arrangements of animal and sporting pictures as well as the odd exoticism produced in some corner of the empire exists at Mark's Club in London, the creation of Mark Birley. In the main dining room on walls upholstered in a red Fortuny and painted below the dado in a glazed yellow he has hung what must be forty pictures almost frame to frame. There are Landseers, bought before the fashion, as well as pictures as unrelentingly honest as any Hogarth. None of these pictures take themselves seriously, perhaps because there are so many, none of the frames match, and sometimes the frame is as interesting as the picture. The food is excellent at Mark's Club, but those pictures make it sublime. □

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HOLLYWOOD MANNERS

Musings on behavior in Lotusland

By P.J. O'Rourke

"Hollywood" is not, of course, a place. Nor is it a synonym for the entertainment business. The real Hollywood is the *reductio ad absurdum* of personal liberty. It is ordinary men and women unencumbered by family pressures, community mores, social responsibility, civic duty, or good sense, freed by money and social mobility to do anything they want. There's a little streak of it in all of us.



Banker: "What sort of references do you have?"
George: "Ah...I do Barbara Rush."

Warren Beatty as a Beverly Hills hairdresser in *Shampoo,* 1975

The entertainment business is venue for Hollywood because heaps of money can be made by entertaining and because the public is famously tolerant of entertainers. Los Angeles is a site for Hollywood because, if all the freedom and money go blooey, it's warm enough to sleep on the beach. Other places and professions have had this distinction at other times. During the eighteenth century it was the pirate nests of the Caribbean. When the Medici Popes were in office, it was the College of Cardinals.

It is interesting that when people have great resources and few restraints they don't always run amok doing evil to their fellow man. In Hollywood the evil is mostly self-destructive. On the other hand the good is limited to an occasional movie like *Tender Mercies*. Thus Hollywood is a disappointment to Hobbes conservatives and Rousseau liberals alike. But it is fascinating to the student of manners.

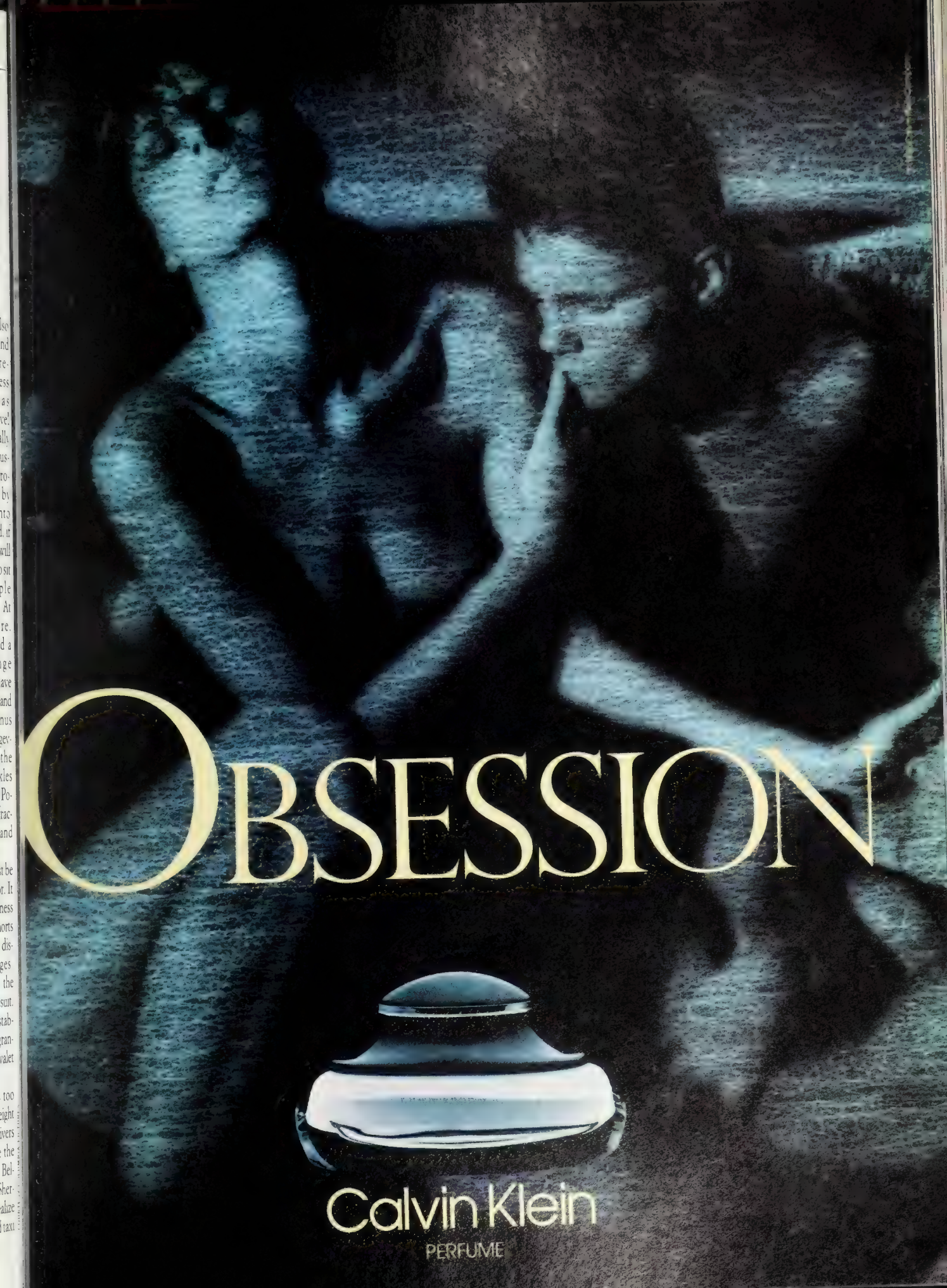
Manners are the formal and ceremonial manifestations of a society's underlying values. Usually these values are things like loyalty, altruism, veneration of the elderly, valor, etc. But what sort of manners emerge in a society where the only underlying value is personal gratification?... Friends are ignored. Enemies and chance acquaintances are greeted with kisses. People meet in public places to discuss self-realization before breakfast. Total strangers ask you what you paid for your shoes and tell you what they paid for their house.

It's hard for a visitor from the civilized world to detect any standards at all. People shout the details of their sexual lives but conceal with embarrassment the brand of car they own. The streets are lined with expensive clothing stores, but no one dresses up. Restaurants have unlisted phone numbers.

Not only the rich and irresponsible act this way but also the would-be rich and the would-be irresponsible. Feckless eccentricity has spread to every level of society, especially in the service industries. Waiters introduce themselves by name, inquire into your home life, and, if you aren't careful, will invite themselves to sit down and sample your wine choice. At the grocery store, when you extend a palm for change you're liable to have your Line of Life and Mountain of Venus examined and longevity foretold by the number of wrinkles around your wrist. Policemen pull you over for traffic infractions and show you résumés and 8-by-10 glossies.

A strong element of fantasy must be allowed for in Hollywood behavior. It can be disconcerting to do business with a bank officer in jogging shorts who does deep knee bends while discussing variable-rate mortgages. Meanwhile the man who cleans the pool comes around in a Cardin suit. The owner of every commercial establishment seems lost in dreams of grandeur. The drive-in restaurant has valet parking.

But sometimes Hollywood is too normal. Bellhops salute and carry eight bags without complaint. Taxi drivers tip their caps and say, "You're the boss," when you tell them to go to Bel-Air from Santa Monica by way of Sherman Oaks. It takes awhile to realize what's going on. The bellhops and taxi


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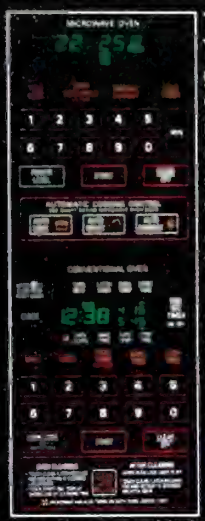
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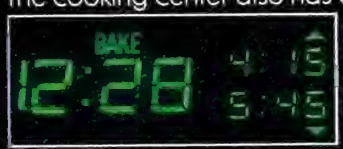
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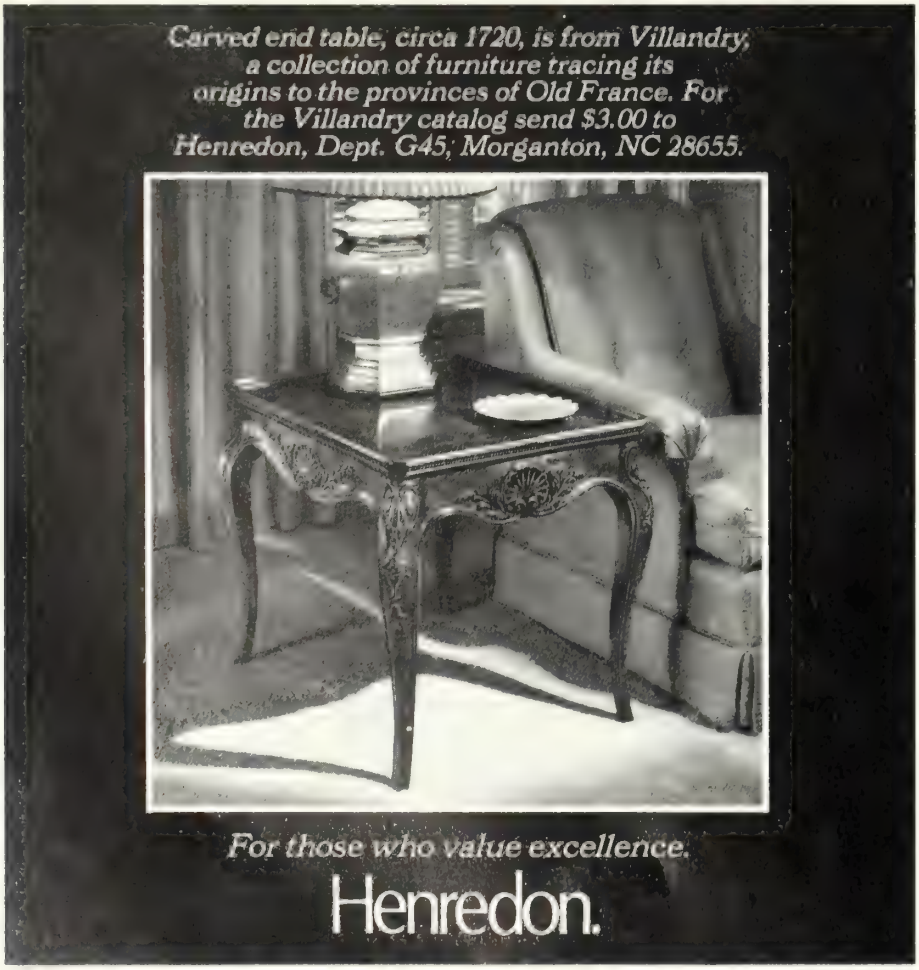
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drivers are *acting*. They're engaged in that rarest kind of fantasy life, imagining reality is real. Don't expect an encore, however. Tomorrow they'll be surly rock stars.

Though there are no standards of behavior in Hollywood, there are some criteria of status: money, power, and fame. Money—though it is the first cause, prime mover, and only useful

> On Hollywood fame: "I'd like you to meet Trevor. His sister-in-law goes to the same chiropractor as Bo Derek's aunt"

product of Hollywood—is the least important. Hollywood is a single-crop economy, and there's just too much money around. Millions are paid for Benedict Canyon building lots 2° shy of vertical. Olympic-sized swimming pools are built for families who haven't been outdoors since 1965. People send their pets to psychiatrists.

Money being common, prestige goes instead to power. There's endless talk about power in Hollywood and much deference paid to it. But it's a silly kind of puissance. What would Talleyrand have made of someone who had the power to put *Leave It to Beaver* back on network television or the power to turn a popular soft-drink jingle into a thirty-million-dollar movie starring Lorna Luft? As for real power—the force to direct events and guide human affairs—the people of Hollywood don't seem to have that over even their own lives.

Since money is hackneyed and power is trivial, the real gauge of Hollywood status is fame. People are introduced in terms of their fame, even if they don't have any: "This is Heather. She would have been on *Good Morning America* if Andropov hadn't died that day." Fame is so important the slightest association with it confers standing: "I'd like you to meet Trevor.


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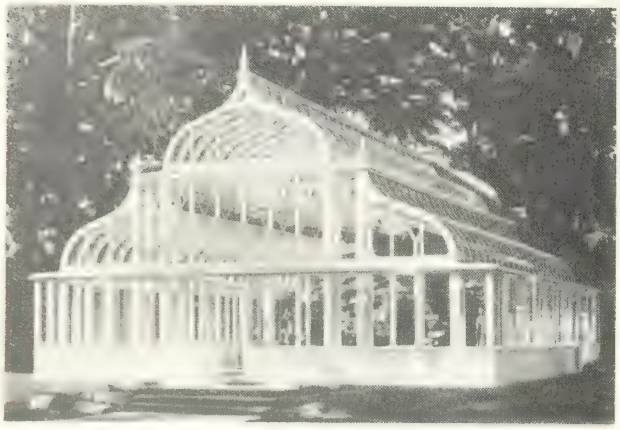
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His sister-in-law goes to the same chiropractor as Bo Derek's aunt." Even physical proximity to fame will do: "Wayne here lives three blocks from Sonny Bono."

Fame of one's own is best, of course, but it's strictly quantitative. Any kind of fame will do. A lesser-known Supreme Court Justice, the woman who tried to shoot Gerald Ford, and the actor who played Timmy on the *Lassie* TV show are about equal.

If absolutely no fame or any association with it can be mustered, then singularity will do. The people of Hollywood put immense effort into making themselves unusual. This isn't easy in a world where being normal is the next worst thing to being pale and fat. Half-a-dozen *soi-disant* actresses may show up at a party in identical skunk-striped pedal pushers, yellow rain slickers, and antique corsets worn as blouses. In the last resort, Hollywood people buy strange automobiles and show you a 1962 pink Cadillac limousine with a baby grand piano built into the back seat. "It's the only one like it," they'll say. True, thank God.

With no values larger than the self, no sensible norms, no meaningful pecking order, and no fixed goals or objectives except attracting attention, Hollywood is a place of confusion. Play is confused with work and duty with employment so that a fifty-million-dollar stock issue, a tennis match, and a dangerously ill mother are all greeted with the same mixture of frantic worry and stupid enthusiasm. Hollywood people often get themselves in financial trouble because they forget that spending thirty hours week at a Nautilus gym is difficult, but no one will pay you to do it.

Confusion reigns in every aspect of existence. Romance is remarkably muddled. Sex is confused with love. Love is confused with marriage. People not only go to bed on the first date but discuss business there. Couples don't stay wed long enough to get to know each other. Child rearing is muzzy in the extreme. Children are mistaken for friends or, sometimes, possessions. Often there seems to be a casting call for baby in the house. Who will get the part? Will it be Mom? Mom's third husband? Or the baby? There is even spatial confusion in Hollywood. Practically everyone runs or jogs. Then they get in the car to go next door.



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No distinction is made between private and public life. All talk, even to the dogs, is about money, power, and fame. Or it would be if anyone's attention span were long enough for what might be called talk. Hollywood conversations are disconcerting things to overhear:

Producer A: "We paid a million five for our house."

Screen Writer B: "Did anybody get fired at Universal Studios today?"

A: "Cher dyed her hair blond."

B: "What did that Rolex cost you?"

A: "I just signed to do a sequel to *Rhinestone*."

B. "We paid a million three for our place in Palm Springs."

Even Hollywood people can't keep this up for long. As a result talking on the telephone has replaced real conversation. Not that you ever talk to the person you called. There are too many answering machines, answering services, call-waiting features, multiple lines, and extension phones in peculiar places like the car trunk. And whoever you called is always on the phone already anyway. And what can you do for him? Why should he return *your* call? Instead, you have long, intimate talks with the decorator, the Mexican gardener, the brigade of secretaries and girl Fridays, the nanny, or, most often, a phone repairman. This and cute recorded messages is how Hollywood people stay in touch. And stay in touch they must. No one in Hollywood is secure enough to spend five minutes alone with his thoughts.

Total strangers ask you what you paid for your shoes and tell you what they paid for their house

Hollywood people are insecure about their taste, about their intellect, about themselves. And they should be.

Taste cannot function in such an environment because taste is contextual. Taste is the appropriate thing, and nothing can be appropriate to every-



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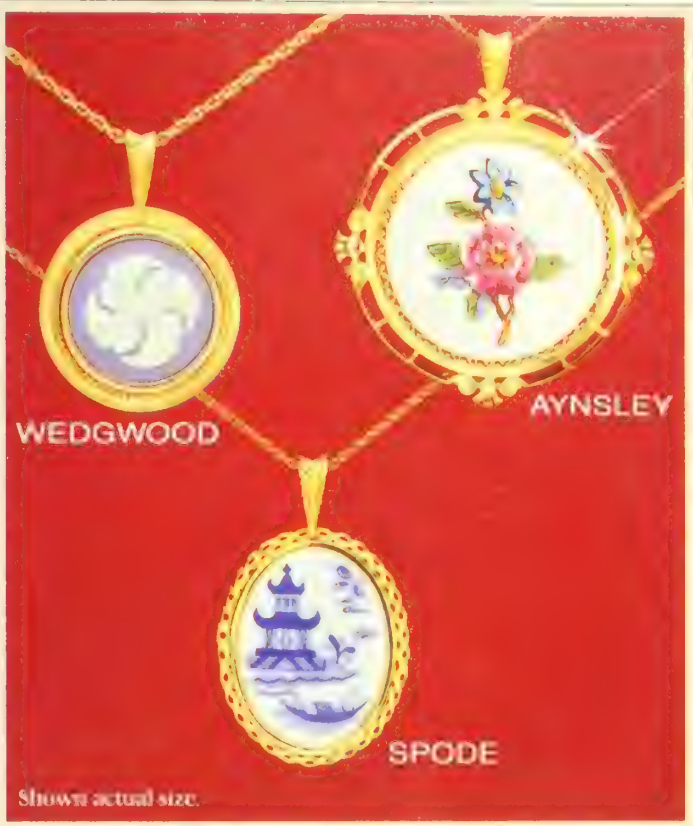
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thing and nothing at once. A Hollywood individual may have a sense of style, but it's a loose cannon on the deck. You drive through Beverly Hills and see the Spanish haciendas with English lawns, the French châteaux with attached garages, the Tudor manses with palm trees and cactus gardens, all built right next to each other on dopey suburban lots. The owners could afford vast estates except they know nothing of nature. They could own elegant town houses but there's no town to put them in. Instead they live in a world's fair of motley home styles divorced from natural setting and human community alike.

The intellect cannot function in such an environment. The mind doesn't work without order and rank. Thus Hollywood people can hardly think. And when they do think, they think the strangest things:

"The Grenada invasion must have been wrong because no one has written a best seller about it yet."

"A lot of people think it was just Robert Redford, but if it hadn't been for Dustin Hoffman there never would have been a Watergate exposé."

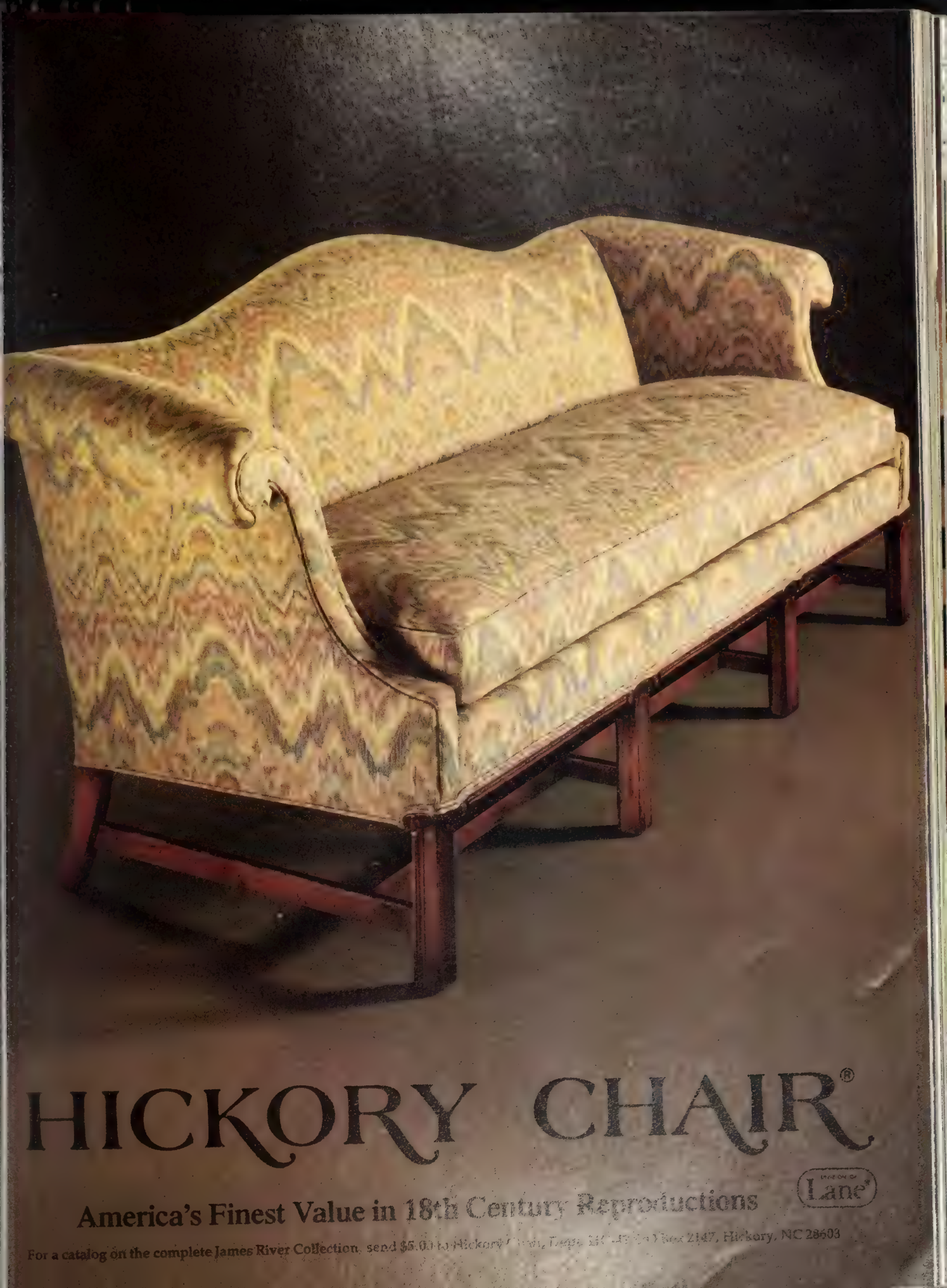
Intelligence, when had at all, tends, like fame, to be quantitative. Ask someone if a record album is good, and he'll give you its position on the *Billboard* "Top 100" chart. Ask someone how his six-year-old daughter is, he'll tell you her IQ.

In Hollywood the smallest exercise of mental facilities becomes a Sisyphean task. You'll be standing in line at a movie theater and the ticket seller will ask the person in front of you, "How many?"

"Oh, wow," comes the response, "there's, you know, me. That's one. Then there's this woman I'm with. I mean, I'm not really *with* her. We both see other people. But, like, we're together tonight except we don't know whether our relationship is growing or not. So there's her. That's two. And then there are these friends of ours. But they didn't make it . . ."

In fact, the human soul cannot function in such an environment.

There is general agreement that primitive societies are valuable resources. Mankind benefits in understanding and knowledge from the preservation of native cultures. But I don't think any ethical social scientist would object if this one disappeared. □



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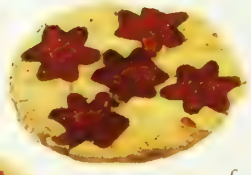
FROM THE FEAST OF MONTEZUMA

Tracking down the sometimes bizarre delicacies of the Aztecs

By Michael Batterberry



For coloring and decorating tortillas, *clockwise:* dyes from Mexican saffron, morning-glory, and cochineal insect; for design—husk of corn and cross section of bisnaga cactus.





Brillat-Savarin's aphorism Number Nine, "The discovery of a new dish does more for human happiness than the discovery of a star," fails to add that the discovery of an ancient dish can similarly elate. As Elizabeth David and Lawrence Durrell, among others, have pointed out, certain primal tastes have the mysterious power to trigger instant communion with antiquity: sun-shrunken figs, wild-flower honey, bitter black olives, water drawn in a wooden bucket from a mossy well. Complex tastes, on the other hand, tell more complex stories.

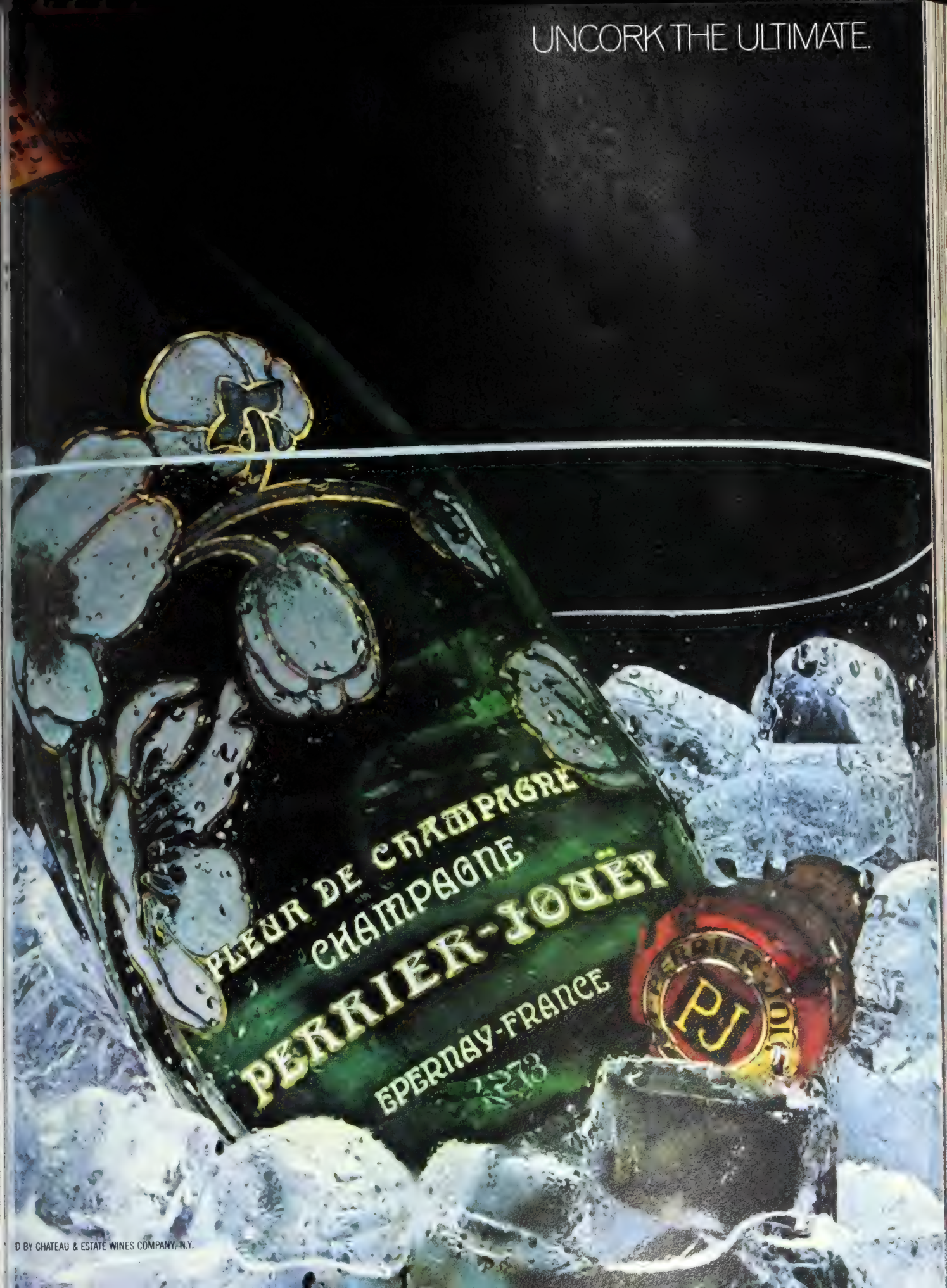
Mexico is a historic food buff's nirvana; a vivid, gastro-dig of Indian, Spanish, and French archaeological strata, interestingly littered with trappings shed by more recent foreign incursions. To the alert eye, a Mexican menu reveals as much as a museum, and an hour spent in a traditional market amounts to an anthropologist's field trip. As far as communion with antiquity is concerned, in Mexico it is inescapable, especially if the atavistic tortilla has been palm-flattened and toasted on a *comal,* the thin clay griddle of the prehistoric Indians. The first bite could convince anybody that this elemental cake of maize and water has been sustaining Meso-Americans for more than seven thousand years.

No one arriving in Mexico for the first time can be prepared for the variety and complexity of its classic dishes, many of which must be constructed with the mystical devotion of a Mayan pyramid builder. "We used to have twenty-two maids," recalls one Mexico City friend, "so to have ten working on a meal in the kitchen was nothing. Time meant nothing. What else was there to do but help the cooks? Our great specialties may look simple, but consider the tastes. One flavor after the other, all in the same dish. It's the hours and hours of toasting and pounding and peeling and grinding, it's all the fresh things from the markets, the spice pastes, the magical herbs."

Cortés and his fellow traveling chroniclers of the Spanish Conquest were the earliest known outsiders to be dazzled. In the vastness of the great marketplace, the conquistadors found curiosities unknown to the so-called civilized world: corn, tomatoes, peppers, sweet and white potatoes, beans, squash, pumpkins, guavas, pineapples, avocados, papayas, peanuts, vanilla pods, edible seeds, blossoms, and cactus. Live animals, fowl, and reptiles could be bought to dispatch at home, as well as fully cooked Aztec take-out dishes such as *mullis,* herb-scented stews thickened with ground seeds or nuts, tightly sheathed tamales, and *barbacoa,* the original barbecue, retrieved at dawn from smoking stone-lined pits. One entire area was given over to the pharmacopoeia of botanical cures, magic foods for a magic-obsessed clientele.

Dinner at the palace rocked the Spanish backward. Montezuma II dined in a waft of sweet incense behind a gold-decorated screen. A choice of more than thirty dishes was presented to him on black-and-red Cholula ware at a low, richly worked table spread with a white cloth and long white napkins by "four very clean and beautiful girls." Main courses varied from roast wild duck or boar to elaborate fruit-stuffed tamales, *mullis* of ant eggs and cactus, and featherweight cakes of mosquito larvae and algae skimmed from the lake. At the meal's conclusion, waves of silent servants plied him with "every kind of fruit that grew in

MICHEL ZABÉ


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the country," and cups of pure gold filled from one of fifty jars of a frothy "drink made from the cocoa-plant, which they said he took before visiting his wives." Fish was rushed daily up the steep mountains from the distant seas by teams of relay runners; snow was fetched from volcano peaks to chill appropriate delicacies. Montezuma ordered his royal parks stocked with live specimens of every creature and plant known to the sprawling empire, along with a human side show of freaks, hunchbacks, and midgets. But not all of the emperor's tastes were so recherché—he liked to dip a warm tortilla into a bowl of freshly mashed guacamole and was fond of simply cooked meats such as venison.

The transition of the basic Aztec *mulli* to the sophisticated, elaborately seasoned Spanish colonial *mole* has been credited to the convents, which sprang up in post-Conquest Mexico with the speed of the Indians' hallucinogenic "God's flesh" mushrooms after rain. Most nuns brought with them personal Indian maids as well as considerable dowries when they took the veil. Aside from their clocked devotions, time hung upon them like a heavy penance. Cooking allowed a legitimate escape into hours of shared creativity. In the early nineteenth century, the Scottish wife of the Spanish ambassador visited Encarnación, "the most splendid and richest convent in Mexico." There she was "astonished" to be served "a very elegant supper . . . cakes, chocolate, ices, creams, custards, tarts, jellies, blanc-manges, orange and lemonade, and other profane dainties, ornamented with gilt paper cut into little flags, etc." With the patience of lacemakers, the nuns and their servants had managed, over the centuries, to stitch together Indian and European recipes and reembroider them into a unique form of baroque Mexican art. The fiesta dish that still represents the apogee of convent cuisine is *Chiles Rellenos en Nogada,* stuffed peppers in walnut sauce, created in August 1821, to celebrate the saint's day of Agustín de Iturbide, who reigned for a scant year as self-proclaimed "Emperor" after being drawn by jubilant supporters in a horseless carriage through the packed streets of Mexico City. The nuns of Puebla invented the dish to commemorate Don Agustín's choice of colors for the new green, white, and red Mexican flag—green chile peppers stuffed with meats, candied cactus, raisins, and pine nuts and fried in a froth of stiffly beaten eggs, garnished with a creamy white sauce of peeled freshly picked walnuts and a garnet-red rain of pomegranate seeds.

Two years ago, familiar with our insatiable lust for the ultimate gastro-dig, our good friend Piti Saldivar brought us together in Mexico City with a cousin, albeit by now many times removed, of the remarkable Emperor Agustín. Her name, we'd been told, was Teresa Castelló de Yturbide, and her unsurpassed knowledge of pre-Hispanic food and drink might be approached as a warehouse of scholarly revelations. From the moment she blazed into the room it was clear that the señora carried on the family tradition of never doing anything by halves. Ash blond and patrician, with luminous El Greco features and a voice pitched high with excitement, she launched immediately into a droll, melodramatic account of



Honey ants and the chamiso plant, whose sticky branches are used to take the ants out of their habitat.

the field trials she continued to endure in completing the anthropological research for her unusual *oeuvre:*

"My book," she explained, apologizing unnecessarily for her expressive English, "will have absolutely no imagination! Only the facts! I take planes, I take cars, I go in boats, wherever I hear there is an Indian in a little tiny village with something true to tell or wherever there is something that the people ate before the Conquest. I got everything from the Indians. Animals, insects, flowers, plants, reptiles, anything. They eat many things, even

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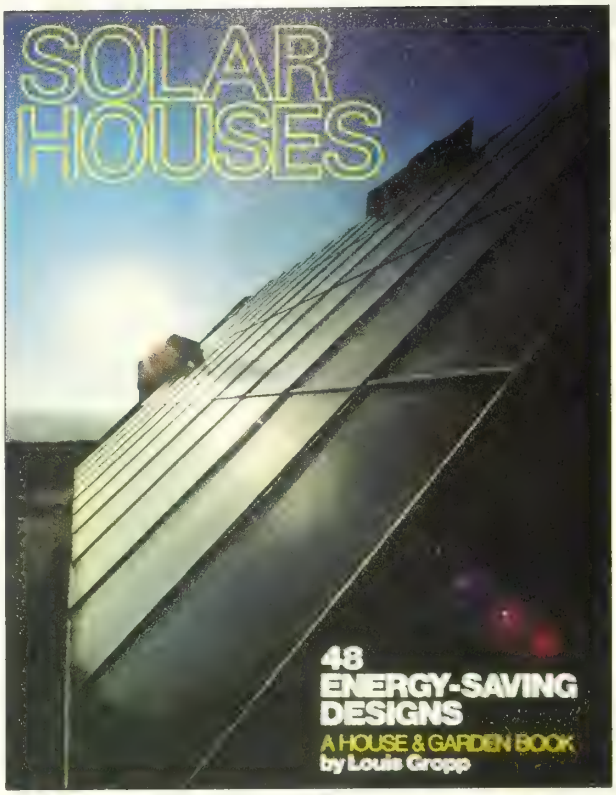
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I go wherever I hear there are Indians in villages with something to tell or wherever they are eating as they did before the Conquest

earth. The pre-Hispanic Indians, when they made an oath, they ate earth, clay! Also in their churches, it was a ritual. And even now in certain villages if a woman is pregnant, she likes to eat some earth. The idea of the book is to recover what is left of pre-Hispanic cooking. I read all the original Spanish chronicles, even letters to the King saying what they found, what they ate during the days of the Conquest, and all about the markets. In between I tell how the cooking developed in the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth centuries and then show original foods that are still cooked today. I'm not going to give a lot of recipes that are boring or things that don't work because all that you get in any book. I have a wonderful photographer here to take the photographs. *Beautiful* photographs! The work should be finished next year."

A year later we returned to Mexico, impatient to see the results of Señora Castello's final labors. A portfolio of large color transparencies was brought out for viewing on a light box. Señora Castello delivered passionate running commentaries; "Look! Look at the *beauty*! These are the honey ants. They fill their stomachs with different nectars. They are like delicious jewels." A bizarre still life of what appeared to be brilliant topaz beads set with tiny ant heads glowed on the board. "You eat them with your fingers, just like that. Each one may taste of a different flower. The Indians love flowers. Stuffed. In salads, in soup. They use a morning-glory to tint tortillas. And cochineal, the red dye from little insects, they use that to make designs on the tortillas with a star-shaped cactus that they cut and dip into the color. Look, here are the worms of the maguey plant. The plant is used to make pulque, mescal, tequila. Tequila is later. They take the sharp point of the maguey leaf and pin the animal, the worm, by the head so it won't break. Here they are alive, here they are cooked. . . ."

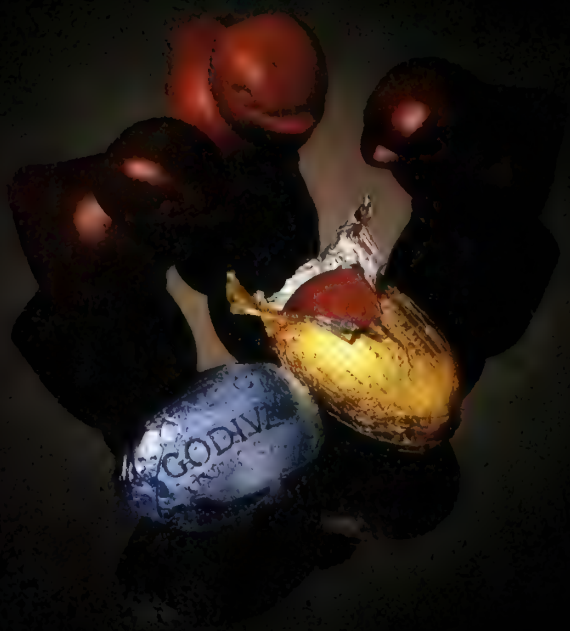
Would the Señora Teresa also catalogue the magical qualities of pre-Hispanic foods? "No, no imagination, only facts! About nutrition, yes. About superstition, no. Look here, isn't this a beauty? I brought it all the way from Páscuaro—it took all my attention to keep it alive. It is the first phase of a special salamander. It develops in its own style. It can't breathe at this time. It's a wonderful animal, there used to be many, now you find them mostly in the lake at Páscuaro. It has many qualities—very good for children who are weak. The skin has a special gelatin with all the vitamins in it. Roast it on the *comal* or put it in a soup. They make a special dish that's very good for the bronchials as a tonic.

"Look, those are the frogs. The legs? No, they eat all the frog. There are the tadpoles. Those are the eggs of the turtles, they are found in the sand. They eat them raw, just open them and suck them. This is the way they tie the iguanas to sell in the market. There are different kinds, black ones, blue ones, green ones. They can also change their colors to hide from people. Here are the eggs of the iguanas, boiled, they eat them just with salt. The iguana they put in a *mulli*. And this is a snake, dried and sold this way so you can eat it. These are turkey eggs. Here's the rabbit. They wrap the rabbit meat in the membrane of the maguey leaf with cactus, pulque, and red chilis. This is a *mixiote*. Delicious! The rabbit is very important in Mexican legend, you know. It was thrown to the moon to make it bright.

"You don't know what troubles I have with these animals, these insects. Sometimes they die in the plane and I have to go all the way back to find more. Sometimes I stay with the Indians, maybe I have to wait weeks, and then I hurry back so Michel can photograph them."

"I have bad news for you," murmurs the photographer, Michel Zabé. "The *tepeizcuinte* escaped yesterday."

Has she chosen not to hear? With an evangelic smile cast at no one in particular she asks, "Don't you think the subject of food is the best way to bring the whole world together?"□



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How John M. Crawford Jr. amassed the magnificent Chinese painting and calligraphy collection now at The Metropolitan Museum of Art

By Carl Nagin

It is no accident that the finest private collection of Chinese painting and calligraphy in America was formed by an ardent bibliophile, one whose passion for printing led him to explore the culture that invented it. To the Chinese, not Gutenberg, we owe the creation of movable type, but it is to John M. Crawford Jr. that we owe the rich array of Chinese art currently exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum's Dillon galleries.

Crawford himself never studied Chinese. His collecting feats are all the more remarkable and bold, since he began with little or no advice from scholars. He was, in the true sense, what his long-time friend and former director of The Pierpont Morgan Library, Frederick B. Adams Jr., called a *connoisseur-amateur,* one who trusts and cultivates his own intuitive eye and sense of quality. It was as much a moral as aesthetic sense, something the Chinese themselves aspired to in the ideals of the literati painters and scholars. More to his credit, Crawford embarked upon the *terra incognita* of Chinese painting in the mid fifties at a time when few American scholars took calligraphy seriously, and when the paucity of authentic paintings in the West severely limited connoisseurship: most of what was then available in museums and on the market turned out to be late copies, misattributed works of poor quality, and modern fakes.

Indeed, Crawford's principal buyer during his early collecting days, the Japanese art dealer Joseph Seo, warned him that it was a perilous field, a wilderness, that they would make mistakes, but that it could be a challenge and adventure since so little was known about it in the United States. Crawford, the son of an Irish immigrant who began as a shipping clerk in Bradford, Pennsylvania, and finished as president of a half-dozen oil and field equipment companies, was no stranger to risk.

Drunk in the Autumn Woods,
one of the few hanging scrolls by the 17th-century Individualist Shih-t'ao.



"It was a lonely period of my life," Crawford said of his earliest collecting. "I had no friends who were interested. The only person who knew what I was doing and approved was Fred Adams. He realized this was something unique. I kept the collection a secret. Seo insisted we should, until we secured all the early material we could get. It wasn't until 1958 that anybody knew. They thought some relative of Madame Chiang Kai-shek was the secret buyer of these things. They figured no American would ever buy calligraphy. When they found out, they couldn't believe it."

This secrecy, so characteristic of Chinese connoisseurship, did not suit Crawford, a generous if outspoken partisan of collecting. A fellow of the Morgan Library and now a Metropolitan Museum trustee, he started as a collector of manuscripts and rare books, including those by William Morris, the English poet, socialist, and artist whose writings, thanks to Crawford, are well represented at the Morgan. His forays into Chinese art began conventionally with Ming and Ch'ing porcelains. "They didn't satisfy me," Crawford acknowledges. "And I discovered that there were very few people who had an eye for objects on the one hand and calligraphy and painting on the other. I hated those English books about porcelains. You know what they're like," he says with a disparaging roll of his eyes. "Everybody had these things. There was nothing new or creative about it. They just didn't interest me." Soon, however, Crawford found something that would.

Among his first acquisitions was a

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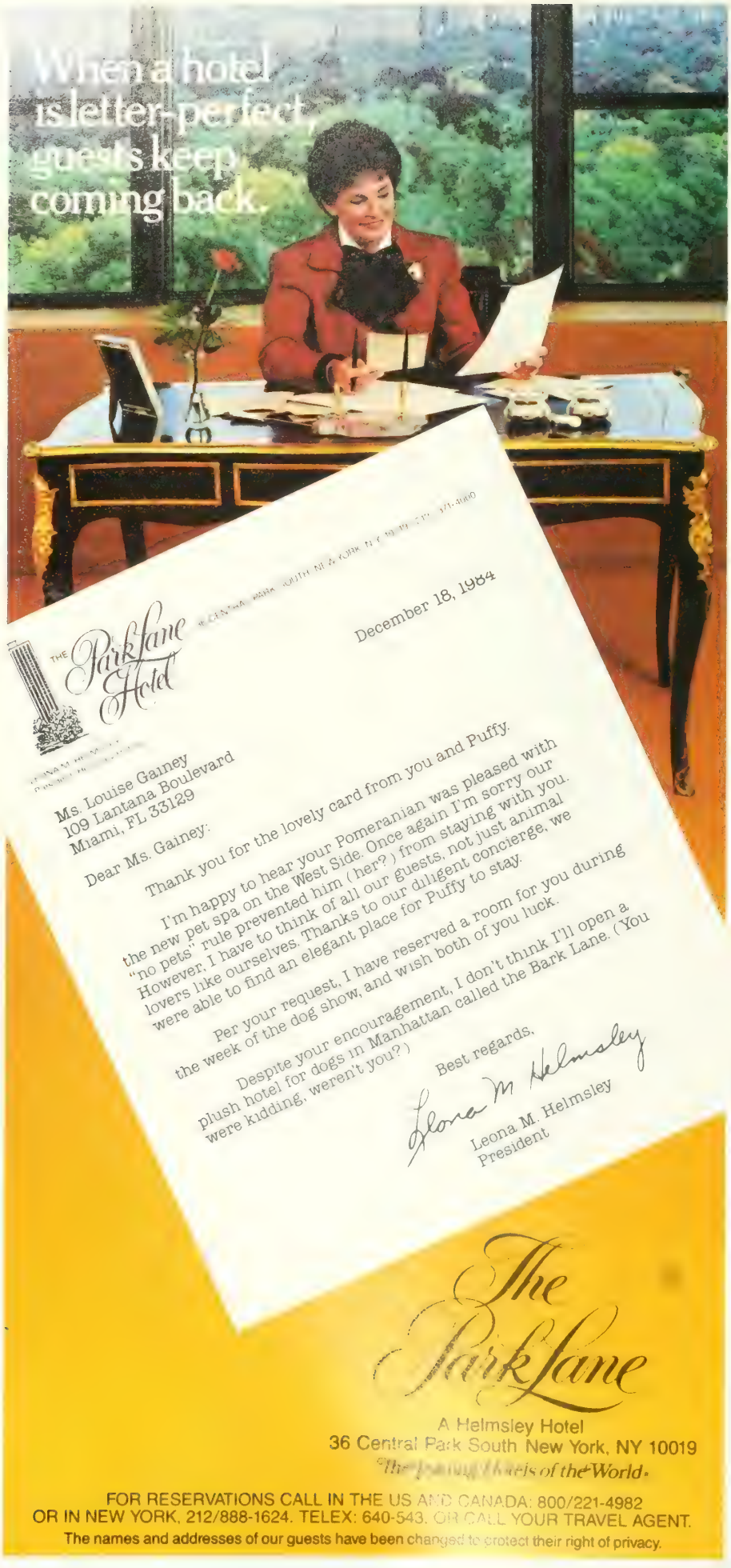
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group of four early paintings purchased through Seo in August 1955 from a penniless former Kuomintang official named Wang Wen-po and the great Chinese painter and connoisseur Chang Ta-ch'ien. Afterwards, Crawford did show them to two prominent scholars, one a Boston museum curator, who told him they were fakes and that he should get rid of them. It is a testament to Crawford's eye for quality and self-confidence that he ignored such advice, for today those four scrolls are among the masterpieces of early Chinese painting, two of them ranked (along with many subsequent Crawford acquisitions) in James Cahill's *Index of Early Chinese Painters and Paintings* as works whose particular importance make them indispensable for the study of Chinese painting.

Crawford outdistanced the professionals in other respects. As Thomas Lawton, director of the Freer Gallery, once wrote, "The true collector forms taste rather than being influenced by it." Prevailing orthodoxy so favored the early Sung painters that the works of later dynasties were considered, at best, technically virtuosic, at worst decadent and derivative. Crawford was one of the earliest collectors to explore the fifteenth- through seventeenth-century artists, such as Ming works from the Wu school and the Ch'ing Individualists like Shih-t'ao (1642–1707) and the enigmatic Chu Ta (1626–1705). As for calligraphy, which Crawford bought with no less foresight and discernment, the principal Chinese art texts of the day barely mentioned it.

The sixties were the salad days of Chinese painting scholarship in America, generating as much controversy as knowledge in the field, so embroiled were scholars in battles over authenticity, attribution, and dating. While some masterworks had been seen in a 1935–36 London exhibit and the 1954 Marco Polo exhibit in Venice, it was not until the 1961–62 National Palace Museum show in Taiwan that paintings from the Manchu Imperial collections could be seen and studied here. Thus, in the West, it was only in the last quarter century that a reliable body of great works became known. And even now, the earliest periods of Chinese painting are known largely through later copies—hardly an ideal foundation




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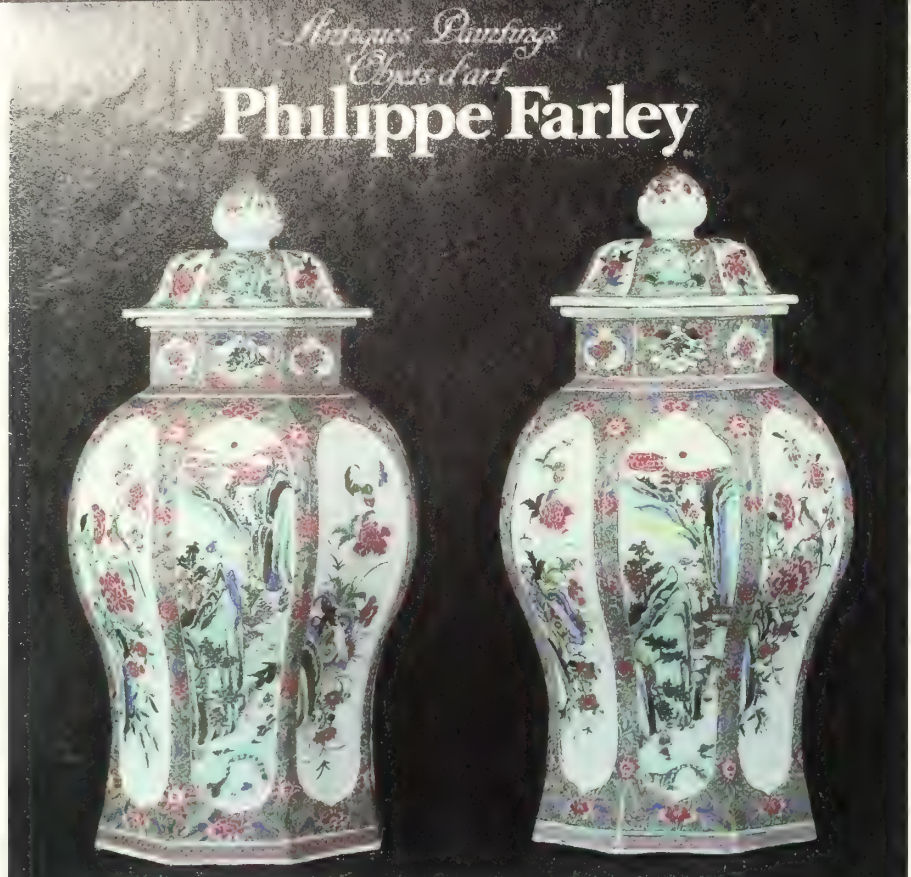
for developing stylistic criteria and judging authenticity.

Forgery and copying, whose time-honored and skilled practitioners are recorded as far back as the fourth century A.D. in China, confused the field for Westerners. Yet for the Chinese, not only had bona fide copying preserved the world's oldest continuous painting tradition, but it turned connoisseurship into a high aesthetic game. Unlike the West, with its fetish for originality and disdain of copying, in China forgery had less unsavory moral connotations. As Metropolitan Museum curator Wen Fong notes in his essay on forgery in Chinese painting: "...Learning the art of painting through copying...made every Chinese painter a potential forger, and it is well known that some of the greatest Chinese painters and connoisseurs were, or were said to be, master 'forgers.'"

Perhaps the greatest of these "scholar-forgers," as they are sometimes equivocally called, was the contemporary Chinese painter and connoisseur Chang Ta-ch'ien (1899–1983), who left the mainland in 1949 and brought the largest private collection of ancient Chinese scrolls ever to come to the West. Because of its quality and an early embargo on trade with China after the revolution, no museum or private collector seriously interested in the field could avoid this picaresque adventurer who is said to have forged entire collections of "Shih-t'ao" paintings in Shanghai during the twenties. Joseph Alsop in *The Rare Art Traditions* writes of his handiwork that there is no major collection of Chinese painting anywhere in the world that does not contain at least one of his fakes. His accomplishments as a painter are no less imposing, for Chang is generally regarded as China's foremost contemporary painter.

Crawford purchased many paintings from Chang's collection, the source of virtually all of his early calligraphy. One of the first and finest works he bought from Chang was a handscroll, *Finches and Bamboo,* signed by the Emperor Hui-tsung (1082–1135). Bird and flower paintings produced by the Sung Academy under the artist Emperor's patronage represent the apogee of this genre in the history of Chinese painting. Of the many paintings ascribed to the Emperor, Craw-

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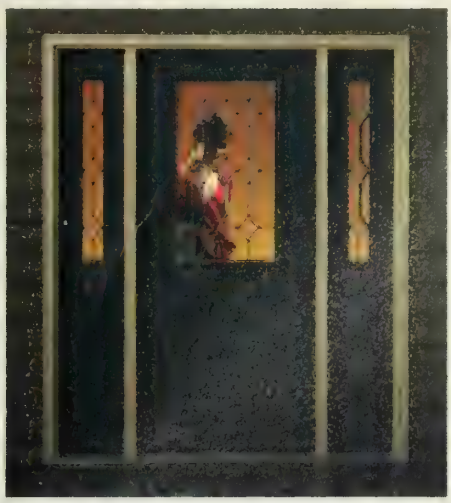
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seguso vetri d'arte

ford's may be one of the few actually from his hand. Cahill calls it "one of the three or four most likely candidates, and one of the best in quality."

Crawford praises its "aristocratic elegance." He purchased it long before he learned of Chang's reputation as a forger and with little idea of the risks he ran in dealing with Chang Ta-ch'ien. "He tried to sell us some of the forgeries," Crawford recalls, "and we bought several and then came to the conclusion that they weren't right. Seo forced him to take them back. We were, after all, his best customers. And Seo warned him that if he didn't take them back, we'd never have anything to do with him again. I'm not sure Chang knew, in every instance, what was authentic in his collection. Some of it he'd bought in Japan after the war. And most of the fakes he offered me—I don't believe he did them himself. They were done by others."

Since Crawford was Chang's only American customer for calligraphy, Seo reminded him of his honor regarding calligraphy, the most revered of Chinese arts. "His calligraphy proved to be good," says Crawford, "practically every one. With the paintings we had some problems. We got stuck with some mistakes. That's inevitable. The surprising thing is that we didn't run into more difficulty."

When Crawford's collection was first exhibited at the newly enlarged Pierpont Morgan Library in October 1962, Laurence Sickman, director of the Nelson-Atkins gallery in Kansas City, hailed it as "a landmark among occidental collections." A few blocks from the Met, Crawford's brownstone residence, with its elegant painting studio furnished in the manner of a Chinese scholar-artist, was now an oasis for scholars and connoisseurs eager to study his once-secret collection.

Despite the success of the Morgan Library show, scholars and museums were slow to grasp the importance of calligraphy in the study of Chinese painting. Many of the younger scholars doubted the authenticity of the calligraphies; such things, they argued, just didn't survive. "We were so wrong," Yale University's Richard Barnhart later told Crawford. Indeed, it took almost a decade before an American museum dared to organize a calligra-



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phy show. In 1971, the Philadelphia Museum of Art opened the first major Chinese calligraphy exhibit in the West, more than a third of which has been borrowed from Crawford's collection.

Traditionally, the Chinese considered calligraphy and painting their "twin perfections." While their precise relationship has occupied much recent scholarly debate in the West, the Chinese esteemed the former, both as art and *écriture,* even above the painting that some argue evolved from it. The 3,500-year-old calligraphic tradition was transmitted by a class of scholar-clerics and artists who were schooled from an early age in virtuosic brushwork techniques. These were applied and adapted in Chinese painting, which evolved a formal vocabulary of ideographic and technical conventions, yet remained, above all, a spiritual discipline, so much so that landscape painting has frequently been called the true religion of traditional China. Its masters were more concerned with manifesting the spirit of the Tao (the Eternal Way) in their art than with the problems of pure representation. To depict or imitate nature, for the Chinese painter, meant to incarnate its life force, not to reproduce it with journalistic detail. Thus, the preoccupation with natural polarities: void and fullness, movement and stillness, mountains and rivers (the Chinese ideogram for landscape means, literally, mountain-water) found its purest, most abstract expression in the rhythms and brushwork of calligraphy.

"It seems perfectly natural to collect the two arts together," says Crawford. "I couldn't understand why more people didn't see this. They use the same materials. You can't separate them. Young people often appreciate the calligraphy more than the painting because they were brought up with abstraction in art. They're used to it and can follow its rhythms and pulse.

"It's been a great saga, I must say. But the problem we've got now is the same we've always had with Chinese painting and calligraphy—it's communicating with the public. As a collector, I believe we must make that effort to involve the public. If this art is properly presented and written about, the public will be there." □

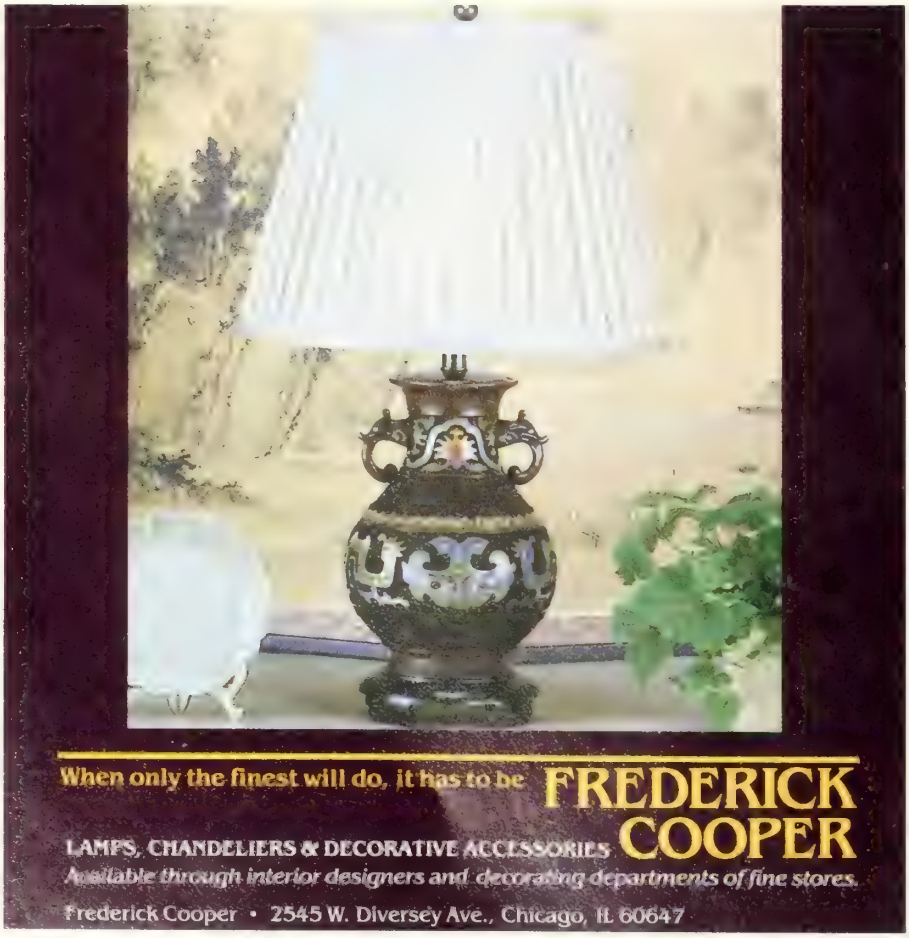


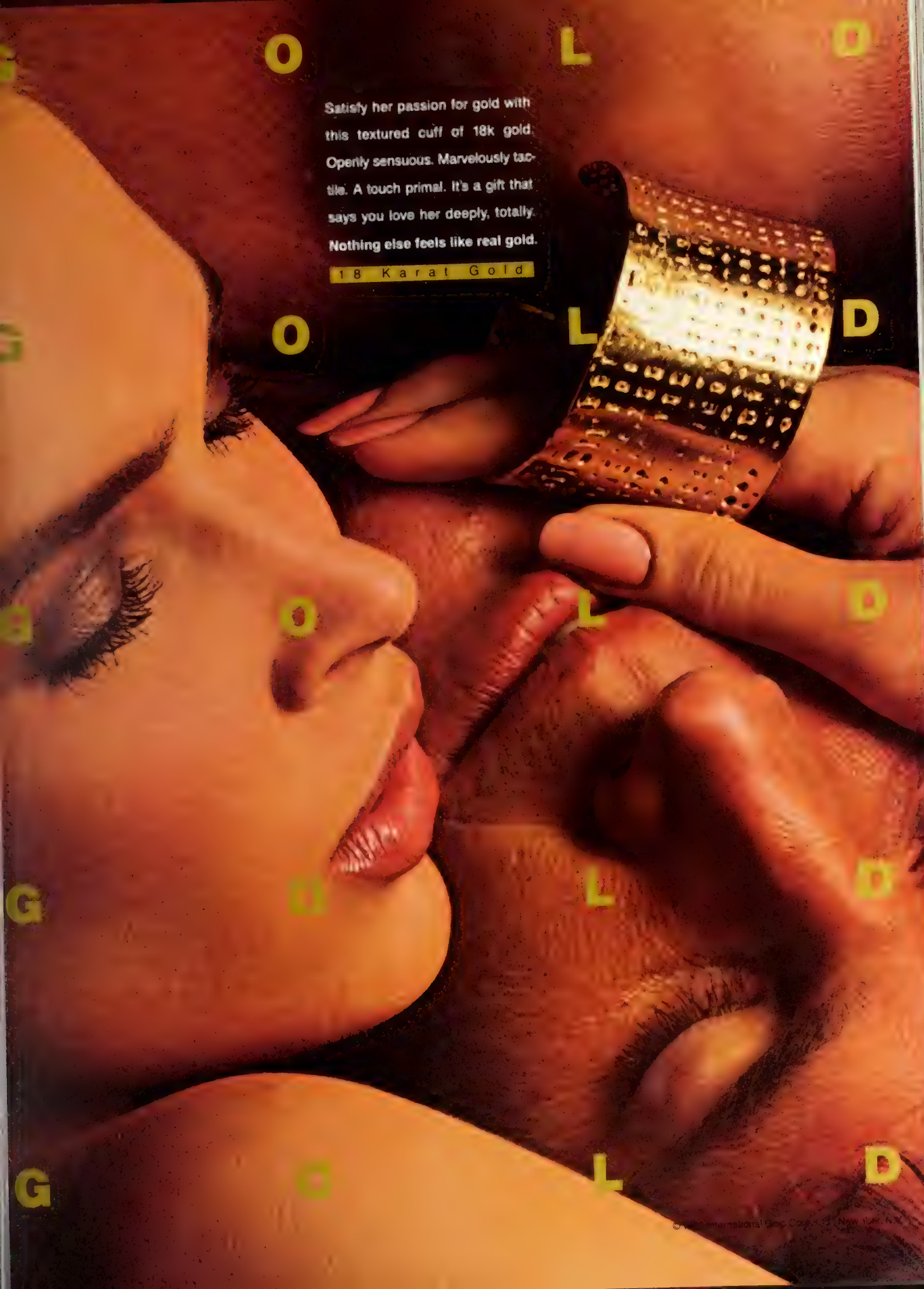
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By Mark Hampton

I don't intend to write about wallpaper as though it were some new idea. On the other hand, there are lots of misconceptions about the uses of strongly patterned wallpaper that ought to be cleared up. One fear I often hear expressed is that wallpaper in a bold pattern will inevitably make a room look smaller. An equally common opinion holds that an effect of great fussiness will be the result. Probably the most widely held misconception of all is that patterned wallpaper provides a terrible background for paintings.

Questions that arise in the course of decorating often involve the distinction between matters of fact and matters of taste. It is a great distinction. Of course, there are loads of cases where taste wins and the appropriate answer to someone else's dogma is, to use the words of the child in the *New Yorker* cartoon, "I say it's spinach, and I say the hell with it." But there are, thank heaven, certain facts that can be proven regardless of differences in taste. One provable fact is that strongly patterned wallpaper very often makes a room look not smaller but larger. I have seen it happen time and again. Somehow the perspective and the quality of light and shade in a room are heightened by wall pattern in a way that increases the apparent volume of the space. I suppose this spatial effect is similar to what happens when you move a few pieces of furniture into an empty room. It immediately seems larger because you suddenly have a point of reference. Curiously enough, the enlarging effect of wallpaper is most pronounced in tiny rooms.



A sitting room in an 18th-century house in Ireland is organized by its wallpaper.

The fear of fussiness is partly a question of taste. If you are aiming for a sleek room with plain white walls, even I would not suggest the possibility of papering the walls in a large all-over pattern. However, there are lots of people who love pattern and place it here and there but are afraid of covering the walls with it. Yet oftentimes the most unifying method of dealing with pattern is to be brave and use it as a background. Far from seeming spotty, such a background can create an atmosphere in which you can arrange both solid-color materials and other patterns in the most orderly way. You will also be able to tie together disparate elements of decoration and collecting that you love but that you find difficult to mix. Another great advantage is the opportunity wallpaper provides for strengthening the architectural mood of a room. If the existing architectural details are bland, the mood of the room becomes far more assertive with the help of a good,

MARK HAMPTON



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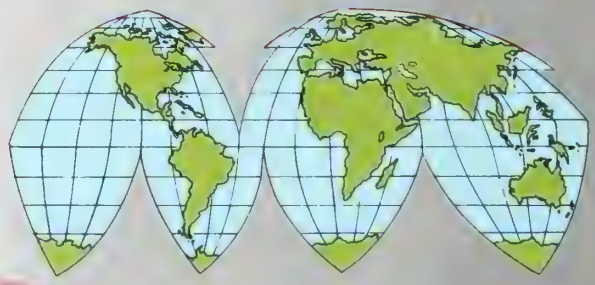
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strong wallpaper in a definite style.

Finally, walls that are completely patterned do in fact make a marvelous background for pictures. Not wall-sized canvases by Morris Louis or Barnett Newman, perhaps, but framed easel pictures of different types and periods and sizes hang together beautifully on any number of patterned papers, and if you would like to hang drawings and prints combined with paintings, the regular design of an all-over-patterned background can have a very calming effect on the variety of picture types and sizes.

The room illustrated is one in which many of these points are applicable. It is in an eighteenth-century house in Ireland that I worked on for many years. The exterior of the house has charming Gothic details; the interior, however, owing to nineteenth- as well as twentieth-century remodelings and a fire or two, is quite chaste. There is no plasterwork and there is no paneling. This room is a small sitting room off the main entrance hall. It has a pretty, white marble fireplace and two windows on the wall opposite the door entering the room. The ceilings are high. The furniture comes from different periods and previous homes. A Georgian mahogany pedestal desk between the windows, a pair of gilded Victorian consoles, a big Regency bull's-eye mirror, and old-fashioned upholstered furniture from Lenygon & Morant, the London firm that has been making upholstery since the early 1800s in styles that have barely changed in over a century.

With only one window wall and thirteen-and-a-half-foot ceilings, there is obviously a tremendous amount of wall space. A densely patterned wallpaper seemed to be a good idea. The one we chose is called Celandine, a design by J.H. Dearle of the William Morris circle, first printed around 1895 and still hand-blocked in shades of green, blue, mustard yellow, and rose pink (available from Arthur Sanderson & Sons in New York). The clusters of flowers, derived from *milles-fleurs* tapestries, are surrounded by a trellis of foliage composed of interlacing leaves and tendrils. The inspiration of the design—both medieval and Art Nouveau—is just as rich a mixture as the furniture in the room. Forming a background, the paper is complicated and fresh at the same time, and because it completely envelops the room in pattern, the curtains, most of the upholstery, and the carpet are all solid colors. Pillows and small chairs are covered in another William Morris print—Michaelmas Daisy—a design of thyme leaves and flowers in blue and green. Other pattern is provided by a small Bessarabian carpet and some needlepoint here and there. The ceiling is white and woodwork is glazed a soft gray with the moldings left white. Since the room is a sitting room used daily by the owner, it is full of the clutter of everyday use, and that delightful combination of books, magazines, writing paper, pots of flowers, framed photographs, and so on, melts away into the general atmosphere of pattern. The pictures are equally varied. There are recent paintings of horses raised on the place. On one side of the fireplace hangs a scene of Maine by the contemporary painter Ibbie Holmquist, on the other, an anonymous Victorian landscape. This mixture of decoration and accumulation makes the room comfortable and personal.

Arranged against a plain backdrop, these elements would have been less easy to combine. Furthermore, as new things find their way into the room, on tabletops and walls, they simply take their places and fit right in. If the sofa sits on one wall in the winter and another in the summer, it makes no difference. There are no strict requirements that this spot of color stay here or that bit of pattern be there.

The types of wallpaper that afford this freedom of mixing and arranging are numerous. Chinese paper, as we all know, is full of marvelous surprises. Think of the American Embassy in London when Mr. and Mrs. Annenberg lived there and hung Gauguins and van Goghs on the glorious green Chinese paper that they put on the drawing-room walls. Damask patterns, stripes, large bouquets of flowers, trompe-l'oeil drapery—there's a lot out there. And if you are one of those people addicted to moving pictures around, nothing hides nail holes as well as an allover pattern.

Finally, to end on a practical note, wallpaper is a great advantage when your walls are in tricky condition. And it can last for decades. □



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GEORGE BALANCHINE

Without him there would have been an American ballet but not an American ballet style

By Arlene Croce

George Balanchine died two years ago this month, and the subject of how best to preserve his legacy remains a lively one. For Merrill Ashley, one of the leading dancers of the New York City Ballet, the key is the perpetuation of his theories regarding the teaching of dance. Dancing as Balanchine taught it, she asserts in her recent memoir *Dancing for Balanchine,* is more important than reproducing his ballets in his tradition. "The fate of the repertory, and perhaps of the Company, depends on this. If we dance as Balanchine taught us, then regardless of the fortunes of individual ballets, regardless of whether or not each old ballet has been well preserved or each new one well conceived, the Company will remain above passing successes and failures, and errors in programming from season to season can easily be corrected without any waning of audience interest." Balanchine himself might well have agreed. To Maria Tallchief, he expressed the belief—or hope—that one day he would be known more for his teaching than his choreography. The School of American Ballet, which he founded with Lincoln Kirstein in 1934 and which is now universally recognized as our national academy of dance, stands as a monument to Balanchine's teachings. But another even greater monument is his repertory. From the beginning, principles taught by Balanchine had both their outlet and their origin in his choreography. As Ashley observes, "If it ever comes to pass that his ballets lose their luster and every attempt to restore them to their former glory fails, then it will be understood how tightly his choreography and his teaching were interwoven."

George Balanchine in 1958 rehearsing Allegra Kent in the new version of the 1933 *The Seven Deadly Sins.* Music by Kurt Weill, libretto by Brecht, translated by W.H. Auden and Chester Kallman.

In his devotion to classicism, Balanchine claimed descent from Petipa. His fifty-year mission in America recalls Petipa's 55 years of imperial service in Russia but was greater in the weight and scope of its influence. When Balanchine came to the United States in 1933, there was no institutionalized ballet here as there had been in Russia before Petipa—no national academy, no company of stature, no native repertory. Balanchine sensed that his immediate task would be to establish the terms in which American classical dancers would be developed. He did not invent these terms. He taught the style of ballet he had learned

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in Russia, emphasizing and altering certain features of the style to reflect his ideal conception of it. In so doing he instilled a fresh classical sensibility in his American dancers, one that set them apart from classical dancers everywhere else.

In these emphases and alterations of his, Balanchine differed from the majority of Russian pedagogues who were then at work in America and in other countries of exile. He believed that classicism was not a set of rules to be perpetuated but a body of beliefs to be examined, clarified, and renewed from generation to generation. In the classroom he sought new standards in the execution of steps, the aim being to increase clarity and breadth of motion, sharpness of nuance, and intensity of image. Balanchine dancers became renowned for their brilliance in allegro; they also mastered an even more distinctive adagio technique. In Balanchine, allegro and adagio are not polarized but complementary; each partakes of virtues once thought exclusive to the other. Thus fullness of volume may be required in allegro, crispness of accent in adagio. Open backs, hips lifted free of the thighs, and fully turned-out legs that are mobilized from the thigh—these features of the Balanchine physique account for the wide-angle arabesques that are another of the Balanchine dancer's trademarks. But, again, the important thing to notice about these electrifying poses (which may be unsupported as well as supported by a partner) is the principle of contradistinction that governs them. Balanchine wanted his dancers to be capable of turned-out movement on the largest possible scale—particularly after the New York State Theatre became their home in 1964—but he also specified that (unlike the Soviet dancers) they move from the smallest possible base of support, using the least amount of visible preparation. The typical éffacé look of his women dancers was developed in relation to pointwork which became ever more particularized, pliant, and energetic. Because Balanchine-style pointwork employs the discipline of the whole leg, the feet absorb extra energy which they then distill in an ultimate display of freedom and intricacy. And because the closing of the feet in fifth position is unusually tight, a relevé in this position becomes the narrowest of firing pins for launching broad strokes in space.

Despite innovations of this kind, Balanchine was not a revolutionary; he merely extended and strengthened the logic of classical technique. As classical technique cultivates the body's ability to sustain two or more movement ideas at once, so the tendency of classical logic is to reconcile opposites—e.g., torso and arms moving in opposition may together oppose the legs. Oppositions in direction, in rhythm, in scale, in pressure are always harmoniously integrated. So it is with Balanchine. Generally speaking, he extended classical technique by forcing it to encom-

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pass new oppositions or tensions and using its logic to resolve them. Throughout the ballet syllabus, contradictory and unpredictable impulses were fused in refreshing new harmonies. These harmonies were the increments out of which Balanchine forged his characteristic drama.

Balanchine's best-known specialty was the making of ballerinas, and any discussion of his technical preferences automatically assumes a feminine coloration. If there is one area of technique in which he may be said to have truly innovated, it was pointwork. No other classical school produces ballerinas who have the maneuverability of the Americans trained by Balanchine. This does not mean that he did not also groom male dancers. The exceptional pointwork was simply an extension of Balanchine's idea—applicable to men as well as women—that the body's weight should be projected forward and up, and never allowed to settle back on the heels. Nor does his exhaustive reconditioning of technique mean that other companies representing different schools of classicism cannot dance his ballets. Dancing Balanchine well is less a matter of enunciating steps than of phrasing them dynamically. This feature, built into Balanchine's training program at every level, is the irreducible basic requirement for performing his choreography and also the most fragile, since it cannot be captured with absolute accuracy by the notation systems which preserve steps. So far as instruction is concerned, the *école* which has mated best with Balanchine's is the Danish. In the seventies, New York City Ballet received an influx of male dancers from the Royal Danish Ballet who were able to adjust more or less quickly to the repertory, presumably because for generations Danish dancers have been taught to phrase even their barre work with a musical accent. In Balanchine, the simplest and most fundamental movements in ballet are articulated with an accent that shapes them into elegantly expressive rhythmic units. A Balanchine barre is a progression of such units, inculcating detail by fine detail stylistic emphases in a coherent pattern. A musically sensitive dancer can dance a Balanchine ballet without these emphases and still succeed. However, the performance will not have the depth that is imparted when the structural core of rote movements to which the dancer returns in daily practice has been thoroughly Balanchinized.

Balanchine was the most musical of choreographers; nevertheless, it is a fact that, in the classes taught by him until the last years of his life, he preferred humdrum musical accompaniment—pianists were instructed to supply "wallpaper"—the better, perhaps, to expose problems of stress, cadence, and attack that would absorb Balanchine's attention without tempting him to choreograph. As a teacher, Balanchine reached rarefied heights in

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class. This was his laboratory, where he refined his material and carried out perilous experiments in anatomical possibility. Dancers' capacities, spiritual as well as physical, were put to the test. Balanchine demanded 100 percent cooperation. He wanted his dancers to be unreservedly his, but he also expected from them a degree of self-motivation and was inclined to lose interest in the ones who didn't show it. The ethical basis of his teaching was a concept of service. Performing in the theater meant a dedication of one's total energies not only at the moment of performance but in practice and in rehearsal. To be a Balanchine disciple meant that one gave one's all in emulation of the master who was himself a servant—whose credo may well have been St. Paul's "The best among us are servants of all the rest."

Although there came into being a recognizable "Balanchine technique," Balanchine himself never wrote a textbook, frequently revised or reversed himself, and was fond of saying that technique in order to grow had to come from the stage to the classroom, not the other way around. Underlying this principle was a commitment to performance—to the ineluctable "now" condition of the art. Within months of the founding of the School of American Ballet, Balanchine had his students on the stage testing his precepts under performance tension, without the cover of guest stars or the comfort of proven, popular choreography. In *Serenade* they danced steps created for them and in a sense by them; Balanchine incorporated incidents—accidental falls, a late entrance—that had occurred in rehearsal. As time went on, he absorbed, "classicized," and aggrandized the gifts of his dancers and so expanded the store of classical gesture inherited from Russia. Without Balanchine there would have been an American ballet but there would not have been an American style in ballet. Like every great teacher he learned from his students. It was his ability to make use of the new-found characteristics of his American dancers—of their emotional objectivity no less than their speed and control of complex rhythm—that accounted for the persistence of his style through five decades. □

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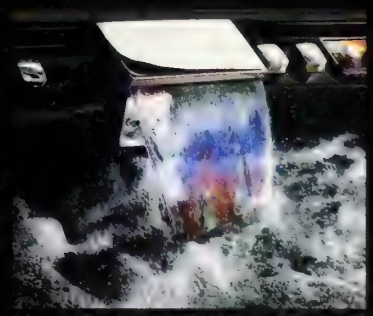
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BY JEAN-MARIE BARON PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND

In the heart of the Left Bank, *above,* the 17th-century *hôtel particulier* opens onto a garden courtyard with a stone sphinx that presides over the fortunes of the house. *Opposite:* On the round Charles X table in the anteroom an Egyptian cat, hydrangeas, a 17th-century dummy board, and, in an Emile Gallé cup, semiprecious stones brought back from a distant land by a friend. *Overleaf:* Paintings are set into the paneling in the anteroom. Cushions are made of antique fabrics. In the background, a 19th-century painting of a Venetian gondolier; on the Italian marble console, two Louis XVI cast-iron urns.









The *petit salon, above,* is the former bedroom of the lady of the house. The 16th-century mirror above the Du Barry–style bed from Jansen comes from a Spanish convent. The two large Chinese covered jars are 17th century. In the foreground, a Russian chair from Comiglio. *Opposite:* Reflected in the many-faceted Spanish mirror, a magnificent Milanese crystal chandelier from the 17th century.

It was by chance one spring day while poking around antiques shops on the Left Bank that Mme. X pushed open the door and discovered her house, a late-seventeenth-century *hôtel particulier* then occupied by Violet Trefusis, a *grande dame* of the *tout Paris*. The house is full of charm, looking out over a small garden dominated by an *Ailanthus altissima* native to China, and a stone sphinx present as if from the beginning of time that seems to watch over the fortunes of the house.

"That was twenty-five years ago, a time when the Left Bank still hid so many secrets," says Mme. X. But today one has only to cross the threshold to embark on a visit to a land of wonders. The floor is white marble inlaid with cabochons of black and the beige walls are painted with thick-spreading leaves and flowers that climb the length of the narrow staircase. Immediately on the left is the dining room, which like all the other rooms in the house looks out over the garden; instantly recognizable here is the talent of Renzo Mongiardino, a longstanding friend of the family to whom the lady of the house gave carte blanche for its embellishment. The walls are covered in blue felt, on which a Russian seamstress has handsewn pieces cut from red and black cashmere fabric similar to the shawls that cover the dining table, a project that took two years to complete. The chairs are seventeenth-century French garden chairs, pure and simple. Reflected in the mirror over the fireplace is a black and red lacquer Versailles Boulle clock and hanging over the mirror is an anonymous portrait of a bewildered child. On the mantel below, dark gray marble candlesticks frame the bust of a smiling woman. Above the sofa, which is built into a small alcove, hangs a gouache depicting the salon of the Duchesse de Montmorency in which, almost uncannily, are to be found all the hues of the room, which emanates a feeling of real warmth and welcome.

At the top of the stairs, the first painting to greet us is of a gondolier, the work of an early-nineteenth-century artist, reputedly a gondolier himself and champion of the











The gothick structure hiding the little Italian pinewood kitchen, *opposite,* is the work of Renzo Mongiardino. The chairs are also gothick in style and the Italian table in marbles of many colors dates from the late 18th century. *Above:* The table in the downstairs dining room is kept covered in cashmere shawls. Motifs from similar black and red shawls were handsewn to the blue felt wall covering.

Venice Regatta. We are on the second floor, the *étage noble;* the windows are taller, the proportions more stately; the walls done by Mongiardino are a gray-beige, and garden light filters through green-bronze taffeta curtains. Rose and gray medallions adorned with garlands and flowers depicting playful Cupids and seated women absorbed in their reading are centered on canvases mounted in the boiseries. From this anteroom we enter the *grand salon* where more wonders await us. Above all, one must point out the beauty of the two large Louis XIV Boulle armoires on which blue-and-white Chinese vases seem placed casually. Undeniably, they dominate the space. The room might need nothing else. Yet opposite them, between the tall windows robed in heavy red velvet curtains and silk crepe undercurtains with whose interlacing flowers the light seems to flirt, stands a remarkable black lacquer desk with drawers, overlaid with burnished bronze, also a Boulle piece. Also opposite, an intimate scene by Angelica Kauffman entitled *Morning Amusemente:* a young woman at her tapestry work.

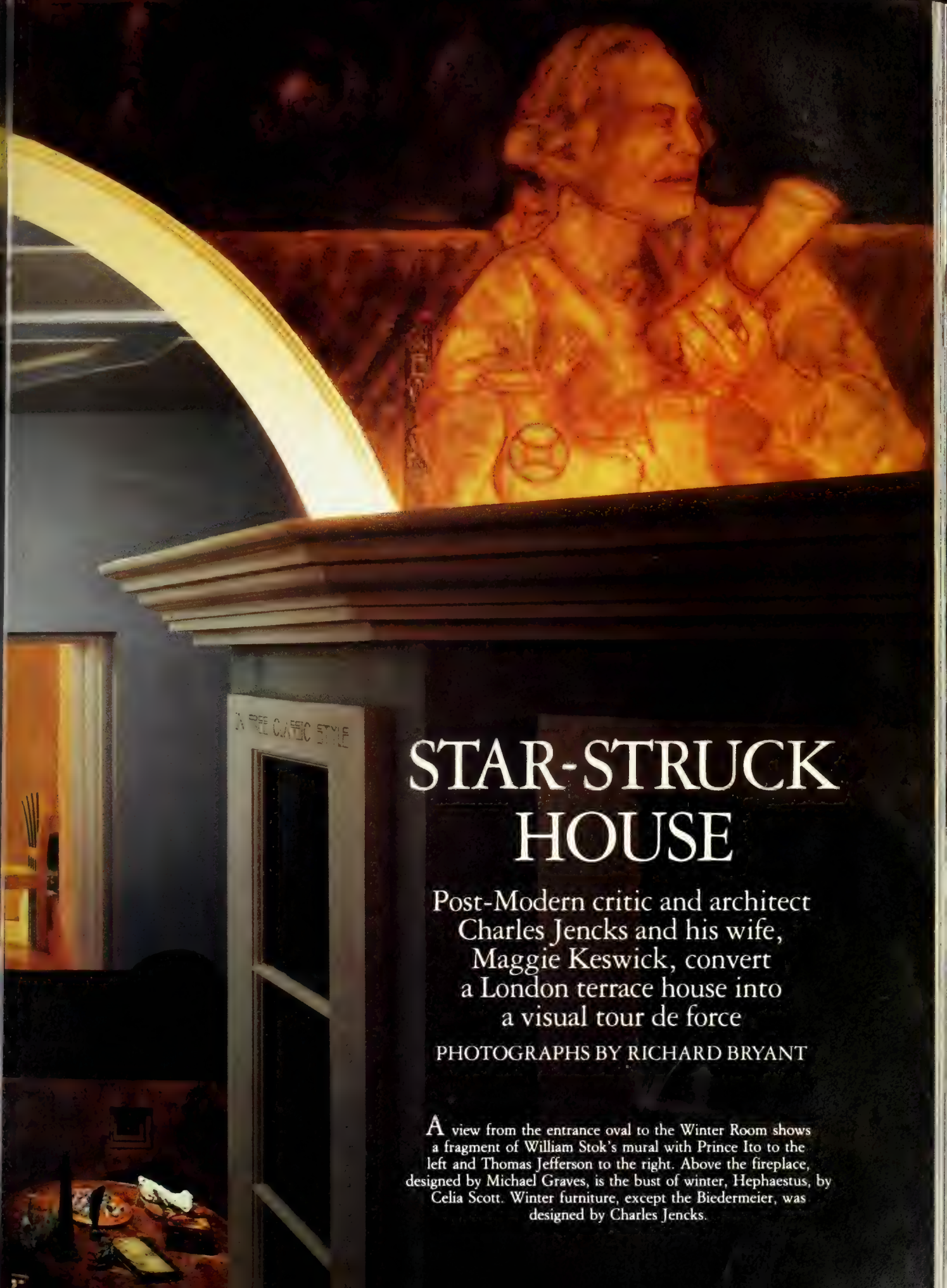
On the mantel between two Cupids bearing bronze and gold candelabra, the solemn stone hand of a Buddha signals imperiously for silence, while our gaze comes to rest here and there on *Salomé,* a Gustave Moreau watercolor, a drawing by Fernand Léger, a Picasso *guitare* in pencil and pastel, all poised on assorted small tables. Girdled with a big blue scarf the sheep on the firescreen seems to be gazing wide-eyed at the two seventeenth-century paintings by Giovanni Ghisolfi representing the Sibyl's Temple at Tivoli and the Roman Pantheon. There is such ease and comfort, but simplicity too, in the welcoming atmosphere that one almost feels invited to put one's feet up on the low table of old mosaics, prop oneself up on the cushions, and sink into daydreams. In the evening, the light is soft and diffused, just right for conversation. The room has neither spotlights nor direct lighting; rather, there are large lampshades decorated with multicolored designs, dominated by an *(Text continued on page 216)*



Gothick touches in the salon-antechamber off the bedroom, *above,* include a romantic and handsome carpet and a carved and inlaid late-18th-century English octagonal table of sycamore and Brazilian rosewood. Hanging over the mirror above the mantel is the most important work of art in the room: an 1860 pen-and-ink drawing of a fantastic tower by Victor Hugo. *Opposite:* In Mme. X's bedroom, a stunning collection of ornate eggs and Russian icons of different periods hangs behind the bed. The embroidered spread on the canopy bed came from an English castle.




ON THE WORLD



STAR-STRUCK HOUSE

Post-Modern critic and architect Charles Jencks and his wife, Maggie Keswick, convert a London terrace house into a visual tour de force

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT

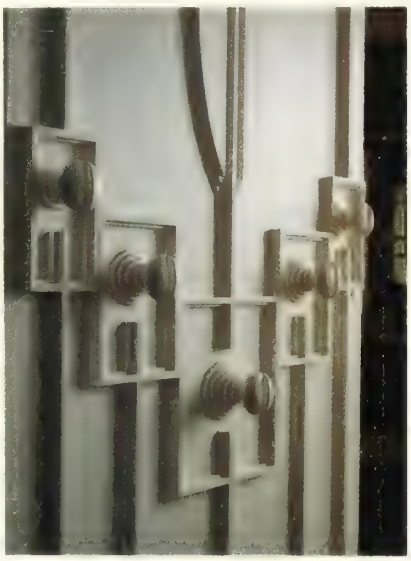
A view from the entrance oval to the Winter Room shows a fragment of William Stok's mural with Prince Ito to the left and Thomas Jefferson to the right. Above the fireplace, designed by Michael Graves, is the bust of winter, Hephaestus, by Celia Scott. Winter furniture, except the Biedermeier, was designed by Charles Jencks.

To design a symbolic house in an agnostic age may seem to be a folly. What is there to symbolize beyond the perennial themes of comfort and fashion? Modern architecture has been a near perfect expression of the belief in Economic Man. But what else remains worthy of celebrating in a secular age? This question, which has exercised many Post-Modernists, was one I set myself in renovating a London terrace house for my family.

Previous symbolic buildings, such as Egyptian temples or even Thomas Tresham's fantastically emblematic lodge built in 1595, have inevitably illustrated points of religious faith. But if architecture is not to be theological or about the Modernist gods of abstraction and the Machine Aesthetic, then what are its proper subjects? Although it may be basic to aesthetics, the recent answer—that architecture should just illustrate architecture—is not enough. The Thematic House is one attempt to face these questions of meaning directly. Instead of proclaiming certainties of belief, it uses the hypotheses of science and conventional wisdom as guidepoints. The notion is that in a secular age there are still objective standards, worthy of symbolic expression by architecture, art, and ornament, and these are standards by which we orient ourselves.

The Thematic House is the reworking of an 1840 building that ends a short row of three Late Georgian terrace houses. Because of its context the existing grammar of the surrounding buildings had to be respected, and we made only small variations on their themes. But as one circles the house, from public street front to semipublic side to more private garden, this grammar becomes more and more expressive and individual. For instance, the top-floor dormer windows on the front, which resemble those of our neighbor, are at the back multiplied and turned into one of the important themes of the house—the suggestion of a face.

The front door of the Thematic House also has a stylized face where other Georgian houses have a fanlight. Below it, moldings suggest abstractions of the body (the hands signaled by two doorknobs) surrounded by abstractions of all the family's initials: *C, J, M, L,* some back to front. I've tried to keep most of the symbols abstract or relatively hidden since, unlike painting or literature, architecture cannot afford to tell a story the whole time. It must be a background as well as foreground, and so far as symbolism is concerned I've adopted a strategy of abstract representation, stylizing the salient parts of an image (like the eyes, nose, and mouth of a face), then generalizing them into geometric forms that can be endlessly varied.



Bilaterally symmetrical doorknobs, *above,* are one of the themes of the house, and these five are integrated with a floral design for the main bedroom. *Opposite:* The Architectural Library has one focus on the central Sun Stair with its face and sunburst motifs.

There is a face house in Japan so literal that the front door swallows the inhabitant every night. More satisfactory are the subliminal face houses of Amsterdam or other Northern European countries, which allow one to feel the imagery before noticing it. The face and body have been architectural themes since the Egyptians first based their buildings on the image and measurements of the human figure, and the obvious virtue of this anthropomorphism is that it humanizes inert matter. We quite naturally empathize with buildings that allow us to project our bodily states onto them.

Once through this "human door" one arrives at an oval space paneled with mirrored doors on which many of the subsequent themes of the house are stenciled in a long continuous sentence. The two main ideas concern cosmic time (the four seasons, the passage of the sun, moon, and galaxies) and cultural time (including Egypt, the Far East, and India as well as Western civilization). The frieze of themes partly states these ideas: "THE COSMIC LAW IS/TIME'S RHYTHM WHICH/RULES SUN & MOON/THE FOUR SEASONS TOO/GIVING HEAT & LIGHT/OVER ALL ARCHITECTURE/EGYPT & CHINA BEGIN/ARCHETYPES & READYMADES/THE FOURSQUARE MOTIF/WINDOWS ON THE WORLD/THE 5 BUILDING ARTS/IN FREE CLASSIC STYLE/TWENTY-TWO FACES/AN ECLECTIC WHOLE/OF PERSONAL SIGNS/OWLS, LILIES, CATS/FIX A PLACE IN TIME." The mural above this long sentence shows the evolution of the galaxies after the Big Bang with, below it, a portrait frieze of a dozen paragons who symbolize (for us) open-mindedness: Emperor Hadrian, who brought Egypt, Persia, and Greece into the Roman world; Erasmus, the freethinker; Prince Ito, who left Japan surreptitiously to study Western ideas; ending with Thomas Jefferson in conversation with Hannah Arendt. There is more to William Stok's painting than this, just as there is more to the oval space fragmented into sections by the door reflections: but they both act as introductions to subsequent themes.

The first transformation of these is in the coatroom and (a satire on all that has gone before) the Cosmic Loo. As in the Oval, the architectural order is emphasized by color; light grays below, bright multicolors in the middle, and infinite cosmic gloom above—like Westminster Cathedral. When one is bored of looking up at the heavenly kaleidoscope of mirrors overhead, one can play the "post-card game"—a frieze of 25 post cards, three deep, that can be shuffled and rearranged in line according to associations or preferences. Conventionally the loo has whimsical and personal ephemera on the walls, and I thought this might be given an architectural order reminiscent of Robert Adam's use of cheap paintings in his





The 1840 house has been opened up at several points for contrasting views. The Winter Room leads to the Spring Room, at left, with its personifications by Penelope Jencks, while the Summer Room is in the distance at center and Autumn is to the right. Thus a complete year, in its different colors, revolves around the central Sun Stair. *Overleaf:* The solar system and its movement is an image of time; the Sun Table has nine planets in trompe l'oeil that run up the legs to a central globe.











The Architectural Library, *opposite,* portrays the history of Western architecture in its bookcases and has skyscrapers for slides, the one carrying traditional architecture marked here with a stylized *T*. *Above:* The Summer Room, for dining, has a movable wall of mirrored windows that reflect the windows and garden opposite.

decorations. So the sub-Adamesque frieze celebrates our favorite buildings or the places from which friends have sent us post cards.

This level is labeled "cosmopolite" (lover of the world), the ceiling "cosmos" (order of the world), and the mirror in front "cosmetic" (putting one's face in order, to face the world). There are fifteen other related words—including "cosmotecture" (world envelope)—which may still find a place here. In every room we intend to add words and sayings that either point up the theme or give it an odd twist. Unlike some Modern artists and architects, I don't think a visual form is entirely complete until it is given a caption, if only a mental one, because visual language is so often necessarily ambiguous.

The Cosmic Loo is a cul-de-sac off the entrance oval, and the rest of the ground floor is given over to a sequence of rooms based on the Five Seasons (which number includes Indian Summer). The most public areas of the house, these rooms are organized around a central, spiral staircase, and from any one of them there are views into at least three others. Light catching patches of space, as in a Dutch genre painting, was one of the effects we consciously sought throughout the planning of the house. Little vistas of domesticity are each separately lit so the space seems to flow on much further than it actually does. This notion is not so distant from that of Modern architects, which is perhaps why they find this aspect of the house the least displeasing. They are not usually fond of the way the Seasons are symbolized.

The Winter Room, in somber colors, focuses on a fireplace designed by Michael Graves. He followed a symbolic program I wrote for the space, based on the figure of Hephaestus, personification of Winter, above his forge—the fire in this case. Eduardo Paolozzi sat for Hephaestus and his head, sculpted by Celia Scott, along with the colors of the chairs and rugs, is meant to convey a dark, wintry warmth, made more so by contrast with the colors and mood of Spring next door. Here the personifi-



Indian Summer is the theme of the kitchen, *above,* whose versions of squat Hindu columns pivot or slide open to store food, cutlery, and waste. The oven is signified by the flames at the top of the capital, *opposite,* above which runs a frieze of salad spoons forming a classical "Spoonglyph."

cations of the season are above another Michael Graves fireplace, which, with the ceiling mirrors, again emphasizes the cross axis. My sister, Penelope Jencks, made the bronze heads, which symbolize April, May, and June or, according to a traditional program, Young Venus, Flora, and the older (and wiser) *Venus Humanitas.*

At points like this the eyes of some visitors begin to glaze as they wonder what possible relevance there can be in a classical symbolic program. My answer is that of an eclectic: as much as in the other aspects of the house—in the theories of science or the epigrams of poets. We haven't tried to give a single narrative to the house or an overall worldview but rather a synthetic historical one that mixes traditional and current meanings; symbols are used as guidepoints rather than as points of dogma.

From Spring we move clockwise into Summer, the dining room, then to Indian Summer, the kitchen, and finally to Autumn, a multi-use room. This opens onto Winter and starts the cycle of time again. The Summer rooms are carved out of a single space, which is divided by the built-in kitchen furniture and united by the warm yellows and pinks of the marbleizing. Several conventional signs fix a place in time; the cornucopia painted on the floor signifies Summer, the central mandala suggests India, and the grapes, maple leaf, and chrysanthemum by the street-side window are traditional signs of Autumn.

Furniture and painting underline the same themes. For instance, the Summer Room has as its focus six Sun Chairs around the circular Sun Table, where the nine planets run up the legs to culminate in a central burning globe. This is represented also on the tabletop, on the balcony disk, and even, in its color, by Allen Jones's personification of Summer on the wall behind. In this painting she dances, clothed only in a warm orange glow, to the music of Father Time, while other rhythmical symbols (based on Poussin's *Dance to the Music of Time*) surround her. Again the artist and I worked to a symbolic program and, among various other precedents, studied this Poussin and Erwin Panofsky's interpretation of it.

In the same room *(Text continued on page 202)*







The main bedroom, the Foursquare Room, *both views,* repeats the concept of fourness in its ornament, ceiling mirrors, fourposter, and epigram stenciled on the architecture.





The Sun Stair, *opposite*, with its 52 steps and flair of ribs has three rails—sun, earth, and moon—that revolve through space. The spiral motion focusing on the light disk at the top is yet another image of solar time. *Above:* The Moonwell, with its crescent moons and full moon etched on the mirror by Ilinca Cantacuzino, brings light down into an otherwise dark dressing room.



AN INTIMATE SPLENDOR

A Manhattan penthouse transformed for the eighties by Arthur E. Smith

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Arthur Smith created a strong background in the architecturally featureless drawing room, *opposite,* by covering the upper walls with an antique Chinese garden wallpaper from Charles R. Gracie & Son. (It had previously hung in a Gloria Vanderbilt dining room.) He installed a chair rail and gave it a faux-marbre finish that becomes part of the trompe-l'oeil dado below. Smith redesigned the fireplace from the inside out, lining it with brick as thin as tile and splaying the frame to meet the 19th-century French marble mantelpiece in Louis XV style. Andirons with monkeys are Louis XV gilt bronze; candelabra on mantel are the same period; mirror is Régence; rare Famille Noire porcelain temple jar with original cover is K'ang Hsi period. *Above:* Striped linen-and-cotton damask by Clarence House, silk velvet in ivy pattern from Brunschwig.





The view from the middle of the drawing room into the dining room. Drawing room's central fireplace is flanked by two similar seating groups in which the same stripe appears, and the same Clarence House chintz. Sisal floor covering, from Stark, links area rugs, this one a Bessarabian antique. Many floral elements were chosen to complement the wallpaper.



The link between the wallpapered drawing room and the damask-lined dining room is a mirrored passage, *opposite.* The early Louis XV buffet is signed Pierre Migeon. Rare aubergine-ground biscuit porcelain jar is K'ang Hsi period; covered bronze vases are turn-of-the-century American; figure was a New York tea merchant's equivalent of a cigar-store Indian. *Above:* View from mirrored passage to stair landing where Renaissance Madonna hangs. Pair of Louis XV fauteuils in antique tapestry covers was second purchase, after wallpaper.

You're not in England, you're not in France, although most of the furnishings come from those countries," Arthur E. Smith says about the drawing room and dining room he recently redecorated in the triplex penthouse of a well-known business couple. He continues, "You're not in the eighteenth century, the period when most of the pieces were made. You're not in the nineteenth century, whose taste for comfort guided me here. You're in New York, today." He mentions ways the old traditions are "edited and freshened": the floor is covered with sisal, not parquet de Versailles or Brussels carpet; the windows are wearing silk Roman shades, not portieres and swags; the background is decoration, not architecture; the passementerie is firmly under control; the seating arrangements are contemporary.

In the early seventies, the rooms were "New York, today," too, but they couldn't have been more different from these. Designed by Arthur Smith's mentor and late partner, Billy Baldwin (and seen in House & Garden, October 1973), the rooms had a bright "Tunisian" simplicity: white vinyl floor, blue-and-white durrie rugs, white corner banquettes, blue slipper chairs, steel-and-glass tables, mirrored mantelpiece. The palette was chosen "to keep the rooms in the sky," and the river view was the focus.

Now the focus is reversed: to the colors and shapes and evocations within. The spaces exemplify the last decade's change in taste, in Arthur Smith's words, "a new preference for richness and detail, an interest in heritage, a desire for fantasy, for a completed story." He adds thoughtfully, "I think Billy would have liked the rooms. After all, Ruby Ross Wood was his teacher, and her work was based on a knowledge of how to live well. That's the major point here." □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

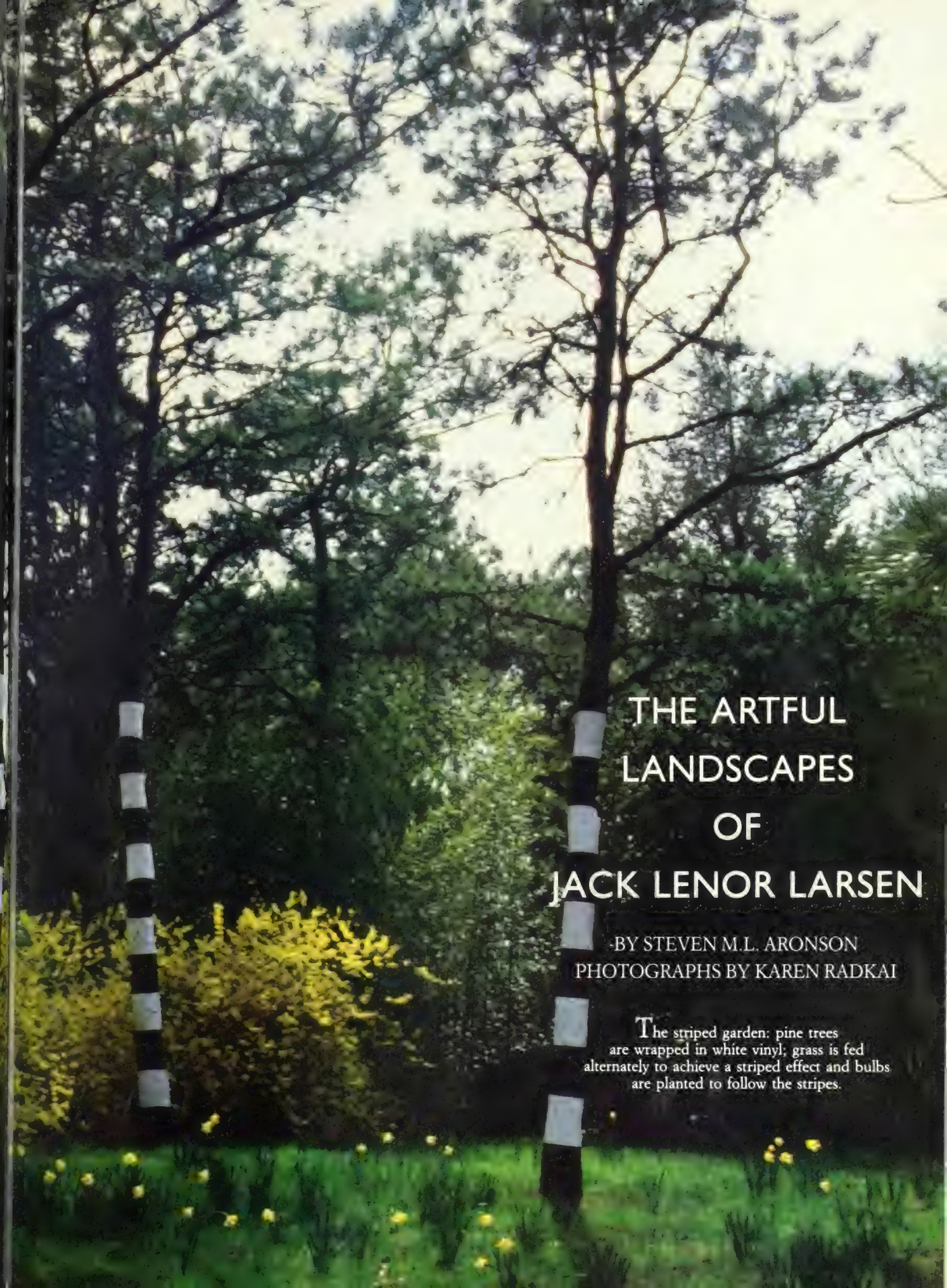






The dining room, reflected at right in the mirror of the passageway, is small but opulent. The oval Regency table stands at dead center under a circa-1790 Waterford chandelier. There are eight George II mahogany side chairs and an antique Aubusson rug. One Scalamandré damask covers the chair seats, another is used on the padded walls and at the windows. Painting is the only holdover from the previous room. Flowers by John Cianciolo.





THE ARTFUL LANDSCAPES OF JACK LENOR LARSEN

-BY STEVEN M.L. ARONSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

The striped garden: pine trees are wrapped in white vinyl; grass is fed alternately to achieve a striped effect and bulbs are planted to follow the stripes.



Within his African-inspired Long Island compound, buildings and gardens are expanding reflections of Larsen's innovative spirit

When Jack Lenor Larsen—weaver, author, fabric designer, world traveler, collector—was a young man in Canada, he saw a documentary of Queen Elizabeth ceremoniously touring the West African colonies of the dissolving Empire, and something, half-hidden on the screen, struck magic in his heart. "All I could see was the architecture behind her," he explains. "Little villages of a single row of round clay huts with conical roofs of thatched straw. And I said, 'Someday I'm going to take that trip and see those extraordinary houses.' And the minute I did, I started making models of what my own house would be."

The result of Larsen's fascination with the spherical is his famous Bantu compound on Long Island, completed in 1965: three separate cone-roofed round houses—main pavilion, guest house, and studio—constructed mostly of cedar shakes laid to simulate the texture of thatch and piled five deep at the outer edge to resemble a thatched roof's contours. Arriving at the main pavilion, via a stepping-stone path cushioned in pine needles, one is not entirely surprised to find its massive double front doors hung with East African cowbells.

Indeed the compound, situated as it is in the seaside resort of East Hampton, looks like an African village adventurously misplaced. Yet the imagination can make the tropic leap, thanks to the vistas Larsen has ingeniously designed: 24 acres of wild grasses, woodland, meadow, round gardens, groves of towering bamboo, and ponds vividly congested with day- and night-blooming lilies and spectacularly thick with lotus. "I've never seen better lotus even in the tropics," Larsen marvels. "It took them fifteen years to bloom but once they started they never stopped. The fountain in the center of one of the ponds jets sixty feet high and the sound of that—or even rain—on the lotus leaves is marvelous; it's like drums, a very sympathetic gentle drumming on these great big leaves."

This mysterious jungle atmosphere is echoed inside the house by water-buffalo-hide doors, Congolese throne chairs (in which one is meant to sit cross-legged), and African sculpture and wall hangings.

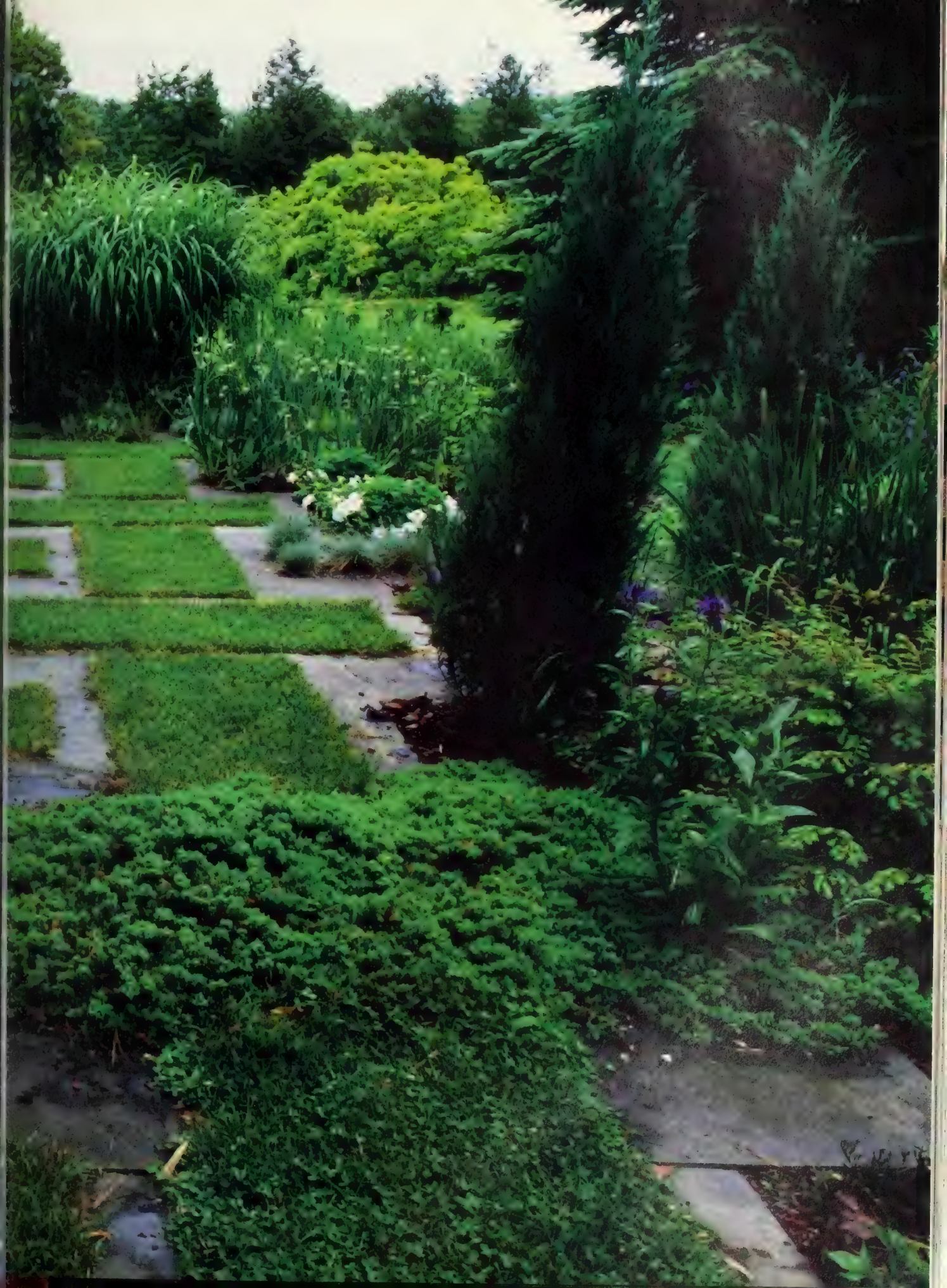
In 1970, to bring more light into the central living area, Larsen added a redwood, glass, and acrylic conservatory along the garden side of the pavilion. "But it remained a small house," he says, "and I went on envying the Victorians their huge houses—their morning rooms, libraries, and billiard rooms. I felt, 'Why be stuck in the same space?' But how do you change it? The Japanese, of course, do it symbolically—they eat, sleep, make love, and study in the same room, and do little things to make it different. I thought I had to be more dramatic than that."

In lotus pond *opposite*, lined with vinyl from Watersaver Company of Colorado, water from fountain makes a drumming sound as it falls on the thick leaves. *Above*: Twelve-foot-high Siamese totems of interlaced bamboo, used in Buddhist temple courtyards to signal feast days and celebrations, are placed by Larsen in meadow to welcome guests.





In the blue garden are many different blue bulbs and flowers: columbines, plumbagos, hyacinths, crocuses, delphiniums, blue junipers, dusty millers, verbenas, plus twenty different varieties of blue irises. Inspired by a visit to Sissinghurst in spring, Larsen says, "It's the only truly formal garden I have." The checkerboard pattern of the cobbles is plaited weaving from China and also the logo of my company," he adds.





In the bedroom, *above,* is an early Alvar Aalto chair and a writing table by Warren Durbin with Wharton Esherick chair; Nigerian *ibeji* sit on Esherick library steps. *Below:* The new, round, four-level tower wing of the house rises behind the pool.





Larsen used Martin-Senour paint in the below-ground workroom-studio, *above,* where 19th-century millinery stools are in front of a table with water-buffalo top; on right is Larsen's Kawasaki loom. *Below:* A view of Mughal water garden and summer dining pavilion.



This past year Larsen staged his grandest architectural production: working with architect Charles Forberg, he added to the main pavilion a four-level tower wing, painted a color somewhere between mauve and taupe. Again, the structure was round. "Perfectly round, absolutely round, not even oval," he emphasizes. "We measure space by seeing corners and round rooms *have* no corners, so the space feels infinite. A friend told me that he felt the circle was now a more appropriate symbol than ever for me because of the continuity in my life—that my profession, my interest in the crafts movement, in architecture, and in gardens was a circular progression."

The façade of the new wing, in its heavy crenelation of pilasters, was influenced by earth palaces in the Sudan, Larsen explains. "They use the old Roman system of forming thick earth walls and then stuccoing. Their houses are high compared to most Bantu architecture, which is only one story. I went all out on detail with this new wing, even using my local oak trees to support it. I wanted it as much as possible to be a handcrafted house, in a day and age when almost everything built is dry-wall and factory-made."

The first level of the addition serves as Larsen's dining room, and what it looks out on is startling, not to say unique: a plaza inspired by the Mughal water gardens of India—more than half an acre covered in crushed red sandstone, on which stand black seventeenth-century Chinese pots that once held precious oils and perfumes, turquoise Thai pots that now hold Larsen's tomato plants, and great terra-cotta tubs bursting with pink and scarlet geraniums. At the end of the plaza's double allée of pollarded European plane trees, a summer dining pavilion was spun from a silvery Larsen solar fabric called Moonbeams.

A spiral staircase, steel with oak, leads from the dining room to a second-level bath/dressing area and bedroom with a Murphy bed. "Mr. Murphy himself installed the one in my New York loft," Larsen smiles. "I wanted a Murphy here, too, because in winter we come up to the bedroom for coffee after dinner and it becomes another entertaining room. I've never had a room that was only a bedroom—to me, they seem like a big waste of space."

The lurking Murphy is perhaps the least interesting of the room's artifacts, which include an early Alvar Aalto chair, baskets from all over the world that Larsen has collected on his travels, and a writing chair and library steps, both by Wharton Esherick, *(Text continued on page 218)*



In a clearing in the woods is a double row of decorative posts made of cedar, painted a Japanese lacquer red, and aligned to give a heightened perspective. "The posts get closer together, smaller, and shorter as they disappear," Larsen explains. At vi[illegible] end, a stoneware pot by Toshiko T[illegible]





L.A. ALLURE

Architect Tony Cloughley and decorator Janet Polizzi help Tim and Nancy Vreeland give a cosmopolitan look to adobe architecture

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES WHITE

The Los Angeles Vreelands lead busy lives. Nancy Vreeland is a member of the boards of the Blue Ribbon support group of the Los Angeles Music Center, the Costume Council of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, and the Women's Guild of Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. She is on a committee preserving and restoring an Art Deco theater and is active in a downtown center for homeless women. Thomas Reed Vreeland (better known as Tim) is a professor of architecture at UCLA and practices as a member of the architecture firm of Albert C. Martin. The couple travel a good deal and regularly visit New York, home base of his mother, Diana Vreeland, the fashion editor and Metropolitan Museum Special Consultant.

The Vreelands had to decide what kind of California home would suit this way of life when they married a few years ago. Ruling out building for themselves or buying a house that would require a lot of time to run, they chose to live in an apartment that would be close to their activities and would permit them to entertain varying numbers of guests of various types: dinner guests by the dozens, cocktail guests and committee members by the score.

After a long search, the Vreelands found space in a new condominium that was well located but private, had large rooms, and was rimmed by gardens. The architect for the three-story apartment building was Cliff May, the doyen of the California Spanish-Colonial style. Quirky floor plans are characteristic of this architect's adobe mode, and the Vreelands required a few minor changes. The 32-by-26-foot living room with one big corner closed off for the kitchen had to be reorganized for different uses: reception, bar or buffet service, conversation, and seated dining. To do this, the couple called upon architect and interior designer Tony Cloughley, who devised an arrangement of bookshelves to create more living-room wall space, backed by a bar enclosure near the entrance. He also changed the master bedroom and bath

Details of the Southwest tradition in the living room, *opposite,* include exposed ceiling beams, rough-surfaced walls, simple masonry fireplace. European furnishings include Biedermeier demilune tables, Regency side chairs. *Above:* Bookshelves and bar suggested by Tony Cloughley and designed by Janet Polizzi divide main room. Faux-bois finish by London artisan Malcolm Connell.









The larger leg of the L-shaped room, *left,* can with a second dining table accommodate as many as twenty seated dinner guests. Bookcase here is the reverse side of the bar enclosure in the entrance leg of the L. *Above:* Nancy Vreeland and her husband, Thomas Reed Vreeland. *Below:* Seen immediately on entering, one of two Biedermeier tables and part of the Piranesi collection. All striped fabrics in the living room are from Stroheim & Romann. Chintz is from Cowtan & Tout.





plan to allow more closet space.

Since Cloughley's busy practice is divided among Los Angeles, New York, and London, he could not be available for day-to-day decorating chores, so Nancy Vreeland sought a local designer as well. Her choice was Janet Polizzi, whose traditional work she admired.

Professor Vreeland did not find it necessary to set design guidelines in his own house; he knew, as did Cloughley and Polizzi, that Mrs. Vreeland had a very clear idea of what she wanted. As a one-time fine-arts student and a former fashion designer who ran her own business for eight years, she has a strong color sense and the ability to research style.

Polizzi and Cloughley worked well together, she carrying out his architectural ideas, most notably in her bookcase and bar design; Cloughley shopped in London for objects the decorator and her clients could not find in California or New York. One of Tony Cloughley's more colorful London finds was the nine-foot lithograph over the long banquette that Janet Polizzi designed for the permanent dining table. He recalls, "I saw the back of the framed work leaning against the wall at Geoffrey Bennison's shop and it was exactly the size and shape I needed. When I turned it around and saw that it was an exciting battle scene from the days of the raj, I told Geoffrey I had to have it, and he finally sold it to me after protesting that it came from his own house and was to go back there."

Nancy Vreeland found the print a perfect fillip. She wanted to honor the Cliff May architecture in the backgrounds, choosing soft, warm adobe colors for the walls and covering all the floors with natural fiber matting, but the general atmosphere she had in mind was not the usual California-casual thing. It was to be—and is—"dressier, more European, more formal, more cosmopolitan." And, her friends would add, "more Nancy." □

By Elaine Greene. Editor: Eleanore Phillips

The permanent dining table, *opposite,* occupies a corner near the kitchen. Table setting and all the flowers by David Jones, whose shop is the source of many of the bibelots. *Above:* The verdant terrace is as inviting for breakfast as it is for cocktails or late supper.





The master bedroom is large enough to absorb a sitting area by the fireplace, *above,* and a pair of queen-size beds, *below,* and still seem airy, thanks partly to the use of light fabrics and the pale wood of the bedframes. *Opposite:* On the gueridon table by Yale R. Burge, lilies-of-the-valley in Peking glass vases.




de stijl





A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS HIS OWN MAN

Sculptor Donald Judd traces the reasons he settled in Marfa, Texas

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS

Judd's first installation in his Marfa complex was of early work, in a WWI airplane hangar that was moved to town before WWII as part of Fort Russell.

I have a complex on a city block in Marfa, Texas, because I wanted to be in the Southwest of the United States and be near Mexico and also to have room for large permanent installations of my work as well as room to install work by other artists. The idea of large permanent installations, which I consider my idea, began in a loft on 19th Street in New York and developed in a building I purchased in the city in 1968.

I lived in Dallas for two years as a child and knew, as everyone did, that the West, which is the Southwest there, began beyond Fort Worth. The land was pretty empty, defined only by the names in the stories about Texas by J. Frank Dobie, as the names in the Icelandic sagas substitute in that country for the monuments that don't exist.

In late 1946 I and four other soldiers went by bus from Fort McClellan, Alabama, to Los Angeles, where we inveigled a ride from the Army Air Force to San Francisco in order to be shipped to Korea to pester the world. This was the first time that I saw the Southwest, unfortunately according to the days and nights of the bus. Since everyone knows that nothing is accidental and that everything is fully planned, it's not surprising that I sent a telegram saying: DEAR MOM VAN HORN TEXAS. 1260 POPULATION. NICE TOWN BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY MOUNTAINS LOVE DON 1946 DEC 17 PM 5 45



The arena, *above*, used by Judd as a studio, is one of the buildings in Fort Russell on the edge of town. *Right:* Two former artillery sheds for Judd's work house 100 pieces made of mill aluminum. Through the windows here can be seen part of a concrete work that progresses over a kilometer of land.

This part of the Southwest, except for El Paso and Las Cruces—where the bus stop was a shack enclosing a gum machine—has not changed much since then. But then Tucson was a town and Phoenix a nice small city. We spent the night in Phoenix and went riding at sundown not far from downtown.

In August 1963 I traveled three days on a Greyhound bus, I believe for 25 dollars, from the Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York to the bus station in Tucson to visit my sister, who lived there, and my parents, who were spending the summer. The main event, even the only one, on this trip was that the first night at three o'clock somewhere in Pennsylvania a man came aboard and collected my pillow and charged me fifty cents for another. I loved the land around Tucson, chiefly because you could see it. In regard to vegetation temperate means immoderate.

During the summer of 1968 we drove from Colorado through Arizona, Utah, and New Mexico. I was looking for a place, but one not much more than a campsite. The next summer we drove down the gulf coast of Baja California, which is excessively perfect in its lack of vegetation, inland at Bahía San Luis Gonzaga down to Misión Calamajue and up the middle of the peninsula to El Rosario on the Pacific. The road was so wonderful that a day of driving eight hours resulted in eighty miles. Having come across water, beer, and food we stayed a month in El Rosario with Anita and Heraclio Espinoza, whose place was famous as a base camp for botanists and paleontologists. Each of the two following summers we stayed a month in El Rosario and a month camped out fifty miles inland on Rancho El Metate, a Spanish grant to the Espinozas. The campsite was among palms on an arroyo with a pool near a very low mound, which had been the mission of San Juan de Dios de las Llagas, founded by Junípero Serra limping north to begin San Diego and Los Angeles.

In 1970, in relation to a slight slope to the arroyo, I worked out a large piece for the land of Joseph Pulitzer in St. Louis. It's a rectangle of two concentric walls of stainless steel, the outer one level and the inner one parallel to the slope of the land. Since this is related to the land on which it is placed it is a reasonable asymmetry. A month of camping in the sun leads to the idea of a small house. I





Judd's recently designed, limited-edition furniture includes a winter garden bench, here in white elm, as well as side chairs, a standing desk, and a table bench. *Opposite.* An English chaise, circa 1800, shares a corner of Judd's bedroom with a Navajo chief's blanket, one of many bought from artist Tom Berlant. The yellow-framed door leads to the south-room installation of early work.







Once a gymnasium for the military and later a local rancher's horse arena, Judd's studio also has an office, small library, bath, and kitchen. The upper level has a bed, and one can also sleep outside, on a platform (through center doors) that overlooks a courtyard. The double-sided bed, for Judd's children, and the tables and chairs were made by Celedonio Mediano. Drawing by David Rabinowitch.



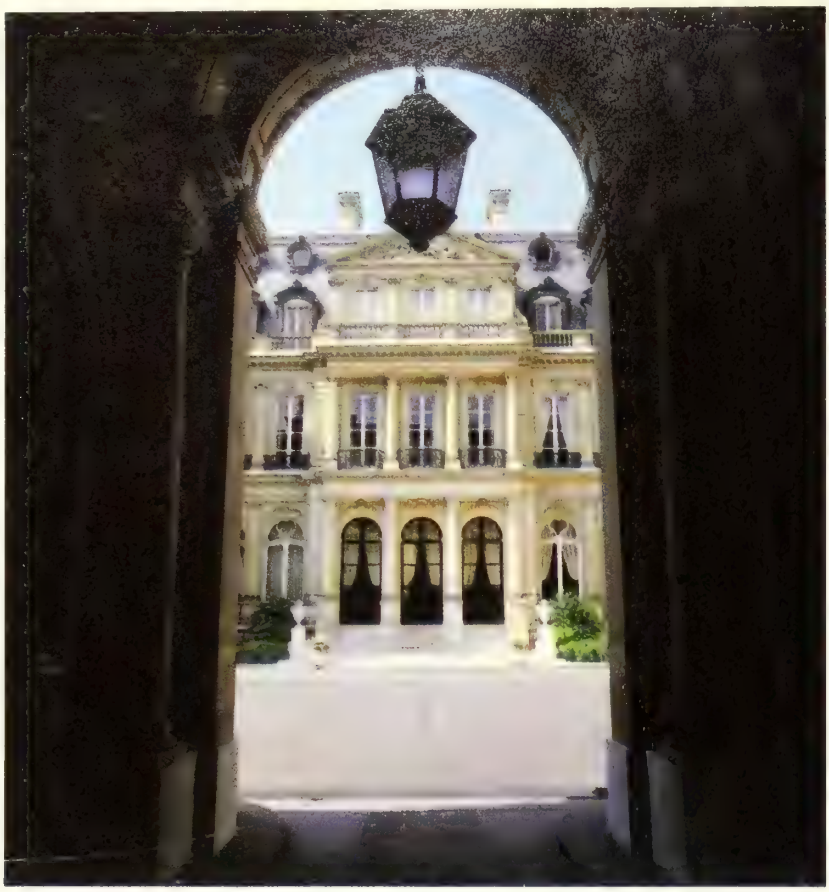
made sketches of two possibilities for Arroyo Grande, several miles away, and had thought of one for Rancho El Porvenir, a valley like a blade near El Rosario. The latter was to have been triangular to fit the valley, and to have had concentric adobe walls. It's a precedent for the complex in West Texas. But once the idea of a house grew beyond a shelter to include some art, being in Mexico became impossible since it would be hard to get the work into the country and impossible to get it out again. Also I had an argument about long hair with the Mexican officials at the border in Tijuana. Nixon had recently met with Echeverría. I suspect that he asked Mexico to help keep the hippies home, something he could not legally do from his side.

Each year on the way to Baja I drove through different parts of Arizona and New Mexico. Southern Arizona was becoming crowded and I thought New Mexico too high and cold. Looking at maps, I saw and remembered that Southwest Texas wasn't crowded. I flew to El Paso in November 1971, and drove to the area of the Big Bend of the Rio Grande in the Trans-Pecos.

In addition to my developing idea of installations and my need for a place in the Southwest, both due in part to the *(Text continued on page 220)*

Besides Navajo blankets, Judd's bedroom displays a collection of North and South American pots including Mayan and Mochican (the oldest), Pueblo, Tarahumara, and contemporary Hopi and Acoma. *Opposite:* The library, "low on science," is a substantive representation of art, architecture, history, and literature. On the near end of the 16-foot table are a world star chart, a stack of *Adobe: Today's Builder,* and fossils from Agrigento and Rättvik. An unfinished painting from 1961 hangs on the far wall.


KAN
SAS



41 RUE DU FAUBOURG ST.-HONORE

Mrs. Evan Galbraith, with decorator Jerome Sutter, brings new glory to our largest embassy residence

BY BARNABY CONRAD III
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY CLARKE

The dark green lion-crested portals at number 41 rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré open with a discreet creak, disgorging a long black car. The doors shut quickly and the casual observer can just glimpse what lies beyond—one of the most impressive *hôtels particuliers* in Paris, the American embassy residence. Someone once observed that diplomats and crabs are creatures who move in such a way that it is impossible to tell whether they are coming or going. That would not bode well for a grand old house. Fortunately, this embassy residence has been inhabited since 1972 by a series of American ambassadors and their wives who have made restoration a prime aspect of their mission in Paris. Marie



The original 1842 gatehouse by Ludovico Visconti, *above,* frames the Louis XV–style façade of the house. Baron Edmond de Rothschild commissioned Félix Langlais in 1876 to redesign Visconti's original. *Right:* The focus of embassy entertaining, the 18th-century Samuel Bernard Salon was restored in 1984 by Jerome Sutter and Mrs. Evan Galbraith.









In the large State Dining Room (64 by 25 feet) hangs *The Elopement of Helen,* one of three magnificent Beauvais tapestries designed by Jean-Baptiste Deshays, circa 1761. They were commissioned by Louis XVI's foreign affairs office to be presented as gifts to heads of state. In this case, they were given by some Friends of 41, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Meyerson and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Milgrim. The marble console was given by Claus von Bülow; the candelabra donated by former ambassador to France David K. E. Bruce. *Above:* The dining room on the second floor is for more intimate dining, seating eighty at round tables. *Right:* Marie Helene Galbraith, wife of the current ambassador, has continued the tradition of restoration.







In the Louis XVI room, *above,* are the four embroidered chairs made for the ill-fated king by Heurtaut in 1771, gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman. *Right:* The original 18th-century boiseries in this ballroom depict amusing scenes from the fables of La Fontaine like "The Fox and the Crow." In 1984, the panels were painted, mirrors installed, and chandeliers hung by Jerome Sutter.

Helene Rockwell Galbraith, wife of the current ambassador, Evan G. Galbraith, greeted me at the door one chilly winter day to show me what she and decorator Jerome Sutter have been working on for the last three years.

"This is the largest residence owned by the U.S. Government," she said as we stepped into an entrance hall with a 22-foot ceiling. "The problem is not just how to manage it with a staff of eighteen, but how to make it functional and elegant. That is, how to honor the grand nature of the house itself in a way that doesn't strain the State Department's budget."

Under our feet was a floor intricately inlaid with a rosace of black, white, rose, and violet marble. It was, Mrs. Galbraith explained, one of the subtle restorations made by French architect Maurice Pascaud in 1971, under the guidance of Ambassador and Mrs. Arthur K. Watson. They were the first diplomatic couple to live here after the State Department converted the building from office space and sold the old residence on avenue d'Iéna.

"The Watsons did a tremendous job," said Mrs. Galbraith. "They gave not only their time and energy, but donated several important objects and paintings." She led me to the base of the *escalier d'honneur* and pointed to the second floor where an enormous *(Text continued on page 226)*



MONSIEUR MODERNE



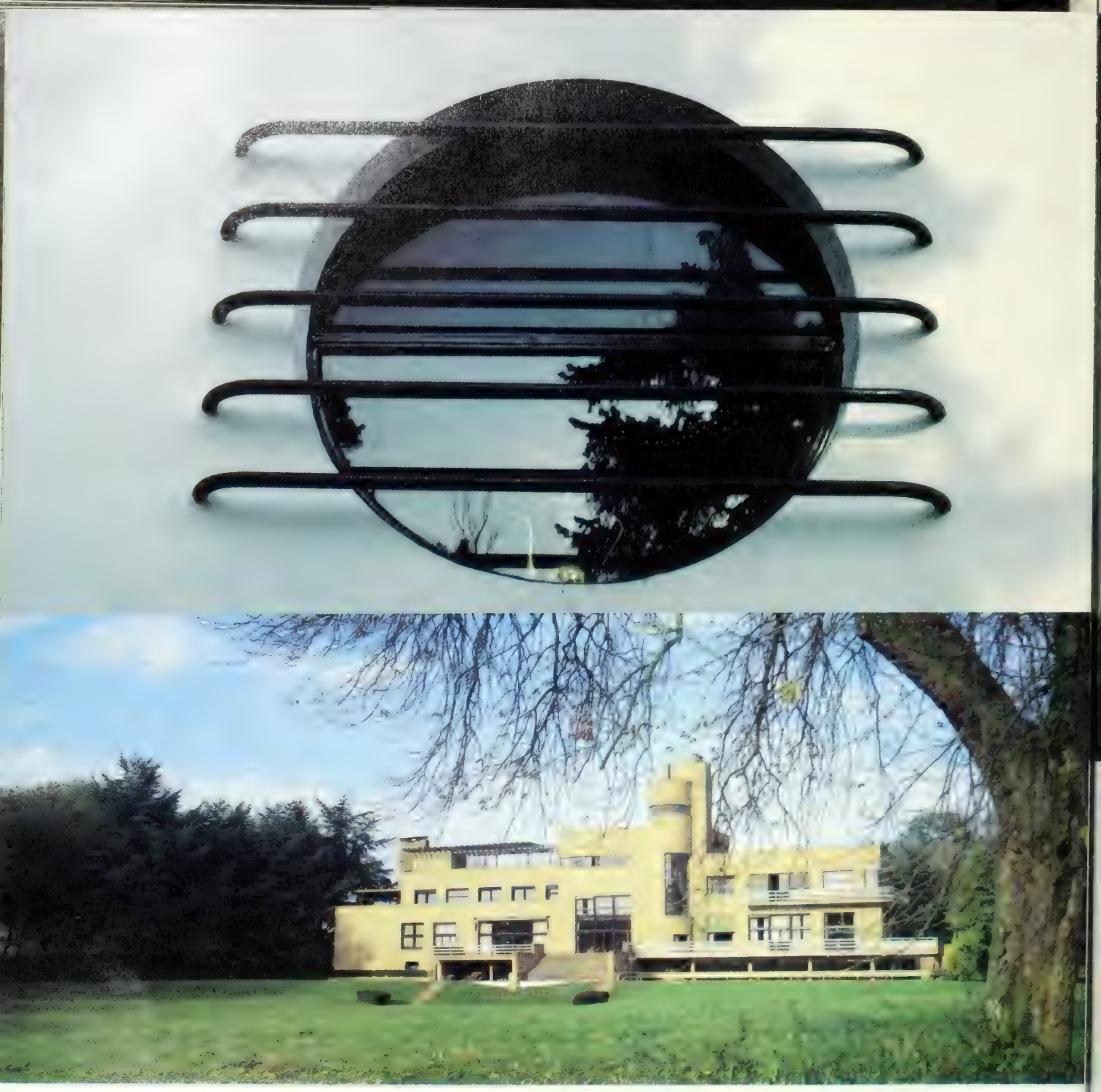
Mallet-Stevens, the Parisian architect who gave modern design the chic of the new

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID MASSEY

STYLISH CIRCLES

Robert Mallet-Stevens, *right,* personified the éclat of progressive French architecture between the two world wars. *Opposite:* On the roof terrace of his Villa Martel in Paris, a cylindrical belvedere overlooking the sixteenth arrondissement. *Above:* Grisaille stained-glass window, apartment block, rue Méchain, Paris, 1929.





Paris in the twenties has come to epitomize the modern avant-garde at its most dazzlingly creative. During that charmed decade the City of Light could claim the supreme creators of this century in their respective fields: Picasso in painting and sculpture, Stravinsky in music, Joyce in literature, and Le Corbusier in architecture. It is intriguing to bear in mind that those incomparable Paris artists were neither Parisian nor French.

Yet there was a native design expression of that time and place: Art Deco, the popularized version of Modernism that took its name from the Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes, the 1925 Paris design show that defined what has become one of the most beloved styles of our times. Among the most serious practitioners of that often frivolous aesthetic was Robert Mallet-Stevens, the Paris-born architect whose posthumous obscurity has only now begun to lift, a year before the centennial of his birth.

If anything, the residual interest in Mallet-Stevens now seems more historical than artistic, for both as a man and a professional he summarizes the crisis of Modernism: how to make innovative art that the

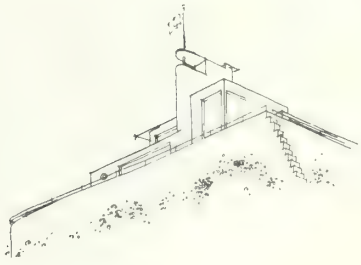
PRIVATE COLLECTION OF CATHERINE GILBERT

SHIP SHAPE

Porthole window, *opposite above,* in a villa on the rue Mallet-Stevens.

CHATEAUX NOUVEAUX

Villa Cavroix at Croix, 1932, *opposite below,* and the Château de Mézy for couturier Paul Poiret, 1924, *sketch right,* were among Mallet-Stevens's largest residences.



STREET OF DREAMS

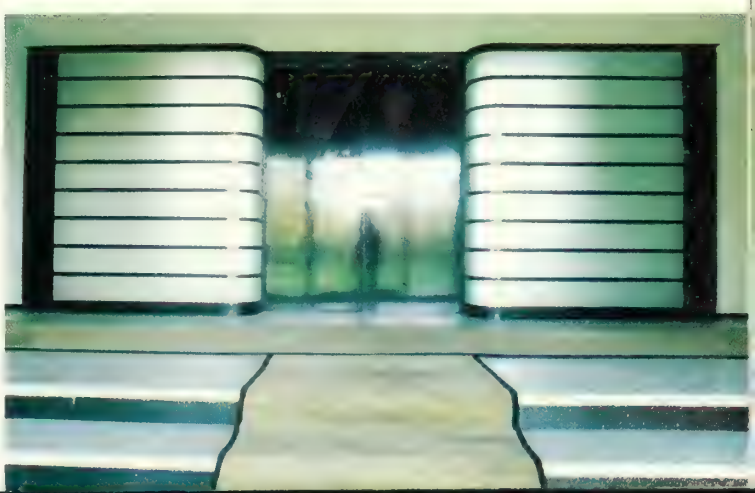
In 1926–27, Mallet-Stevens designed six houses on this Paris cul-de-sac, *above,* and gave it his name, *inset.*

SLEEK PREVIEW

The smooth, symmetrical entry hall of the Villa Cavroix at Croix, *below,* is the acme of Streamlined Moderne.

masses might respond to. Modernism was a revolution that some, especially Mallet-Stevens, sought to "humanize" in ways that were essentially contradictory to its urgent social message. To his most committed contemporaries, Modernism was a cause; to Mallet-Stevens it was a style. He was an architectural Girondist, but it was Jacobins like Le Corbusier who were to win the central place in the annals.

The disparity between Mallet-Stevens's public fame and his lack of critical acceptance was apparent from the beginning. Though to the layman his buildings looked shockingly unusual, unquestion-





CLASSIC COMEBACK

Mallet-Stevens's 1930 chair of lacquered steel, rediscovered by Andrée Putman and now reissued by Ecart International, was instrumental in reviving its designer's neglected reputation.

ably modern, the more exacting architectural arbiters of the day saw things rather differently. Even though he was backed by Le Corbusier, Mallet-Stevens was rejected as the French delegate to CIAM (the League of Nations of Modernism) by that uncompromising guru of the faith Siegfried Giedion. To Giedion and others, his schemes seemed irredeemably superficial, all surface and no substance. It was a devastating irony: although Mallet-Stevens was drummed out of his professorship at the Ecole Spéciale d'Architecture in Paris (also his alma mater) for being too radically modern, he was likewise rejected by his most advanced peers for being too *retardataire*.

But every generation finds art in previous epochs that speaks to its own concerns; many today who find the familiar icons of orthodox Modernism cold, remote, and uncomfortable can respond quite positively to the Mallet-Stevens touch, which was more luxurious, more worldly, and far more ingratiating than the austerities of the late Bauhaus or early Le Corbusier. Mallet-Stevens's work was the bridge between Art Deco and high-style Modernism, softening the latter and dignifying the former, lifting that sometimes campy mode into the realm of good taste.

It had been a family connection that first encouraged Mallet-Stevens's architectural thinking onto a path from which it never diverged. In 1905, when Rob Mallet-Stevens was an impressionable nineteen-year-old, his Belgian uncle, Adolf Stoclet, commissioned the Viennese architect Josef Hoffmann to design the house in Brussels that was to become one of the acknowledged landmarks of twentieth-century architecture: the Palais Stoclet. Mallet-Stevens frequently visited the magnificent mansion during the six years of its construction and furnishing, and it was an experience that fixed his thinking, as it were, in amber.

What he never quite understood was that the Palais Stoclet was less the annunciation of a new order in architecture than the culmination of an era. As the great late masterpiece of the Wiener Werkstätte (which Hoffmann founded in 1903), the Palais Stoclet was the glorious swan song of a social order that could afford a comprehensive handcraft approach to architecture and the decorative arts on a level of sumptuousness that the First World War would bring to an irreversible end.



PRIVATE COLLECTION OF CATHERINE G. LIBERT

MOVIE PALACE

One of Mallet-Stevens's most memorable and influential set designs was the engineer's villa in Marcel L'Herbier's 1923 film, *L'Inhumaine*.

Art Deco is now generally regarded as a quintessentially French development, but in Mallet-Stevens's designs we can discern the direct link between Art Deco and the Wiener Werkstätte. Though Mallet-Stevens never attained Hoffmann's offhanded elegance or ethereal lightness of touch, he did transmit the Viennese taste for rich materials, fine workmanship, and the imaginative use of intricate but tightly contained ornament (much of it of highly stylized Classical derivation) to this sub-style of Modernism. Mallet-Stevens's essentially imitative approach made it the perfect exemplar for the copyist. Filtering down to a lower echelon of architects, builders, and interior and product designers, Mallet-Stevens's work became one of the most potent influences in the development of Art Deco.

It was above all a comfortable style, neither irrationally backward-looking nor frighteningly visionary, one that helped the public to come to terms with the irreparable break with the past caused by the Great War. For Mallet-Stevens, the conflict had not been the crucible that it was for the architects of DeStijl, the Russian Constructivists, or for Le Corbusier. A comparison of his schemes from before and after World War I might lead us to believe he had spent the four war years in a cork-lined room *(Text continued on page 208)*

STUDIO DUO

The sculptors and twin brothers Jan and Joël Martel, *opposite*, in their atelier at 10 rue Mallet-Stevens, shortly after its completion in 1927. *Inset:* The same space today, used by its current owners as a spacious dining room.

PRIVATE COLLECTION OF MME FLORENCE MARTEL







PRIVATE COLLECTION OF CATHERINE GILBERT

PARIS MATCH

The living room of the Villa Martel, *top,* retains the set of massive armchairs Mallet-Stevens made for it in 1927.

DUTCH TREATMENT

The architect's own living room at 12 rue Mallet-Stevens, *above,* was inspired by the DeStijl movement.



PERPETUAL MOTION

The spiral stairway of the Villa Martel still pulsates with Jazz Age energy.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Leaving behind global concerns for the calming routine of the Norwegian coast

BY GEORGE KENNAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRACE WARNECKE



George Kennan on *North Wind* in Norway

On fine summer days, of which there are normally more than one might suppose (considering the latitude), the southeastern coast of Norway presents, with its wooded hills, its many indentations, and its continuous chain of adjacent archipelagos, as smiling and inviting a spot as northern Europe can provide. Its deep waters, with their absence of tides and (with rare exceptions) of fog, and their wealth of little ports and anchorages, are the sailor's delight. Whoever prefers to hike in mountains and forests has only to go a short distance inland and he will find both in abundance.

My Norwegian-born wife, Annelise, has known these parts all her life. Some twenty years ago she inherited from her parents a cottage on the south coast, which has served us ever since as our summer home. The cottage stands on the rocky shore of a small peninsula, bearing the colorful name of the Dwarf's Nose Point, that juts out from the mainland into the islands of the archipelago. It has, inside, a spacious living room/dining room which is, in atmosphere and spirit, the sheerest Scandinavia: bright colors, bleached wooden floor, and a marked sense of spaciousness, cheerfulness, and peace. Outside, the clapboard facing is dark, almost black, with a heavy coating of oil and tar, for protection against the proximity of the sea. This facing, incidentally, has the added advantage (probably unintended) of absorbing the sun's heat and acting as a reasonably effective solar heating panel—an advantage not to be unappreciated in a climate where one is usually grateful, even on summer evenings, for a warm living room.

The front of the cottage, with its wide entrance door, faces directly south with a view out through the islands to the open sea—the formidable body of water known as Skagerrak. To the east, just below the house, runs one of those many deep interisland channels through which there pass, over the summer months, a steady stream of the motorboats and yachts of commuters and vacationers. Just before the house there is a terraced lawn, from the walls of which the rocks fall off sharply to the sea, some thirty feet below. But behind the building is one of those idyllic little valleys, framed by bare rock slopes, with which southern Norway abounds. Here, protected from wind and sea, everything grows. The floor of the valley is lawn. Along the sides are the fruit trees and flower beds. Beyond the rocks, the woods.

There is, alas, no dock, though most of our neighbors have them. The sea below us is too boisterous. But the others do not have our view. One cannot have everything. Garage and parking place are at a distance from the house—out of sight, and to be reached by a footpath. It is surprising how it adds to the peace of a place, even at the cost of a bit more carrying, to keep this indispensable tyrant of modern life—the automobile—out of sight and, as far as possible, out of sound.

The life that is led in this agreeable spot over the brief northern summer is not too different, I suspect, from that led by the summer inhabitants of many other such places in the wooded archipelagos of the Nordic world, such as those of Maine or Nova Scotia. Norway is, of course, a highly modern country, and most mechanical conveniences are to be had, if one can afford them. But personal service is harder to come by; and it is not all the modernities that one wants, anyway, in such a spot. There is, consequently, a never-ending succession of chores to be done—most of them pleasurable. Drinking water is fetched, by bucket, from the open well. Firewood is cut and carried. Gardening and lawn mowing take much time, but the exertion is rewarded by the gratitude with which the place responds. Washing is either done the old-fashioned way, *(Text continued on page 200)*



The island of Brekkestø, a symbol of the south coast



A house not far from the Kennan's



Grimstad Harbor; Ibsen lived here three years



A coastal house painted a typical Norwegian red



A patrician house of Lillesand



Inland bay behind Kennan house at 10:30 in the evening



Shrimp in the port of Kristiansand



The colorful flowers of the Kristiansand market





COMPUTER COMFORT

A space-age fantasy designed by Eric Bernard

BY ALEXANDER COCKBURN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER AARON

A man we shall disguise here, in homage to Huysmans, as Mr. Des E. Seint wanted, in the rolling country a few miles northwest of Philadelphia, a *fin de siècle* womb—the *siècle* in question being the twentieth. Mr. Seint desired a house commanded by computers and served by all the electronic apparatus of modern life. Though Mr. Seint mostly lives alone he wanted to be able to retreat to his private second-floor quarters and there behind a Tutankhamen slab of a door some thirty inches thick at the hinges, indulge his tastes: yoga, whirlpool bathing, the finest sound system, the largest video screen. Never for a moment, in upstairs bath or downstairs atrium, need Mr. Seint be beyond the range of speakers deployed about the house; never need a sound or image fly into the void uncaptured. What Mr. Seint sees or hears on his TV and video screens can be recorded. When he sits down at the piano a microphone can receive the notes, record them and, while he climbs up the mirrored staircase, Mr. Seint can hear what he has been playing a moment before.

The original house on the fifteen-acre property was built in 1740, with add-ons down the years. Georgian columns advertise the pretensions of a former time. Mr. Seint, I suspect, wanted the best of both worlds, old and new. He gave the

A fireman's pole from catwalk outside bedroom suite upstairs, *opposite,* provides direct access to two-story atrium section of kitchen. *Above:* A computerized audio-visual system in bar area of kitchen, covered in Marazzi tile, controls sound system and lighting throughout house and can be programed to change lighting from "daytime" to "cocktail" to "after dinner." All brass cabinets, built by Ralph Ciocci, have touch latches.



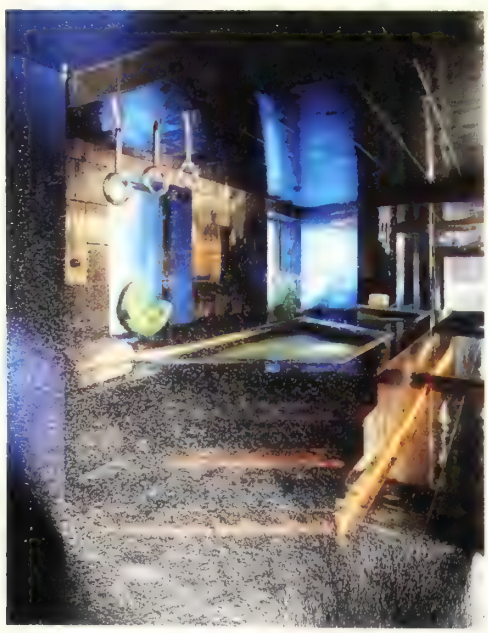
In the dining room, *above,* the steel-frame table covered in black leather seems to have just separated from futuristic-looking light above before touching down in this room. *Opposite:* In living room, Eric Bernard and his associate Dennis Sangster, who designed all furniture in house, put Eileen Gray tables in front of banquettes; Impressionist paintings from Jordan Volpe Galleries hang on cashmere-covered walls.

designer, Eric Bernard, a long list of his domestic wishes, from live-in computers to wing chairs and a fourposter bed. He only agreed to buy the house when Bernard promised him a main staircase of stately grandeur. In the event Bernard, with experience in television set design, gave him at least the illusion of just such a staircase, doubling the visual, if not actual, width of the stairs by lining the inner wall with the mirror mentioned above.

Aside from the staircase, Bernard and his men ripped out the entrails of the old building and went to work. The result is *le style Star Trek.* Bernard says that "everything had to be very sensuous. He said it was very important that if he were a blind person everything he touched would be soft." And indeed almost the only hard-looking thing in the sitting room is the black piano. Everything else is in the squishy syntax of camel wool carpet, camel leather banquettes, camel cashmere from the men's suiting industry on the walls and, overhead, a chromatic cantata of camel. "The room," Bernard explains, "was very low—seven and a half feet. What I did was bring it down six inches and make six *(Text continued on page 230)*

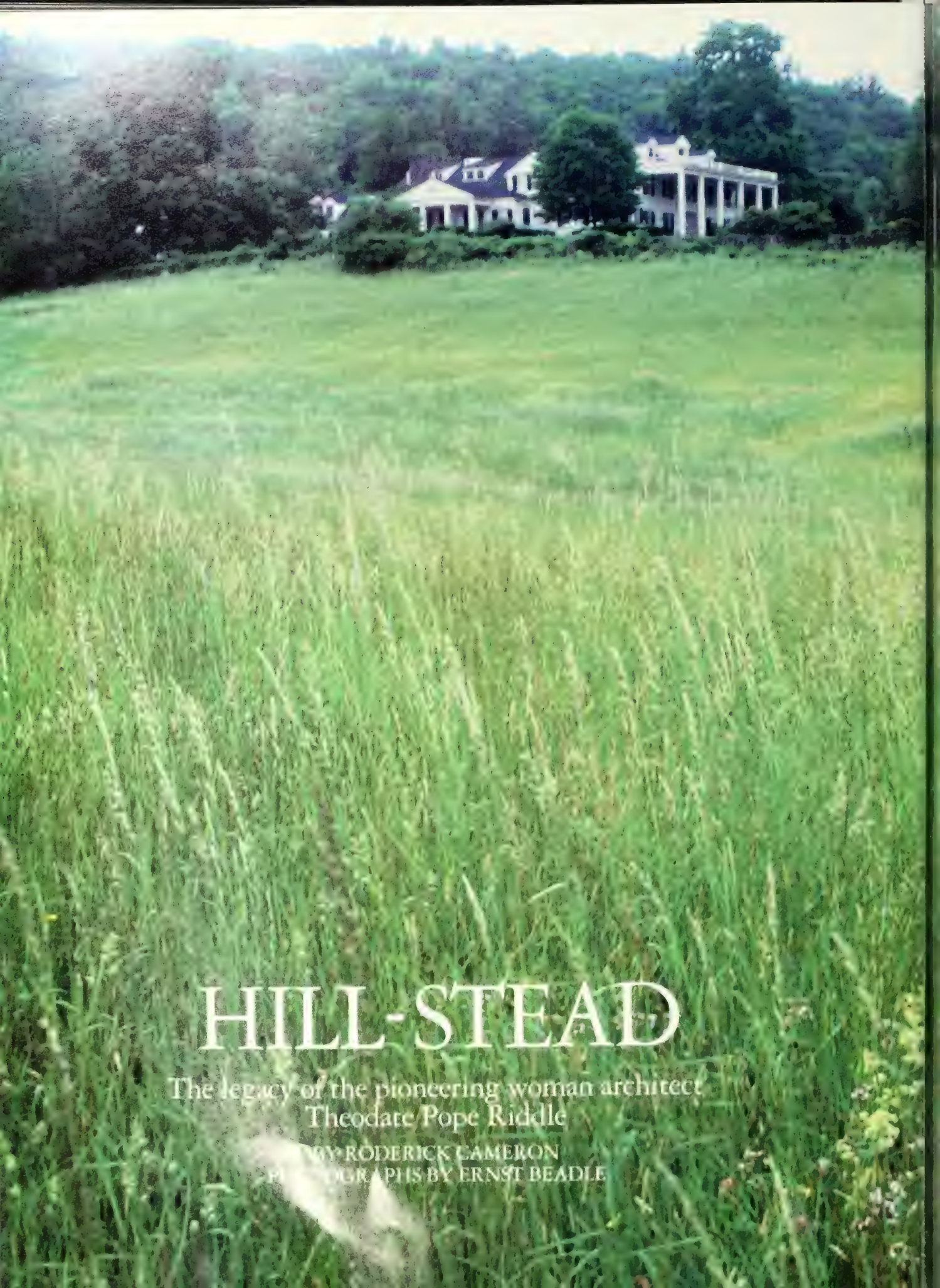


In bath/exercise area, *above,* Marcy gym is set in mirrored wall; towels nestle in warmers above double nickel-plated copper sinks. In video area beyond, television is controlled on site or from tub. Cabinets on right past sinks hide pantry. *Below left:* Computerized whirlpool-type tub is contoured to fit owner, lit from within, and can be called from anywhere in the country to turn on or off. *Below right:* View of closet where press of a button turns clothes on a conveyer, divided by region and sport. *Opposite:* View of closet into midnight-blue master bedroom; ottoman in foreground can be raised to become massage table. To extreme left and right of windows are large hidden speakers and in section between lurks a desk with built-in computer and chair. Antonio Marra sculptures are in windows.









HILL-STEAD

The legacy of the pioneering woman architect
Theodate Pope Riddle

BY RODERICK CAMERON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST BEADLE





Hill-Stead stands on a hill surrounded by sweeping lands that dip down to Farmington, half a mile away. Work was started on the place in 1889 and it was finished in 1901, the year Mr. and Mrs. Pope, its owners, moved in. Mr. Pope died in 1913 and Mrs. Pope and her daughter went on living in the house. Three years later at 48, Miss Pope, or Theodate Pope (she had been christened Effie, but quite understandably found it undignified and when she was about 17, took the name of Theodate instead, borrowed from her grandmother), married John Riddle, a 52-year-old former Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg. Riddle died in 1941 and Mrs. Riddle lived on for another five years, willing the house and its contents as a museum in the memory of her parents. A clause in her will stipulated that it was to remain untouched, exactly as she left it, and one imagines it was her father's collection of Impressionist paintings that gave her the initial idea of endowing the house as a museum. Mr. Pope, a Cleveland iron magnate, had been one of the first Americans to start collecting the Impressionists, acquiring them when most of them were still being laughed at in their own country. The collection is of undoubted quality, however when visiting Hill-Stead today it is actually the house itself that impresses one the most. A house dies to a certain extent when the owner is no longer in it, and yet here, at Hill-Stead, which hasn't been lived in for nearly forty years and is probably little changed since the date of its building all of eighty years ago, one is immediately struck by an extraordinary sense of timelessness. It's intensely alive, so much so that it needs little effort of the imagination to imagine oneself as a guest staying for the weekend, and it comes as no surprise when the curator tells one that however dressed, whether in blue jeans and an open-necked shirt, or in more conventional attire, visitors invariably comment on how at home they feel. The house also has another quality, that of being entirely American. Transported blindfolded and asked to guess the country in which one stood, there would be no doubt about the answer. Why, one wonders, when the paintings are mostly by the Impressionists and the furniture, the carpets, even the wallpapers are nearly all imported from England? It perhaps has something to do with the proportions; the ceilings are on the low side, pleasantly so, and of course, one has already been conditioned by the exterior, which is decidedly neo-Colonial in style. Henry James, staying there in 1905, describes it in *The American Scene* as "a great new house on a hill. . . apparently conceived—and with great felicity—on the lines of a magnified Mt. Vernon." The veranda, or west façade, is decidedly Vernonesque, the rest a clapboard farmhouse of rambling wings. The guide one buys on entering points out that in spite of being a showplace it was so contrived not to look awkward in a New England village, and it's quite true, everything has been done with admirable constraint. The furniture, though thoroughly suitable, is not of any extraordinary quality. One must remember, too, that Hill-Stead was built during a period when Beaux-Arts Classicism and opulent display were the fashion, the Vanderbilt house on the Hudson and the marble-columned "cottages" of Newport being typical examples. An article in *American Homes & Gardens* of January 1910 describes Hill-Stead as having "the character of an old house and all the comforts of a new one," and this description still fits perfectly today. Even judged by present-day standards, Hill-Stead wears an air of solid comfort; the main staircase is broad and shallow and the bedrooms all have their own bathrooms with oval washbasins set in gray-veined marble, everything encased in white-painted wood. The taps are sensible and mirrors large. Everywhere open grates with handsome brass fittings gleam at one and there is a plentiful supply of walk-in closets.

Over the years, I have paid several visits to Hill-Stead, fascinated by its atmosphere and intrigued by the woman largely responsible for its building. At every turn one is conscious of her common sense and her taste.

Several photographs exist of Mrs. Riddle, showing her to have been a rather plain young girl; short and heavily built but with a pleasant smile. Her father of Quaker descent was from Maine, a self-made man but, again judging from photographs, of a certain distinction. He certainly showed considerable sensitivity in the choice of his paintings. Looking at the photographs one sees a strong family likeness, the same rather full face, all right in a man but unfortunate in a girl. In any event, he must have been an affectionate and broad-minded parent, for his daughter was obviously not easy to handle.

It was while at Miss Porter's famous school in Farmington that Theodate Pope fell in love with Connecticut. A European grand tour followed, on which she took endless architectural notes furnished with sketches. From an early age, architecture had been one of her major interests. Following close on this tour came a disastrous attempt to launch her in Cleveland society. She would have none of it. There is an amusing passage from Brooks Emeny's privately printed biographical sketch on Theodate Pope Riddle in which she tells us exactly how she felt. "There were Worth gowns from Paris, and, oh, how I loathed it all. I was sullen with rage and boredom most of the time, and my parents finally gave up trying to fit me into their pattern. I was permitted to rent a cottage on High Street in Farmington. They believed I would be tired of it in three months' time—how wrong they were!"

Forceful, intelligent, Miss Pope was determined not to lead what she considered a shallow social life. Her first bid for freedom consisted of a kind of tea shop which she ran for Miss Porter's students. From there she graduated as a volunteer at the New York Psychiatric Institute; became an enthusiastic suffragette, and, much to her father's dismay, joined the Socialist Party. But always at the back of her mind was the all-consuming desire to become an architect. She worked on restoring some of the old Farmington houses and "through a family friend" she ar-

Spool-back, ladder-back, and splat-back chairs scattered on the main porch of the Hill-Stead Museum for visitors to sit, talk, and enjoy the view. *Preceding pages:* The museum overlooks the town of Farmington, Connecticut.



A book-walled pillar divides the first and second libraries at Hill-Stead. Furnishings include English gate-leg tables and a pair of Empire-style sofas in the second library.





Pieces from Mr. Pope's Impressionist collection in the drawing room, *above,* include *View of Bay and Maritime Alps at Antibes* by Claude Monet, circa 1888, above the fireplace, and Degas's *Dancers* above one of a pair of French Regency marquetry commodes. On the mantel, a collection of Italian 18th-century majolica. Looking toward the Ell Room, *Haystacks* by Monet, 1890. *Opposite:* The English Regency table in the drawing room is surrounded by Chippendale-style chairs and *The Guitar Player* by Edouard Manet, 1865.

ranged "to be tutored privately by members of the Art Department at Princeton University, then an all-male institution." Refusing to return to Cleveland, she eventually persuaded her parents to move East, one of the inducements being the plans she had drawn up for a house to be built on a choice piece of land. Impressed by the project, but not quite convinced yet of his daughter's capabilities, Mr. Pope engaged the famous Stanford White to supervise the construction. Working with Stanford White and his assistants must have proved a useful experience and gave Miss Pope just the encouragement she needed for we next hear of her drawing up plans for a girls' school in Middlebury. That proved to be a considerable undertaking embarked on for her close friend Mary Hillard, who became its headmistress. The school was called Westover and stands today, a handsome quadrangle nicely balanced with shuttered windows. It was much admired by Cass Gilbert, a noted architect, responsible for some of New York's earlier skyscrapers and of the Supreme Court Building in Washington. He writes that "It is, in fact, the best girls' school I know in the country." Some private houses followed and in 1912 Miss Pope became a licensed architect; one of the first women architects in the country. It was not easy during the nineteenth century for a woman to become a professional architect and indeed not considered proper for a young lady to have a career at all, and it argues well for her that she achieved a position obliging her to open an office in New York as well as Farmington. As might be expected one hears "that her career was made possible because she had social position and financial resources that allowed her to be her own client"—hardly a fair assessment, for later she was elected to the American Institute of Architects, an accolade that would not have come her way had she not merited it.

It comes as something of a surprise that Miss Pope, in the middle of a successful career, and no longer young, suddenly decided to get married. No doubt Mr. Riddle had exceptional charm. One is told that the marriage was a stormy one, but in spite of this it lasted 25 years, until Riddle died. Riddle had been ambassador to Russia and after his marriage he was *(Text continued on page 196)*





Degas in the drawing room: *The Tub, above,* a pastel, circa 1888, was the last of Mr. Pope's acquisitions in 1907. *Opposite: Dancers,* 1880.





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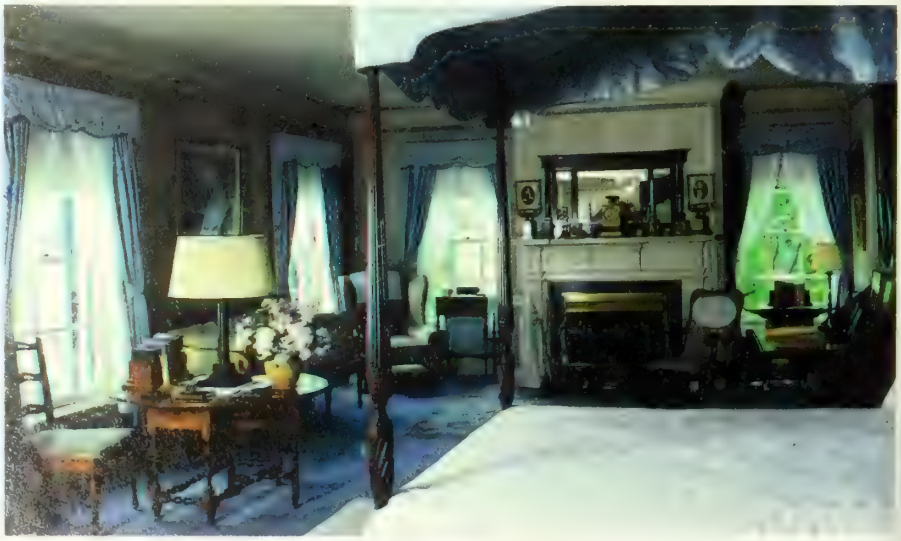
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(Continued from page 192) posted to Argentina. His wife went with him, but did not stay long. In 1919 she received a commission from the Women's Roosevelt Association to reconstruct Theodore Roosevelt's birthplace in New York. The house, a typical brownstone, had been pulled down in 1916 and it was Mrs. Riddle's job to rebuild it exactly as it had been. Finished in 1932, it remains the city's only mid-nineteenth-century house open to the public and incidentally the country's first Victorian-period restoration. Mrs. Riddle's last major work, and the one that meant the most to her, was a project for a boys' school to be known as Avon Old Farms. The school started in 1921 and, although opened in 1927, was not actually finished until 1930. Like Hill-Stead, it was to be a memorial to her father, who had bought thousands of acres of land at Avon. After architecture, education seems to have been Mrs. Riddle's main interest, and the idea of a school seemed the perfect solution to perpetuate her father's memory. It was to be a protest against contemporary preparatory schools. She believed that the scholastic world lacked initiative and felt that the young were not given the chance to develop their propensities. "Accordingly," and I copy this from a short biography published by the National Park Service, proprietors of the Theodore Roosevelt birthplace, "the school included a working farm, carpentry and printing shops, a forge, and other trade facilities. Riddle, strongly individualistic herself, insisted that the school meet the needs of the individual students, for, she said, 'the ways in which people differ are more important than the ways they are alike.'"

Although progressive, the school's architecture is deliberately traditional, inspired by the Cotswold area of England. Craftsmen were specially imported from England and old-fashioned methods of construction carefully adhered to, wooden pegs being used rather than nails, while irregular shapes were encouraged, the tiled roofs dipping and curving on purpose in a whimsical, picturesque manner. It is sad but owing to war conditions the school was forced to close down in 1944 and Mrs. Riddle's death in 1946 precluded her knowing the ultimate fate of her school, which was to open again shortly afterward.

Given Mrs. Riddle's capabilities and her taste, it's hardly surprising that Hill-Stead emanates such a strong atmosphere. She was obviously a woman of strong character; an autocrat, one imagines, used to getting her own way. Nor is it surprising that her nephew, Philip Johnson, followed in her footsteps, becoming not only the most famous American architect of his generation, but leading the way back to the architectural traditions that she held dear. Theodate Pope Riddle had apparently made arrangements to be buried on the property when she died, but the authorities would have none of it. The curator laughs: "I assure you, had she been at her own funeral, she most certainly *would* have been buried in the garden." □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

The Hill Stead Museum in Farmington is open Wednesday through Sunday, 2 to 5.



Mrs. Riddle's second floor bedroom with Sheraton canopy bed

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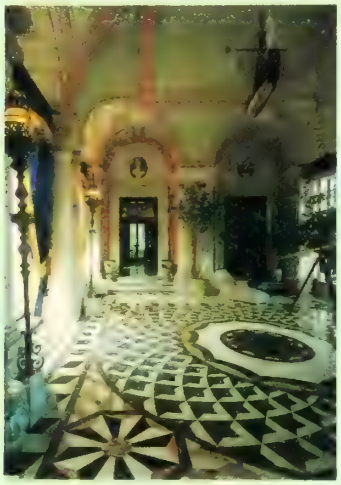
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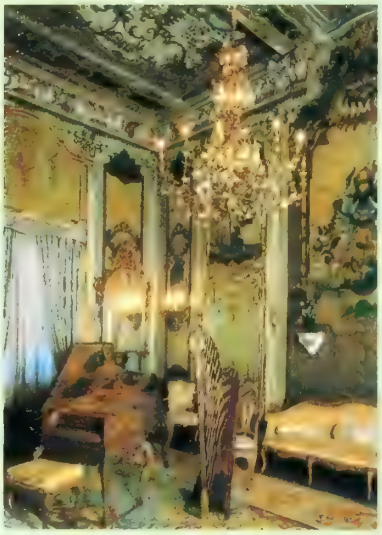
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BY THE LIGHT OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

(Continued from page 178) or, if it grows beyond capacity, is taken to town to be done at leisure, and at vast expense, by a local laundry. The house, of course, requires upkeep too, for its defense against the ants and the winter gales. One could also fish, as many do; we, lacking a suitable dock as well as inclination, do not.

Fish is, of course, the staple of these parts, and marvelous fish it is. But the nearest dockside fish market is in Kristiansand, seven miles away. The lady of the house assumes the burden of driving there, almost daily, for this and other supplies. While she is away her husband, who seems invariably to have writing commitments of one sort or another hanging over him, positions himself over the dining-room table, back to the sea in order to avoid distraction from the interesting sights it always affords, and writes. In early afternoon the mistress returns bearing the fresh-caught mackerel or flounder, cold and stiff in its wrapping paper, together with the *International Herald Tribune* and numerous other burdens. Dinner is then prepared and consumed, Norwegian-fashion, in midafternoon; after which, the fish remains are ritualistically exposed on a particular rock below the house, to be disputed there by the attentive gulls and the solitary crow—surely the ideal means of garbage disposal. The crow, being smarter and bolder, usually gets there first and will hold his own against a single competitor; but when numbers are arrayed against him he, being a realist, retires philosophically and without rancor.

Since the summer days are long in these northern latitudes, there is still plenty of time in the hours that ensue after dinner for work outside or whatever else one wants to do. This, among other things, is the normal time for entertaining. Guests are given a supper of fresh shrimp, which they are expected to peel personally at table, cold cuts, cheese, berries, and white wine. And then, if weather permits, all sit outside on the terrace through the lingering northern twilight, to discuss the state of the small world in which their lives proceed, and to watch for the entry into action, in late evening, of the great Oksø lighthouse which commands the entrance to the roadstead four miles away and is truly one of the most noble



structures of its kind to be found anywhere in this part of the world.

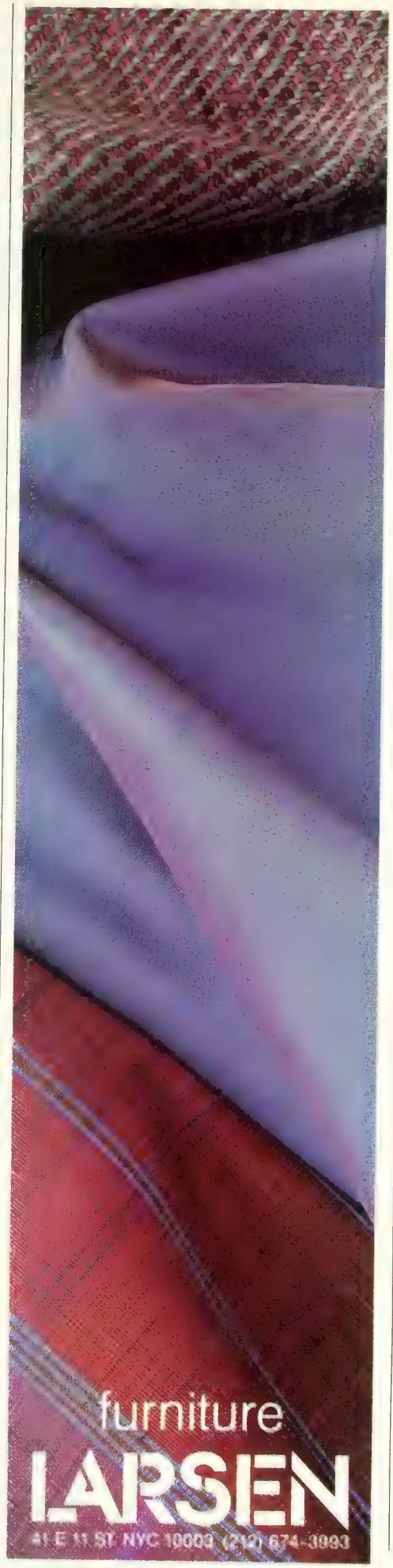
Such, then, is the normal routine of a day spent ashore in these latitudes. Quite different is the daily regime observed during the spells of coastwise cruising that punctuate life in the cottage. On these days, home is a strong 36-foot sloop, English-built. There are still occasional longer, open-sea passages; but increasing age, and the comfort of guests, restrict these exploits and replace them with leisurely unplanned prowlings along the coastal archipelago.

The day normally begins in some protected spot among the islands, where we have lain for the night. There is, as widely known, no privacy in the cabins of such a craft; and the arising of a single passenger usually assures the wakefulness of all the rest. Water temperature permitting, there are pre-breakfast dips by the hardier of the company. Decks are then washed, and the bedding hung out on the boom to air. After breakfast, the lady who exercises below decks the authority the captain is supposed to enjoy above them insists that there be no departure before all tidying up is completed and sandwiches have been made for the noonday meal. (One never knows, after all, what conditions will be at sea.) But finally, lines are cast off, or the anchor is raised, and departure is taken—either for further passage among the islands or for longer ones offshore, as consensus suggests.

At high noon, by long-established ritual, the sherry bottle is produced, regardless of the state of the weather or the sea, and a propitiatory toast is drunk to Father Neptune in the interests of the further safety of the journey. As the day nears its end, debate begins among the ship's company as to where best to seek shelter for the approaching night; and the master, yielding as far as he dares to vehemently expressed opinion, heads back into the archipelago and pokes cautiously into the selected cove. There again, deferring reluctantly to the demands of the Norwegian members of the company (because he would prefer, himself, to swing freely at anchor offshore), he usually authorizes the casting of a stern-anchor and puts the bow up hard against the rocky shore where, Norwegian-fashion, it is secured to a tree or a rock or whatever else comes to hand. Then there are drinks in the cockpit, and dinner is prepared at leisure, sometimes including, if luck has been with us, a salmon purchased at sea from a passing fisherman. The washing up completed and weather permitting, one sits once more in the cockpit through the half-light of the evening, observing the doings of the other family parties that have by this time made fast somewhere alongside and whose members are usually sitting on the rocks, with the family dog, while their little boy paddles ecstatically around the cove in the dinghy. In this setting the affairs of the world are discussed in the desultory fashion to which the occasion lends itself. This completes the doings of the day; and when the dew becomes too heavy, or darkness falls, all take to their bunks, leaving the skipper to pass the night uneasily with one ear cocked to make sure that the erratic night wind that normally springs up from some unexpected counter in the wee hours of darkness is not taking the boat athwartships, causing the stern-anchor to drag, and unleashing general pandemonium.

Such, then, are the common routines of life for an elderly American sailor and cottage owner among the islands of southern Norway in the brief months of the Scandinavian summer. It is a life comfortable enough (but not too comfortable), strenuous enough (but not too strenuous), and agreeably devoid of any demonstrable usefulness. One sees and hears a bit of the life of the great mountainous country on the fringes of which one lives; and one respects what one sees and hears; but one shares little of it.

And as for the vast, outside world, with all its problems and dangers: it seems very far away. One recalls dimly that in the days when one was immersed in its affairs, it was not notably responsive to one's efforts to save it. But this does not prevent one from entertaining the pleasing illusion that if that world appears, judging from the reports of the *International Herald Tribune* and the Norwegian radio, to be going rapidly to hell in a hack, this is only because here, in one's Scandinavian remoteness, one is making no efforts to save it at all. □



(Continued from page 122) the sun's rays radiate overhead, geometric lines that start ultimately from the central staircase, the Solar Stair. These rays, the actual floor joists, are then picked up by the rays of the balcony structure and the fins of the vertical radiators. Lights over these are a transformation of the sun's real heat and energy, which come through the solar wall just in front. So passive solar heating, real radiator heating, and symbolic heat are all brought together into one elaborate equation of sign and symbol.

This relation between truth and its representation can be found in every room. For instance, in the kitchen real wooden salad spoons are marbleized to form a decorative triglyph where one would be in a Doric temple: this "Spoonglyph," representing food, of course, is above the Temples to Heat (the oven) and Cold (the refrigerator). And so it goes: part practical symbol, part ridiculous sign, part aesthetic decision, part serious comment on the structure, space, or material. ("A stirring mixture," said one visitor, pausing by the spoons.) Whether the meaning is light-hearted or portentous or simply helpful as a design tool is less important to me than the fact that it is worked through systematically, so that it becomes relevant architecturally.

This is most obvious in the Solar Stair, a part of the house that I worked on with Terry Farrell. In fact, the Terry Farrell Partnership was instrumental for three years in overseeing much of the construction and along with the craftsmen/carpenters Steve Agombar and John Longhurst made many of the trickier details work. The stairway is very much the center of the house both in function and as a sign, and we keep coming back to it literally and metaphorically. It has 52 steps (for the weeks in the year), each with seven divisions (for the days in a week) and a decorative disk portraying each month.

When one looks up the center to the light at the top—sign of energy and hope—the undulating rays of the three different constructional elements forcibly drive home the sun metaphor. When one looks down to the alternate darkness below, the opposite meanings are suggested and reinforced by Eduardo Paolozzi's mosaic *The Black Hole*. This mosaic pulls in the spiral motion of the spiral handrails, again a literal sign of time (spiral galaxies, DNA, cyclical motion) and a very efficient structural shape. As in other parts of the house we consulted engineers and astronomers—not mystics or astrologers.



Guests are encouraged to ponder the universe in the Cosmic Loo.

It's absurd, I suppose, to draw a hard distinction between fact and fiction, especially in symbolic architecture, but one must pursue symbolism with a certain rigor or else its inner logic will not work. The themes must be limited in number and tied into inherent architectural themes of geometry and function.



One of two lunette windows looking into the vertical shaft of the Moonwell.

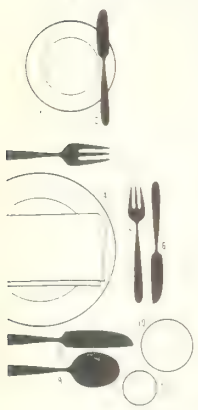
The Architectural Library, whose space was also worked out with Terry Farrell, illustrates these points. Functionally the library holds my collection of history books, starting with a period I find most interesting, the Egyptian. Below a pyramid gable are these books, while next door are the Greek and Roman ones housed in Classical shapes. And so it goes through the history of Western architecture up to the present, ending with three Post-Modern slabs, skyscrapers containing mostly that modern literature, and three Late-Modern slabs, housing Modernist tomes. The actual style and shapes all come from the same grammar of the house—the Free-Style Classicism and the constructional possibilities of wood.

Several historians, such as Sir John Summerson, have seen a hint of Mackintosh in the building, especially on the upper floors, but while this Glaswegian architect has influenced my understanding of ornament, he has not consciously been the greatest inspiration for the style. Rather, the common language comes from using wood as a flat, volumetric surface and then organizing the volumes partly according to Classical principles: axis, cross axis, hierarchy, symmetry, and primary geometrical form. What makes it *Free-Style* Classicism is the way these geometrical forms are broken and reinterpreted.

For instance, in the library the face motif is broken at its forehead—a very unclassical flat-top results—and layered on its sides to reveal the real complex structure. A Classical Revivalist would probably have used a regular form, hidden the actual structure, and surrounded it with a molding. But for Classicism to be a living language it must, I believe, be able to express the new, elegant discoveries of construction and structure—here the reinforced concrete cylinder of the Sun Stair, with its two-way double-helix of steel and encasing concrete, brick, and stucco. Constructional realism is always a motive for architectural expression. Other examples of this are the "Slide Skyscrapers." These have a


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Eat? Or dine? The rise and fall and rise again of the dining room.



Just a few years ago dining rooms seemed to be on the list of endangered household species, a list that included butler's pantries, libraries and dressing rooms. Even a critically acclaimed off-Broadway play (*The Dining Room* by A.R. Gurney, Jr.) was based on the notion that this room was some sort of archeological artifact now useful only as a clue to the cultural and social changes of recent years.

But the latest news from the Home Front is that dining rooms are now high on many people's most-wanted lists and they're asking architects and designers to put them back into their lives.

This resurgence may be due in part to the Great American Gourmet Revolution now at its zenith. If you're going to shine at *nouvelle* and all those other cuisines, you want a proper theater in which to display your new-found masterpieces.

Whatever the reasons for their comeback, the new dining rooms are very different from those staid rooms of yesterday. Gone is much of the rigid formality. In its place, there's now a feeling of informal ease and comfort, reflecting today's more casual attitudes. In the Southampton dining room designed by Gary Crain shown here, you can feel this current mood. Even though the look is very Country/Traditional, the room is sparked with an informality that is thoroughly contemporary. Part of this effect results from the sprightly flower-strewn wallpaper and the inviting wing chair with its matching upholstery (from Schumacher's *Chez Moi* collection, the pattern is "Belle Isle"). The light-catching DuPont Dacron® and silk draperies and the imported wool Dhurrie rug counterpoint the period table and chairs in a very modern way, too. In all, a harmonious background for the social activity we call "dining."



Historically, separate rooms set aside solely for the purpose of eating didn't show up until well into the 18th century. As with many other things having to do with the cooking and serving of food, the idea of a separate "eating room" can be credited to the French and to the reign of Louis XV. The differentiated dining room helped to transform plain "eating" into fancy "dining." What had been a biologic necessity was turning into a key social ritual.

In keeping with this ritualization of dining, all sorts of customs were developed: England's Charles I had ok'd the use of cutlery several hundred years before with his declaration "It is decent to use a fork"; the central table surrounded by chairs, termed *"table à l'anglais,"* was adopted world-wide; sequential serving of meals, one course at a time "in the Russian manner" became another international standby; special dining room protocol—as well as all kinds of special dining room furniture—soon cluttered the eating rooms of the world.

In the two hundred years after Louis XV, dining rooms ultimately became the focal point of almost every household, no matter how rich or how humble. These high-flying days continued well into the middle of this century. Then, a few decades ago it seemed as though we were back in the pre-dining room era again, and were being asked to



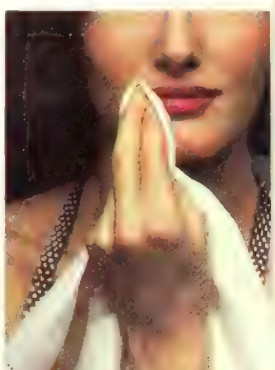
Schumacher's Illustrated Notes on 20th Century Taste. One of a series.



make do with the bit of space dubbed "the dining area" that was tacked onto some other room. Happily, this trend now seems to be reversed. Great meals are once again being served in great-looking dining rooms.



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Classical base, shaft, and crown, but are given detailed ornament that either underlines their use (e.g., *M* for Modern slides) or the actual steel construction and handles.

The room most people find Mackintoshian (and usually like the best) is the main bedroom, which we call the Foursquare Room. I wouldn't argue with their evaluation, but again I believe the style and organization owe as much to Free-Style Classicism and wood construction as to Mackintosh. Only the violet, foursquare repeat pattern used as a frieze motif is consciously influenced by his work. Otherwise the creams, whites, and off-whites of Adam's Syon House have been an influence, as well as the Palladian *A-BA* motif and the ceilings of Soane and Frank Lloyd Wright. Symbolically everything is based on the number four: the four cardinal points, four great civilizations, four elements (and one hundred and four of today), four ages of man, four parts of the day, and that most ubiquitous of architectural elements—the square.

When you think of it, we inhabit a foursquare built world, and conceivably it could have been otherwise: Buckminster Fuller's triangular geometry or African circles. But the number four resides in more built objects than any other number: books, video cassettes, automobiles, most every room and building you will use has four primary edges. I wanted a room in praise of this metaphysical fact and it is ordered, inevitably, by the four-by-four-inch wooden pier.

From all sides light and space filter into this bedroom and from it open up little vistas of the Solar Stair, Bathpool, or Moonwell. These connections of space and light, insisted on by Maggie, give the room its special changing quality throughout the day. If there is a single problem to the semi-open planning it concerns the old Modernist vice of sound transmission, but this is lessened by the fabrics and rugs.

There are many more thematic rooms in the house that are also designed to a symbolic program, but perhaps they all can be themselves symbolized by the Moonwell. Designed partly in collaboration with others—Terry Farrell, Simon Sturgis, Maggie, and Ilinca Cantacuzino—the vertical shaft partly illustrates the theme of collaboration. But it



The rear "face" façade of the house

is also unified by Free-Style Classicism and the symbolic program. Here a half-moon plan is reflected by mirrors to form an entire globe and magically extend the space. Many people get lost in this part of the house (though it's quite modest in actual size) because of the spatial illusions. When one looks up there is a mirror etching of the moon, somewhat based on close-up photographs, and a series of crescents and globes. The real moonlight can be reflected down this well, and there are places in the mirror where you can "catch the moon."

Conceptually the Moonwell and Solar Stair are satellite and globe, while atmospherically the former casts a cool, silvery light down its thin shaft. Ornament, lighting, space, artwork, and color have all been directed toward the common theme not because we are moon worshipers or, I hope, lunatics, but because symbolic architecture fulfills a desire.

Of that I can be sure for a very simple reason. When I show skeptics around this house, or another symbolic one I have designed, they inevitably start "reading" the building in ways I have not intended, finding plausible new connections, extending the plot in unforeseen ways. Once they begin to understand the architecture has meanings, they expect to find more, and thereby discover new ones. The search for meaning in architecture, apparently, is as natural and desired as it is in life. □

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(Continued from page 174) at the Ritz rather than (as he actually did) in the French air force. The tumultuous tides of change that swept over his society seemed to have barely touched him at all.

Although Mallet-Stevens turned away from the historical revivalist manner that his more reactionary colleagues clung to, his vision remained permanently focused on the other side of the abyss. After the armistice he returned to architectural business as usual, turning out schemes that seem astonishingly out of date: tidy little houses, theaters, and shops with fey topiary and precious ornamental touches that belong more to the turn-of-the-century Never-Never Land of Charles Rennie Mackintosh (the hero of the Wiener Werkstätte) than to the world that had passed through the cruelest carnage in history. Ezra Pound described great art as news that remains news; the work of Mallet-Stevens was yesterday's news from the outset.

Why has Mallet-Stevens now reclaimed our attention after years of neglect? One important figure in the process was Andrée Putman, the Paris decorator whose rediscovery and reproduction of some of the most interesting furniture of early Modernism led her to two distinguished Mallet-Stevens artifacts: his metal-tube and canvas lounge chair of 1923, designed for the swimming pool of the château he built at Hyères for the Vicomte de Noailles and his legendary wife Marie-Laure, and his lacquered steel side chair of 1930. In the three years since its reintroduction in the U.S., the 1930 chair has been avidly embraced by architects and decorators who have grown tired of the inevitable seating of Marcel Breuer, Mies van der Rohe, and Le Corbusier, for years the only choices for those working in the modern idiom.

Ironically, although the Mallet-Stevens chair was designed almost simultaneously with the ubiquitous Cesca chair of Breuer and the Brno chair of Mies, it now seems in contrast remarkably fresh, a function of its never having been seen by several generations of designers. Furthermore, its gracefully curved back and its trio of splats give it a nostalgic appeal redolent of Art Deco, but it is simple enough to mix unobtrusively with any furniture of the modern period. At a time when few architects have been able to score a direct commercial and aesthetic hit with a chair design, the stunning success of the reissued Mallet-Stevens chair has turned out to be one of the sleepers of the century.

The widespread rejection of orthodox Modernism has been another major factor in the rising stock of Mallet-Stevens. His designs exude a seductive ease that serves to remind us that Modernism was not the monolithic dogma its latter-day opponents have made it out to be. In fact, Mallet-Stevens's philosophy is better characterized as moderne than modern. The former has come to mean the popular adaptation of the new mode for mass consumption, and it is undeniable that one of Mallet-Stevens's chief goals was to "make modern architecture, the universal architecture, known and loved."



Crystal with his monogram by Mallet-Stevens

One of the most persuasive means he saw to that end was the motion picture, then emerging from its infancy and beginning to acquire the seriousness (and self-consciousness) of an art form. Mallet-Stevens's set designs for some five feature films during the twenties, as well as a documentary made by Man Ray of the architect's château for the Noailles, helped spread the new faith so convincingly as to make Modernism fashionable among the public, rather than merely the province of architectural cognoscenti. Most memorable of those motion pictures was *L'Inhumaine*, an ambitious collaboration directed by Marcel L'Herbier in 1923 and featuring (in addition to sets by Mallet-Stevens, Fernand Léger, and Alberto Cavalcanti) furniture by Pierre Chareau, glass by Réné Lalique, music by Darius Milhaud, and costumes by Paul Poiret (for

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whom Mallet-Stevens designed a château at Mézy in the following year). Far more light-hearted was Man Ray's *Les Mystères du château du Dé,* which was little more than an arty home movie in which the Noailles cavorted with their pets among the Parisian avant-garde.

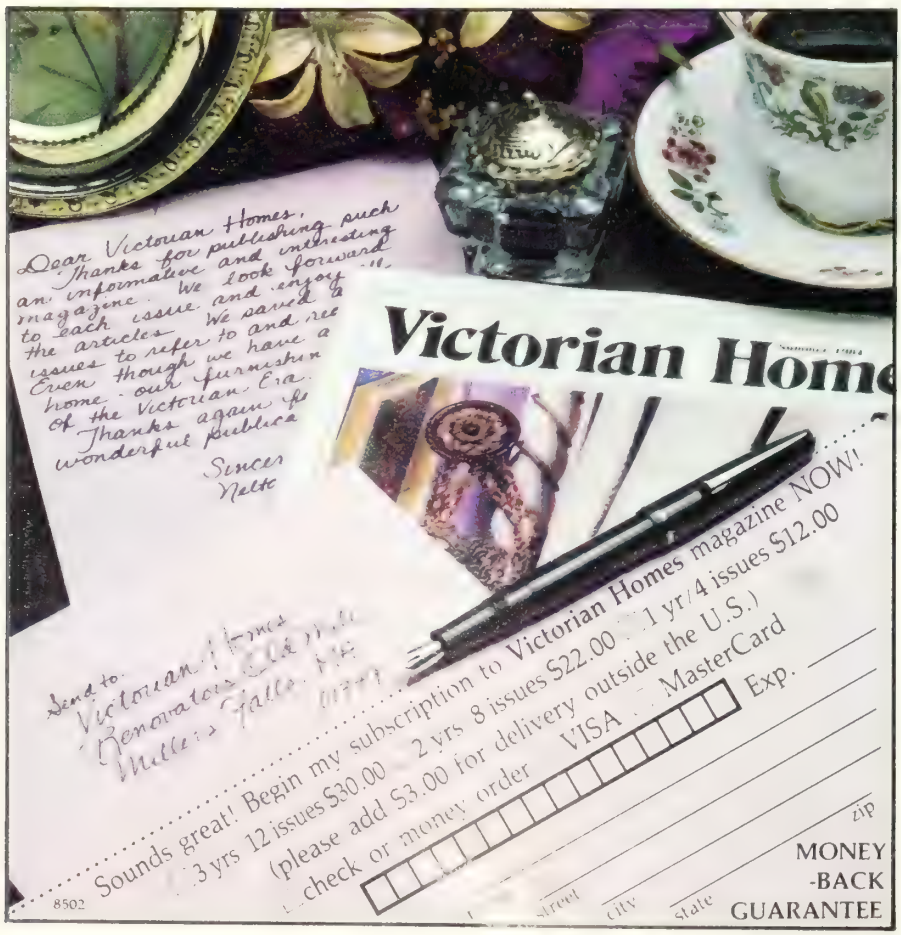
Another Mallet-Stevens backdrop used by film makers (albeit impecunious ones who hadn't the money to build sets or shoot on location) was his best-known work: the rue Mallet-Stevens, an ensemble of six Cubist structures on a private cul-de-sac in the Auteuil section of Paris, designed and built in 1926–27. Eager to make an impressive demonstration of his talent, but not having a public commission with which to do it, Mallet-Stevens persuaded several of his private clients to build their projected houses in close proximity to his to maximize the cumulative effect. He chose a quiet street not far from the Bois de Boulogne in the fashionable sixteenth arrondissement and there created a sensation. Clad in white stucco that gleamed in the pearlescent Paris light, the strong geometric forms of the five villas and a caretaker's house were a striking contrast to the traditional apartment houses and *hôtels particuliers* around them. The street instantly became a popular pilgrimage point.

Of course, it shocked many observers, who found it more like a street in Morocco or Algeria than a part of Paris. It is not surprising that it became an exotic, ready-made stage for low-budget movies set in North Africa. Interestingly, the epithet of "Arab Village" was also applied to the architecture of the Weissenhof Siedlung, an exhibition of modern housing held in Stuttgart the same year the rue Mallet-Stevens was completed. In fact, the ironic comparisons were not at all farfetched, since the originators of the whitewashed Cubist architecture—most notably Le Corbusier—had indeed been inspired by the vernacular housing traditions of the Mediterranean rim.

If Mallet-Stevens shared so many affinities with the avant-garde, his personal manner was anything but bohemian. An enthusiastic dandy, he cut a figure of such perfectionist elegance that he might well be termed the Fred Astaire of architecture. At a time when such artists as Le Corbusier and Réné Magritte assumed the guise of the petit bourgeois *homme type*—sober, conformist, anonymous—Mallet-Stevens disported himself in morning coat, striped pants, and spats, looking more like a posh banker than a convention-shattering architect.

He lived a life of exceptional stylishness with a devoted wife as luxury-loving as himself. Their own house (which also contained his studio and offices) at 12 rue Mallet-Stevens was decorated to prove that to be modern was also to be chic. The rooms, placid adaptations of the starkly abstracted interiors of the DeStijl movement, were much more fully furnished than the reductivist spaces we usually associate with Modernism. With its comfortable, pillowed sofas and club chairs, wall brackets for vases, and shaded table lamps, the Mallet-Stevens living room was more a jazzed-up, pared-down version of upper-middle-class décor than a daring reconception of interior design. All too soon that house was to be merely a happy memory for the couple: in 1940, because Mme. Mallet-Stevens was a Jew, they had to flee to the relative safety of the Vichy-controlled south of France. There the architect contracted a fatal illness, and after the liberation returned to Paris, where he died in 1945 at the age of 58.

Though not a leading character in architectural history, Robert Mallet-Stevens helps to round out our picture—until recently a biased and incomplete one—of what Modernism meant to those who made it. The most famous prophets of Modernism sought nothing less than the renewal of mankind through architecture and design; Mallet-Stevens always adhered to a gentler manifesto. He never aspired to much more than his belief, expressed in 1911, that the building arts should "invoke joy and the ideal." If there is less than greatness in his works, there can be little doubt that the *joie de vivre* of his time and place—captured so evocatively in his designs—can still be sensed in his small but beguiling *oeuvre.* □ *Editor: Mary-Sargent Ladd*



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JOURNAL

BOULDER AND BOLDER

Sculptor Elyn Zimmerman's *Malabar,* a powerful "site-specific" work, gives much-needed presence to the banal entrance of the new National Geographic Society building in Washington. A 56-foot-long reflecting pool, *below,* is flanked by five imposing Carnelian granite boulders, two of which were split, their inner surfaces polished to a mirror finish. Comparisons with Zen rock gardens are inevitable, and the artist's references were intentional. *Malabar* provides a hypnotic distraction and lifts its setting (and viewers) onto a higher plane. *Martin Filler*



ELYN ZIMMERMAN



THE BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART

HENRI THE GREAT

The Drawings of Henri Matisse. The Museum of Modern Art, New York, through May 14.

Matisse's 1933 portrait of Dr. Claribel Cone, *above,* is one of 150 works on paper included in an exhibition that traces the development of the artist's drawings from academic studies through Fauve portraits, brush-and-ink still lifes, and the large-scale works of his later years. Nearly one third of these compositions have never before been on public view. *Amy McNeish*

POLISHED BRASSERIE

Café chic in Paris now is Café Costes in Les Halles. The open two-level space and furniture were designed by Philippe Starck, who set out to create a modern design with the feel of a traditional grand café. His angular scheme—from terrazzo triangles on the floor to conical newel posts and beveled tabletops—unites the design. And one can literally pass the time, a huge glowing clock, on the way to drink and dine. *A.R.*



ALEXANDER BALAUHE

MASTER CLASS

Collection for a King: Old Master Paintings from the Dulwich Picture Gallery. National Gallery of Art, Washington, Apr. 14–Sept. 2; Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Oct. 6–Jan. 5, 1986.



REMBRANDT'S *GIRL*



LAWRENCE'S *WILLIAM LINLEY*

London gallery-goers who venture beyond the cluster of grand museums in the central city have for years been discovering the Dulwich Picture Gallery on the south side of the Thames. Designed in 1811 by Sir John Soane, the skylit gallery contains a number of English portraits and a small display of decorative arts, but the core of the collection consists of old master paintings assembled in the late eighteenth century by London dealer Noel Desenfans for the then king of Poland, who hoped to create a national gallery in Warsaw. But history kept these paintings in England, and 35 of them have now come to the United States for a time, including Rembrandt's *Girl Leaning on a Window-Sill, left,* as well as works by Poussin, Canaletto, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. *A.M.*



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SAGE BRUSH

Lewis Mumford's Sketches From Life: Drawings and Watercolors. Monmouth College, Long Branch, N.J., Apr. 12–22.

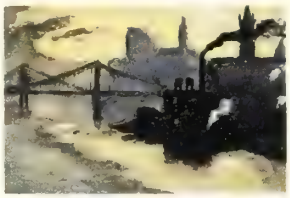
As he approaches the age of 90, Lewis Mumford still stands tall on the skyline of American letters. This protean polymath has long resisted categorization as philosopher, sociologist, historian, literary, art, or architecture critic, and indeed his contributions in each of those fields have been enriched by his perspective on them all.

Now another, largely unknown, facet of Mumford is revealed in this first exhibition of his paintings and drawings. These skillfully executed impressions (some hundred pieces are shown here) are on a par with the art of Sir Winston Churchill: genuinely distinguished quite apart from their associations with a truly great man.

Mumford's works on paper are all the more surprising in that he has long (if wrongly) been considered the least visual of critics for preferring to explore the social and cultural aspects of architecture and city planning rather than pursue a narrowly formal approach. Here we can see a vast range of influences in his Turneresque riverscapes, street scenes reminiscent of Childe Hassam, and a Lautrec-like pencil sketch of his mother, as well as almost a score of self-portraits as penetrating and unsparing as any of his criticism. They add a new and enlivening dimension to our appreciation of a remarkable creator. *M.F.*



VIEW FROM 100 W. 94TH ST.



EAST RIVER BRIDGES, 1916



LEWIS MUMFORD, *SELF-PORTRAIT AT 23,* APRIL 26, 1919



BROOKLYN BRIDGE, 1917



40TH ST. ON RAINY DAY, 1916

GEOMETRIC PROGRESSION

Kandinsky in Paris: 1935–1944. The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, through Apr. 14.

Consistent variation could be the subtitle to the final installment in the three-part retrospective of Vasily Kandinsky's work. The first two parts split his work into contrasting stylistic periods. The final phase of his career, shown in this exhibition of over 200 paintings, drawings, and watercolors, cannot be as clearly classified. Some critics have called these years static, others a time of synthesis—when Kandinsky's draftsman-clean Bauhaus line merged with the varied palette of his Munich years. The lively result in *Yellow Painting* (1938), *left,* shows his successful refining of an individual language. *Anne Rieselbach*



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(Continued from page 109) impressive eighteenth-century Italian crystal chandelier once belonging to the Castelbarco palace in Milan, whose mate is found in the room adjacent, formerly Mme. X's bedroom.

"The dazzling mirror hanging above the Du Barry–style bed," Mme. X explains, "dates from the sixteenth century and comes from a Spanish convent. This is the first thing in the house that I bought, and the whole room was put together around it." She turns almost timidly: "And that is a portrait of me with my husband in a palace in Venice, given to me by Cecil Beaton."

On the third floor, where Mme. X has installed quarters she calls "*plus privé et plus cosy,*" the proportions are more modest and intimate, and the idea from the outset was to construct a gothick room around a very pretty piece found in an antiques shop on the rue Bonaparte. In this little dining room, its warm atmosphere accentuated by the yellow and gold taffeta of the curtains, one sits down to tea at an Italian table inlaid with many colors of marble. The gothick motif of the structure designed by Mongiardino that hides the kitchen recurs in faux-marbre colonnaded shelves where books and porcelains stand side by side in easy harmony.

The gothick mood continues in the salon-antechamber thanks to a remarkable late-eighteenth-century English octagonal table in sycamore and Brazilian rosewood, its several sides engraved with Oriental figures fitted out with musical instruments, fans, and parasols.

As on the second floor, the fabrics for the sofas were aged in tea baths, but here the curtains are done in a lighthearted Braconnier cotton of green and red on a beige background, with which the surrounding walls are also hung. The paintings are numerous, chiefly watercolors featuring all manner of animals: pigeons, sheep, and Pekingese dogs, for whom the lady of the house has a particular affection. A closer look reveals a pencil drawing by Ingres, *Jupiter and Thetis,* a disturbing pastel by Lévy-Dhurmer, a portrait of Balzac, and one of Victor Hugo's most beautiful ink drawings: a fantastic fog-shrouded tower of 1860.

In the last room, and not the least of

them all, Mme. X often enjoys receiving her close friends, who sit and chat on her canopy bed, a copy of one belonging to Pauline de Rothschild. A collection of eggs, Russian icons, photos, and souvenirs hang on the wall in a fan-shaped display above her head, while close at hand is her constantly reread bedside novel: Colette's *La Vagabonde*. "I love these landscapes by George Sand," she says, pointing to them.

"And those little Indian characters have an amusing history: an English governor had his domestics painted to show how well-served he was. . . .



The cozy little gothick dining room on the third floor, like all the rooms in the house, looks out onto the garden.

When I open my eyes in the morning," she continues, "I look first for these flowers." Indeed, echoing the lines of a red lacquer Venetian chest, a present from Nancy Mitford, are four enchanting watercolors by Madeleine Lemaire, a friend of Marcel Proust of whom Alexandre Dumas *fils,* one of her lovers, claimed that no one except God had caused more roses to bloom.

Before leaving, one important detail must not be forgotten: at the front of the gothick structure in the small dining room are the Latin words, *Beata aut Nihil,* "happy or nothing." It is the motto of the lady of the house. □

Translated by Margaret Megaw

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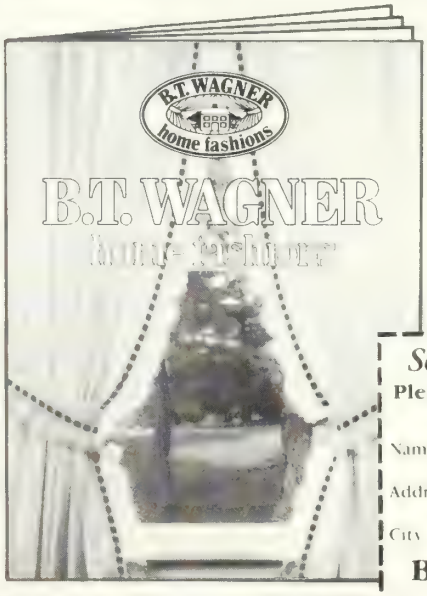
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(Continued from page 144) whom Larsen calls "the most important American woodcraftsman of our century." Coiled on top of the steps are *ibeji* figures from West Africa. "Mother has a pair of these carved when you're born—there's a good twin and a bad and everything bad is supposed to happen to the bad twin," Larsen explains. "These figures are probably all bad—I don't know that they would have parted with the good twins."

The third level of the tower wing consists of a small, partially enclosed deck. "For watching sunsets," Larsen says. "As Long Island has no hills, I had to create my own height.

"I wasn't allowed to go up another floor by the building code, so I went down one." Larsen is referring to his below-ground workroom-studio, which looks out on a five-tier circular sunken garden, created to bring down light. "It's a hanging garden really—the one in Babylon was actually stepped like this. Something is always blooming here, from the earliest crocuses to Montauk daisies, the last to flower." The studio contains a worktable with a Dutch base and water-buffalo top, stools "done originally for a nineteenth-century millinery department—you sat in them while they tried gloves on you," a wall hanging of plaited mat from Borneo, and Larsen's loom, a one-of-a-kind Kawasaki. "This room is where I do the layouts for my books and all of the conceptual work for my designs," he says.



Larsen leathers were used around the Rais Stoves fireplace in the living room.

"Of all man-made materials," Larsen has written, "fabric offers the most—and the best—potential for the multitudinous profusion of color." Like his fabrics, Larsen's gardens vary enormously in color (as well as in scale, pattern, and texture). His instinctive understanding of olive, ocher, rose-white, rose-red, refracted through the light of his imagination, has enabled him to create out of the notoriously scraggly Long Island woods, that most unremarkable of brier patches, something—well, remarkable: the eye of the beholder's held and dazzled.

Blooming at different times of the year, with May and June as the peak, the dozen or so gardens (including the white garden, the red garden, the pink garden, the blue garden, the yellow garden, the pool garden, and the Japanese mound garden) reveal in root, bud, and flower not only Larsen's innovative sense for landscaping but his natural feeling for the soil. One thinks of the poet Theodore Roethke's lines:

> What root of his ever denied its stem?
> When flowers grew, their bloom extended him.

And indeed the work goes on—a laburnum walk is planned, along with a moss garden and an allée of ginkgo trees—for what the *Conservateur en Chef* of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs of the Louvre wrote of Jack Lenor Larsen the weaver, on the occasion of a 1981 retrospective of thirty years of his "creative textiles," applies as well to Jack Lenor Larsen the gardener: "We recognize the craftsman by his masterpiece. Larsen, however, is an artist because, instead of a single masterpiece, he prefers a long-term and harmonious work that continues to search and evolve." □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

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(Continued from page 162) harsh and glib situation within art in New York and to the unpleasantness of the city, I had set a deadline for finding a place. Bill Agee, then director of the Pasadena Art Museum, where I had an exhibition in 1971, had agreed to ship a large piece the museum had borrowed anywhere in the Southwest within a year. Also the new and old pottery I had bought in the Southwest was spalling in the humidity of New York, and the cacti I had collected were dying.

The area of West Texas was fine, mostly high rangeland dropping to desert along the river, with mountains over the edge in every direction. There were few people and the land was undamaged. Since then there has been considerable careless development near the Big Bend National Park, which became the cause of the destruction of some land around it. This is the fault of Brewster County, which could have controlled the situation. I saw a lot in the middle of nowhere bulldozed bare of all rocks and desert vegetation to provide a yard for a house suburbanly designed and placed.

I chose the town of Marfa (pop. 2,466) because it was the best-looking and most practical, and rented a small house, thanks to the help of Mae Adams, now Firstbrook, who worked at the motel. Three months later, a friend, I, and my son, who was soon to eat his fourth birthday cake lost with his elders in Baja, drove a truck full of art to Texas and unloaded it into the house and garage. During this time I rented the east building on the city block in which to store the large piece.

We spent the summer of 1972 in the little house. In 1973 I bought the east and west buildings, World War I airplane hangars on the edge of town that had been moved into town in the thirties by the prescient Army to make Fort D.A. Russell, later partly a prison for captured Germans. A sign in one of the artillery sheds reads: DEN KOPF BENUTZEN IST BESSER ALS IHN VERLIEREN.* In 1974 I bought the remaining quarter of the block. (Also I went to Australia, where perhaps I should have gone in the first place.)

The buildings were not habitable. We lived in an even smaller house on the edge of town but one with a view of fifty miles around. Toward the end of our stay in this house I built a room across the side with the greatest view. The outside wall, with a door flanked by windows, became an inside wall, with the door and windows as openings. The inside of this new inside wall was the same as the other side. If you looked back after going through the door you could see where you had gone to. This was an accidental, recognized, and encouraged reference to San Sebastiano in Mantua by Alberti, the only time I've referred to anything, a practice I consider unnecessary at best by those alien to a time or a place.



Donald Judd with his daughter, Rainer

The buildings and the land in town were in bad shape. I concentrated on the east building and began to install work there in 1974. The installation of the south room took about a year and was the basis for the room of old pieces in the exhibition I had in 1975 at the National Gallery of Canada.

The city block is between the main highway—U.S. 90 to "back East"—and the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks and, unhappily, next to a cattle-feed mill. Following the ideas for El Porvenir and the circumstances I began to build a nine-foot wall of adobes around the block. The side along the highway was the most important to close. It was built out of old adobes from Marfa, the lower part from the Toltec Motel and the upper from the Virginia Hotel, one of the buildings that began with the town, 1883 or '86—the date is in dispute. This building was torn down by its absentee owners and the lot is still vacant. As in most American cities and towns, there is little concern for old buildings. In Russia the past is fully remembered and in the United States it is fully forgotten.

By 1976 there were a bedroom and a kitchen in the east building and the installation of the north room was complete. Since then the west building has been completed, a studio first and then an installation in the large south room. The narrow room in the middle is the library. All of the installed work is mine, so-called "early." I haven't gotten to the recent work or to that by other artists, all of which is still in storage. It's a lot easier to make art than to finance and make the space that houses it.

In 1979, in accordance with my idea of permanent installations, I agreed to have the Dia Foundation come to Marfa and purchase the land and main buildings of Fort Russell, on the edge of town, to make permanently maintained public installations of contemporary art. My idea was to have large, careful installations of my own work, pieces made for the place, and smaller, but still large, installations of the work of Dan Flavin, also to be made for the site, and the work of John Chamberlain. Later it was planned that the complete prints of Barnett Newman would be permanently shown. I didn't want to make a comprehensive collection of contemporary art or even of the artists whose work I liked, imitating the museums. I had in mind, though, originally, one piece each outside by Carl Andre, Richard Serra, Claes Oldenburg, and Richard Long, and inside, the two very dark rooms that Larry Bell constructed in his studio in Venice, California, and in The Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1969.

Within the city block, in addition to the two large buildings, there is a smaller two-story building, the office of the Quartermaster Corps, with two children's rooms and the necessary domesticity. I've built two small adobe buildings nearby, symmetrically placed, one a bath and the other an office. There is a large vegetable garden.

*It is better to use your head than lose it.

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Next to it there is a structure, part green/dog/chicken house. Next to the children's building is a pergola and a pool, both built by Celedonio Mediano, who has built everything. His brother, Alfredo Mediano, takes care of the art, a serious matter not sufficiently so regarded by those reputedly interested in art. On the other side of the building, in line with my daughter's room, is an alley of green grass and seven plum trees with purple leaves. She wanted a yard. The rest of the block is covered with slightly rosy gravel from nearby. There are to be two more fair-sized buildings, east and west, for paintings (mine and others) and, to the north, a complex of four small adobe buildings centered around a pond.

Between the two large buildings on the south side is being built an inner wall that slopes slightly with the land there. The rest of the area is level, as is the outer wall. The two walls and two areas, one sloped and the other level, make a work, I suppose both art and architecture, although usually the distinction is important. The inner wall is twelve feet in from the buildings, the module throughout. The adobes are now made on the site. The discrepancy of the walls is related to the idea developed in Baja for the piece in St. Louis.

In the summer there are twelve cottonwoods around the pool, which in the winter become an elevated thicket. There is also a courtyard with a small garden of plants that stay green all year. The winter is bleak. This place is primarily for the installation of art, necessarily for whatever architecture of my own that can be included in an existing situation, for work, and altogether for my idea of living.

As I said, the main purpose of the place in Marfa is the serious and permanent installation of art. I insist on this because nothing existing now, despite the growth of activity in museums and so-called "public art," is sufficiently close to the interests of the best art. Museums are at best anthologies and "public art" is always adventitious. But I also insist because the idea of permanent installations is in turn becoming debased. If it is, it's the end of a serious effort beyond the making of paintings and objects in my lifetime.

Due to the prior existence of the buildings my interest here in architecture is secondary. If I could start over the two interests would be congruent. But I've carefully tried to incorporate the existing buildings into a complete complex. They are not changed, only cleaned up. Whatever nice but rudimentary ideas that were there, such as the clerestory, are taken to completion. It's very important that all the structures work together, be "meek and bold" among themselves. The old buildings should not drag down the new or the new denigrate the old. The conflicts you see everywhere between old and new are avoidable.

Marfa is made mostly of adobes but the town had forgotten that when I started using them. It was the obvious material. Sixty miles away in Mexico they still made adobe buildings. I've employed two men continuously for years, always legally, which is the only solution to the so-called "wetback" problem. The wall and the small buildings are not hokey imitations of New Mexican pueblo architecture or, I think, associative in any way. Dirt is the material available on the spot, a movable spot, like God's Little Acre, that will eventually end up as the pond. The work is done according to the capacities and interests of the people who live in the area. What is possible to do is perhaps second to what exists in the scale of ultimates.

The walled enclosure is against the belated strip city, still growing decades after the fashion. It's against the idea of the suburban house on its lawn, particularly in the Southwest, where water is scarce and the weather requires enclosures. The place is related to the buildings built to the line of the street around courtyards in dry regions everywhere and especially in Chichimeca, as the Aztecs called the north of Mexico and the Southwest of the Estados Unidos. Symmetry is important; there are no "creative" or irrelevant odds and ends sticking out. A departure from symmetry has to have a good reason. The enclosure is not pretentious, as even the best recent architecture is. Some artists are aware of the problem of false importance and true pretentiousness and resist it; architects cultivate this appearance. Proportion and scale are very important. In contrast to the prevailing regurgitated art and architecture, I think I'm working directly toward something new in both. □ *Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac*



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(Continued from page 168) ten-by-12-foot equestrian portrait of Washington by Princeteau (1876) hung. It had been painted by the French painter for the hundredth anniversary of the republic, commissioned by the city of Philadelphia.

As we walked through the eighteenth-century rooms, Mrs. Galbraith capsulized the residence's long history. Louis XV's chancellor d'Aguesseau (a nearby street bears his name today) built the first house here in 1720. It passed through various noble families, including the Talleyrands, before it was purchased by the Baroness Pontalba, who, prophetically, was an American citizen. A native of New Orleans, the Baroness, neé Leonarda Micaela Antonia Almonester, is today best remembered for the Pontalba Buildings, the blocks of apartments she built on New Orleans's historic Jackson Square in 1849–50. But at the time she was infamous as the victim of a *crime passionel*. During a family squabble over (what else?) money, her enraged father-in-law, the Baron Pontalba, shot her four times with a pistol and then committed suicide. The scandal rocked Paris and New Orleans society. A headstrong woman, she recovered (minus one finger), divorced, and moved to Paris. In 1842 she hired architect Ludovico Visconti (1791–1853), designer of Napoleon's Tomb at the Invalides; he tore down the d'Aguesseau house and replaced it with a somber mansion that was more heavy than stately. It was finished in 1855.

Today, only the gatehouse remains as pure Visconti design. In 1876 the Baroness's heirs sold the house to the financial cephalopod Baron Edmond de Rothschild, who immediately hired Félix Langlais (1827–89) to redesign the façade and to add wings on either side. The Baron had an eye for fine things and when he learned that the Left Bank mansion of the late banker Samuel Bernard was being razed to make way for the Baron Haussmann's boulevard St.-Germain, he pounced. He installed the eighteenth-century boiseries in what are today called the Samuel Bernard Salon, the octagonal "Signing-in" Room, the Ballroom, and the State Dining Room. Here he entertained lavishly and collected voraciously, leaving some 43,000 prints to the Louvre on his death at age 89.

The house passed to his son, Maurice, in 1934. According to my French great-uncle, Maurice was in the habit of ordering Cartier make-up kits by the dozen to bestow upon willful beauties daring enough to accompany him to the cellar. He was also one of the most shabbily dressed millionaires in the world. The German occupation sent him fleeing to Switzerland, and Göring's Luftwaffe installed themselves in the house, using it as a club. They enjoyed it so much they took the oval Tiepolo over the staircase with them. Allied forces occupied the building during the liberation, and in 1948 the U.S. government purchased it as office space.

The Baron de Rothschild had removed the exquisite boiseries from the Samuel Bernard Salon and donated them to the newly formed Bezalel museum in Jerusalem. The panels in the octagonal room went to the Musée Rodin in Paris. Fortunately, he replaced these with excellent plaster copies. The dining room's ornate oak panels designed by Jean-Baptiste Oudry were removed to another Rothschild house. Most of the chandeliers, fireplaces, the Versailles floor, window balconies, and the ornate steel staircase also departed.



From the Metropolitan Museum: *Children in Woods* by Frank W. Benson.

In a lucky coup in 1971, the architectural branch at the State Department discovered the original Oudry boiseries in an auction of furnishings from that house. Maurice de Rothschild's son, Edmond, donated the original staircase railing, window balconies, and Belgian marble fireplace that once stood in the Samuel Bernard Salon.

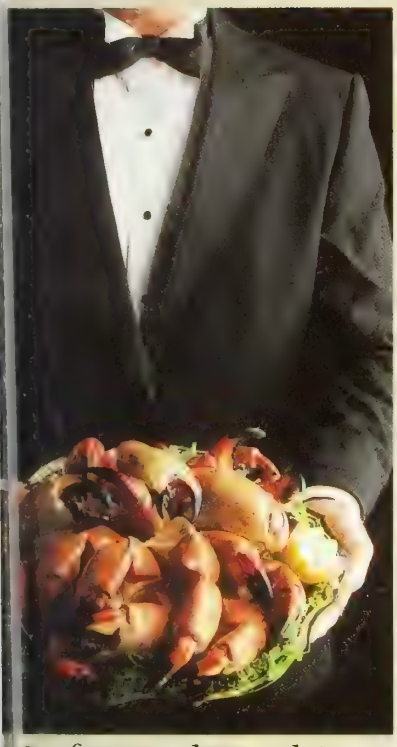
The first thing Mrs. Watson did was to form a committee called The Friends of 41 consisting mainly of Americans living abroad. Among the 94 donors were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Firestone, Mrs. Florence Gould, and four former ambassadors to France, David K. E. Bruce, C. Douglas Dillon, Amory Houghton, and John N. Irwin II. Paris decorator Henri Samuel donated his time and was helped by Mrs. F. Burrall Hoffman.

Under the mission of Ambassador Arthur Hartman (1977–81) Mrs. Hartman completely redesigned the vast garden. Today it has over a hundred species of trees and plants, from a sequoia to Asian dogwood and hydrangea, making an exceptionally tranquil urban oasis. Mrs. Galbraith has continued developing the garden so that it has color in all seasons.

But by 1981, Mrs. Galbraith found that the house's interior face-lift had sagged, despite the efforts of her predecessors. "It was faded opulence, from the torn curtains to the worn-out rugs. The only thing I could do right away was to put tons of flowers everywhere." Even today she makes a weekly run to Rungis, the wholesale flower

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market outside Paris, to replace the twenty-odd bouquets and plant arrangements.

Mrs. Galbraith and Vivien Woofter, assistant chief of interior design of Foreign Buildings Operations of the Federal Buildings Office, "decided that the best way to treat this house was as a landmark building: you establish the historic style of the house then work with experts to make it authentic over a period of years."

Enter Jerome Sutter, a French decorator based in Paris and New York who specializes in eighteenth-century interiors. Mr. Sutter came well recommended, having just helped with the decorating of the American embassy residence in Brussels.

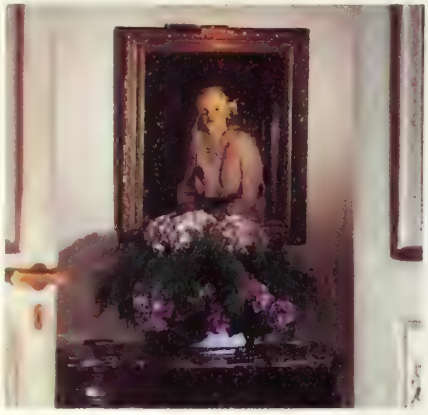
Mr. Sutter began by reinstalling all the enormous mirrors that had once been in the house. The task was particularly difficult in the Samuel Bernard Salon because the fragile plaster moldings had to be removed without breakage. "The mirrors reflect the garden, bringing sunlight into the room," said Mr. Sutter. "In the Rothschild era, the details would have been gilded, but the cream-and-blue paint scheme today is less overpowering and formal, more welcoming." Mr. Sutter also designed an elegant cream carpet whose border echoes the scallop pattern in the corner moldings of the room. Rugs for the Louis XVI Room and the State Dining Room followed. Mr. Sutter also plans to put mirrors in the octagonal room. "If we can get the funds," he added.

But their largest project was restoring the somber oak-paneled former Luftwaffe theater into a glistening ballroom. They painted the walls light blue-green, added mirrors and chandeliers for an effect in keeping with its eighteenth-century origins. "We asked the artisans, Delisle, to make the chandeliers for both light bulbs and candles," said Mrs. Galbraith, "because the electricity failed twice last year while we were entertaining five hundred guests. The staff frantically lit candles everywhere, but all the guests were charmed, thinking we had planned a candlelit evening." She hopes to inaugurate the room this spring with a candlelit ball to benefit a French-American charity.

Flexibility was a key concern. "We chose color schemes so that any piece of furniture could work in all the rooms," said Mrs. Galbraith. In the main reception rooms, she and Mr. Sutter have, for the most part, made use of existing furniture, repairing and restoring pieces that have been badly damaged from years of use.

The residence has the most extensive collection of American art in France thanks to the State Department's Art in Embassies program. "Since I've always been interested in art, I chose the pictures myself, with the help of Jane Thompson from the Art in Embassies program," said Mrs. Galbraith. "The major loans came from the Metropolitan Museum, the National Gallery, and the Thyssen collection through the Andrew Crispo Gallery. What I wanted to do was to present a survey of two centuries of American art. . . our visual heritage." The current selection ranges from Gilbert Stuart to John Singer Sargent, Fairfield Porter to Josef Albers.

Mrs. Galbraith has several personal favorites, the first being Edward Hicks's *Peaceable Kingdom,* loaned by Andrew Crispo from his personal collection. "It's a masterpiece and I like the theme. Also the background which depicts the Hudson River country where I grew up."



George Bellows's *Julie* is one of three dozen paintings on loan from U.S. museums.

Her other favorites have an unusual story:

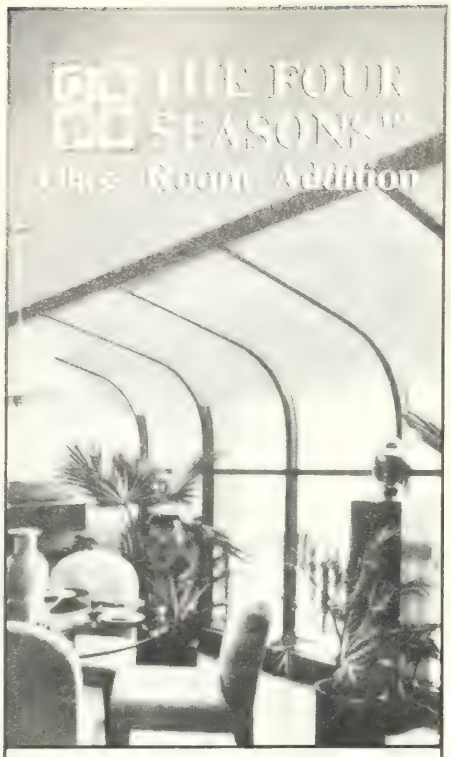
"Our first child, Julie, died at age six-and-a-half of a brain tumor. We then had a fourth child called John. When I was in the Metropolitan selecting pictures, I suddenly came across a beautiful 1914 portrait of a young blond girl by George Bellows. It was called *Julie.* She looked *exactly* like our daughter. Then I turned around and

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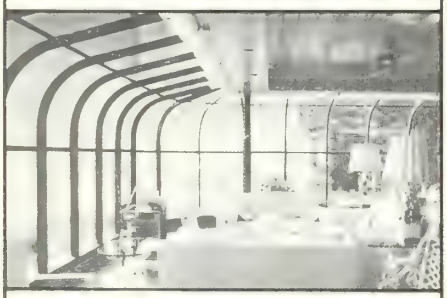


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saw a Robert Henri portrait of a boy called *John* . . . and it looked just like *our* John! It sends goose bumps all over me when I think of the coincidence in this. The pictures hang near each other on the second floor."

Mrs. Galbraith chose two Catlin paintings from the National Gallery that depict Mandan Indians hunting and in a medicine dance. "I'm an honorary member of that tribe from my college days when I spent a summer working for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Each picture is a kind of cultural ambassador in itself." Scholars come to study the pictures and art tours for laymen are frequently given.

The house is enormous—forty rooms plus thirteen bathrooms and two kitchens—and work still remains to be done everywhere. Mrs. Galbraith would like to revive The Friends of 41 to continue the refurbishings. But more importantly, she feels a charitable foundation should be formed to provide funds for decorating U.S. embassy residences around the world. "American corporations who do business in France use this residence for all kinds of entertaining. If they would consider making tax-deductible contributions to the Foundation, it would be a marvelous gift to America . . . and to France."

Some twenty thousand visitors are received at the residence every year, from high-ranking diplomats to businessmen, scientists, and cultural luminaries. Over two thousand French guests come to the Fourth of July celebration, which features a hot-air balloon and military band. Emerson once wrote, "Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners," and this house does more than its share to fulfill that idea. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

COMPUTER COMFORT

(Continued from page 182) elevations, with each panel edged with silver leaf and getting a lighter shade of camel. You get a tremendous feeling of height and grandeur."

Across the hall is what Bernard calls "a sort of contemporary Alistair Cooke traditional space. When we talked about the den he said he wanted something like Alistair Cooke sits in, with the wing chair in that color." The result, as accurately described by Bernard, is an ecstasy of library Morocco: "We ended up doing a den of all bordeaux color, bordeaux wool carpeting, bordeaux leather sofas. All the cabinetry is bordeaux-colored lacquered wood and the ceiling is bordeaux lacquer. The room—which he felt was very Alistair Cooke—is very today, very current, not old English. But the feeling is the same. You get that masculine . . . " Bernard uncharacteristically groped for words and then hit happily upon the just parallel: "It's like opening up a new bordeaux Rolls-Royce."

The dining room tilts forward in time from Alistair Cooke contemporary to the idiom of Star Trek—a board room for the Intergalactic Governing Council: eight-foot circular glass table resting on a leather-covered plinth, itself sustained by a six-inch steel post resting on the concrete floor of the basement below. Round the table are Bernard's evocation of wing chairs and above is a large circular light hovering just under the ceiling like a UFO and capable of multifarious functions from diffuse unearthly glow to specific spotlighting of the contents of a single plate.

The kitchen is modified Star Trek too—curves and planes of brass metal surfacing and about as far from rural cook-nook as you can get. As Bernard



The very different exterior view

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put it: "If I were to build what I considered the ideal kitchen it would be similar to the inside of a KitchenAid dishwasher, all stainless steel. Close the kitchen door, push a button, and it should be able to wash itself out through a drain in the middle of the floor."

The four second-floor rooms in the old house were fused to make Mr. Seint's most private retreat. Camel, our old friend from downstairs, is here too, in leather covering the king-size bed, in the massage stretcher next to it, on the leather-covered columns which were Bernard's response to Mr. Seint's expressed yearning for the fourposter of yesteryear. Bernard gave him columns attached to the wall and to the ceiling over the bed. There's mirror on the ceiling over the bed too, contrived so that no seams mar the reflected image.

Opening his eyes of a morning and looking left from his king-size, Mr. Seint can see an Intergalactic Gateway, portal to the domain of his apparel: scores of suits, shirts, sporting rigs, and kindred accessories keyed to color and



The grand staircase, where mirror gives the illusion of twice the space.

function. The idea was that Mr. Seint could punch the code for Florida weekend beachwear in on the keyboard and the dry-cleaning racks would trundle round and offer them to his hand. Forty feet away, after a soak in the four-person-size sunken bath or a dousing under the speaker-equipped shower Mr. Seint supposedly could weigh himself and a kitchen computer hooked to the weighing machine would decree meals—Mr. Seint eats health foods—guaranteed to maintain fitness and the trimmer waistline. Thus far none of this gadgetry is working. As Bernard complains, "The equipment is there, but no one ever told me you had to have a live-in programmer." That's the *fin de siècle* for you. When you build a $2 million house with the help of a consultant from the space program, don't expect the place to be maintenance-free.

Behind his thirty-inch door Mr. Seint can perform yoga exercises on his mat, tone up on his Marcy gym equipment, or loll in front of his giant video screen. The world outside beckons? At the press of a button Riviera blinds rise and he can step forth onto the balcony of his two-floor atrium, embrace the shining cylinder of his fireman's pole, and slide to the bar, itself equipped with TV and sound system. There is no chink in the electronic envelope.

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It is an odd experience to walk past the space-capsule "command post" by the front door which controls all lighting and sound throughout the house and grounds and to step out into a vista more or less as the first owners of the house must have seen it. The old house had, thus far, in its life seen the end of two centuries and now the third millennium rapidly approaches. Mr. Seint wants to be sure that it is ready for whatever technological new dawns lie ahead. Bernard says they have hooked the house up to enough electric power to run a shopping mall, not to mention the heliport, gym, and other outside appointments that are envisioned. Beneath the floors and behind the walls run empty ducts, ready for new wiring and cables, arteries for equipment as yet undreamed of for the delectation of *Homo techno-domesticus* as he awaits the 21st century. □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray

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THE POWER OF BARE SUGGESTION

Protestant sensibilities aside, a new show at Southampton's Parrish Art Museum may bring "Fauns and Fountains" back to American gardens

By William Howard Adams



In Mrs. Payne Whitney's garden, John Gregory's *Philomela*

"There is nothing adds so to the Beauty and Grandeur of Gardens, as fine Statues: and nothing more disagreeable than when wrongly plac'd; as *Neptune* on a Terrace-Walk, Mount, etc. or *Pan,* the God of Sheep, in a large Basin, Canal, or Fountain." *From* New Principles of Gardening *by Batty Langley*

Lead Venuses and marble Apollos have never looked at home in American gardens. Somehow these elegant, sculptured guests with their antique lineage have a way of making everyone else feel underbred and uncomfortable. Unlike the Renaissance and Baroque gardens of Italy and France, ours have never been Gardens of the Gods where the artists' representations evoke the ancient mythology of fertility, harvest, sensual pleasures, and life's pagan cycle of rebirth. Diana's pool surrounded by her nymphs or the look of Pomona's surprise when the satyr Vertumnus suddenly reveals himself in all his glory beneath the guise of an old woman, do not have the power to evoke Ovid's garden-haunted stories in the same way on Long Island or in Chicago as those sculptured characters have at Val San Zibio or Chantilly.

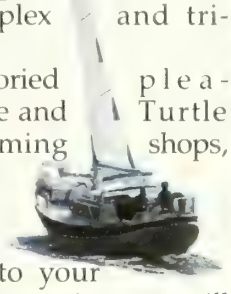
The deities' Olympian disdain for proper cover has always seemed an affront to Protestant sensibility, partly because of the often chilly, inhospitable climates of most northern Protestant countries; but on a deeper level, the blatant immorality of most ancient divinities, who more often than not sought their pleasure in the privacy of gardens, is a sensation that the English and Americans alike have never known quite how to confront along their own domestic garden paths.

Throughout much of the nineteenth century American gardeners like Bernard McMahon, Andrew Jackson Downing, and Frederick Law Olmsted looked for much of their landscape inspiration to England where statuary seldom appealed to the greater sobriety of English taste. After Henry VIII took over Hampton Court in 1530 on Cardinal Wolsey's death, he did invite into his new garden an assembly of bestiary characters. The royal accounts record payments to one Harry Corontt, carver, "for making and entoyling of 38 of the kynges and queenys Beestes in freeston . . . that is to say, foure dragones, scyx lyones, five grewhounds, five hartes, foure unicornes serving to

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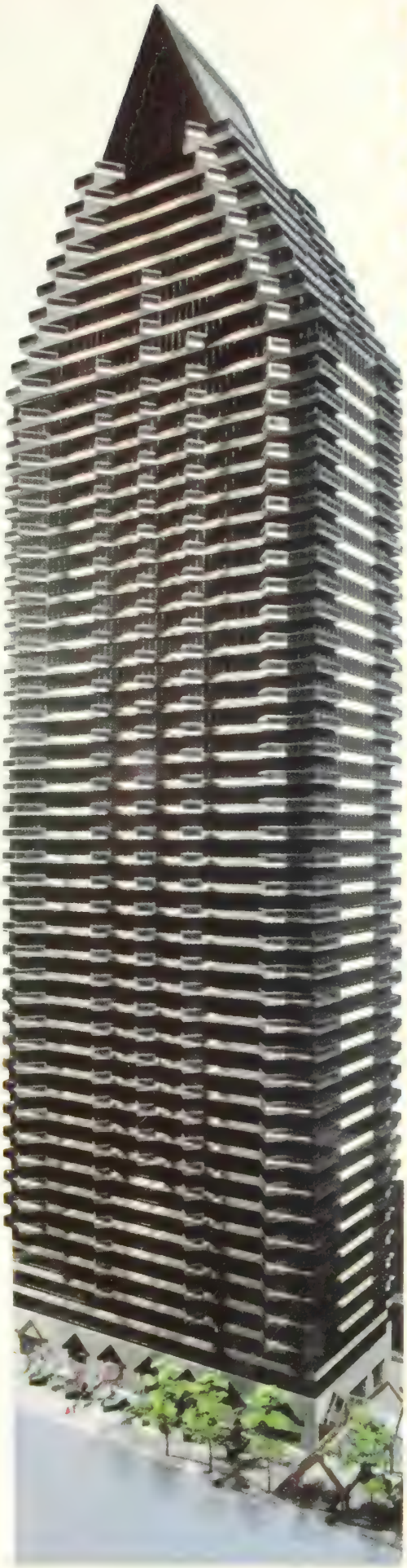
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A WORLD OF LUXURY



American sculptors had to invent their own subjects and often turned to Indian lore or to the animal and fish kingdoms for images appropriate to the landscape and pool

stand about the pondes in the pondyard." The introduction of sculptured ornaments into the English formal garden no doubt had been prompted by the reports of the Italian grandeur of Henry's rival Francis I at Fontainebleau. But unlike Francis, who with cosmopolitan hospitality invited both ancient and modern representations of gods and goddesses to take up permanent residence on his grounds, Henry was more comfortable with his tamed beestes mounted on white and green posts in the pondyard. Henry's circus atmosphere at Hampton Court could not have been further from the antique worlds that Francis had in mind for a court that liked nothing better than to act out erotic passages from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Ovid's poetry had become the new religion, and his art of love was actually practiced in a garden.

Italian sculptors as well as sculpture, old and new, were imported to Fontainebleau. Along with bronze casts from the antique, Michelangelo's contemporary *Hercules* was hauled north to decorate Francis's new garden and to fix the tradition in France of combining art in a natural setting for the next three hundred years.

Earlier when the Italians first began to discover large quantities of ancient marbles beneath their gardens and fields, the sheer quantity made it impossible to accommodate these treasures in their houses, so they overflowed outdoors to terraces, arbors, and fountains. The form of Italian Renaissance gardens was a natural outgrowth of the architecture. Embellishments of stone seats, balustrades, fountains, and, importantly, sculpture were worked into the garden's design as integral elements. It was an approach that has little or nothing to do with our siting of contemporary sculpture in order to use nature primarily as an outdoor art gallery.

Copies from the antique continued to decorate Continental gardens down through the eighteenth century. Diaries and letters even report sighting a fugitive Venus or two in colonial Virginia. There is one story that lead garden sculpture was shipped surreptitiously to the Colonies during the Revolution to be melted down for bullets. Jefferson in a romantic mood drew up a guest list of Roman deities he thought of inviting to keep his company at Monticello. There was even to be a sleeping nymph in a grotto above a spring "reclined on a plain marble slab surrounded with turf." Beech and aspen trees were to be planted above.

By the time he had actually seen the rolling, unadorned green English parks of Capability Brown which brought Whig landscape understatement to a new level of picturesque grandeur, Jefferson had discarded any notions of garden ornaments. The stone lions one sees in front of Monticello's portico on the old two-dollar bill were put there by a later owner in the nineteenth century.

Except for a chaste urn here and there or perhaps a splendid obelisk such as the one at Kenilworth that stood fifteen feet high and was cut from a single piece of porphyry, English garden decoration was decidedly subordinate compared to the trees, shrubs, and architectural elements. The garden temples at Stowe and the bridges of Wilton and Kedleston, if not built for gods, were at least reserved for a special breed of men.

Reginald Bloomfield, who launched a defense and limited revival of the ornamented garden in England in 1892, felt, however, that marble statuary was a mistake in the English climate, which

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From left to right: *Dancing Figure,* Elie Nadelman, 1916–18; *Chinoise,* Gertrude V. Whitney, 1914; *Indian Hunter,* Paul Manship, 1917.

lacked the strong, clear, dry Italian sunlight to animate it. "In the soft light and nebulous atmosphere of the north marble looks forlorn and out of place." Bronze casts didn't fare any better except for retaining their original hardness of form. "They do not lend themselves to the modeling of nature; they do not grow in with nature, as stone or lead.... Bronze figures are too trenchant, too strong to take their place among the gentler beauties of the garden."

Native stone and lead, the most traditional materials for English garden sculpture, were to Bloomfield's eye the only suitable media. Stone softens and mellows with time and the green stains on the pedestals help to unite the art with the surrounding background. Lead, if left to its own devices, will turn to a delicate, sympathetic silvery gray and is not, like bronze or marble, "too grand and sumptuous for use in the quiet English garden."

It was a restatement of that innate English reserve which Bacon had expressed much earlier when he wrote that statues in a garden were only for state and magnificence but otherwise without any intrinsic pleasure. In his fine little essay *On The Making of Gardens* Sir George Sitwell, who recovered from a nervous breakdown by sensibly immersing himself in the Italian garden aesthetic, in a most un-English defense wrote that "Statuary proclaiming the imaginative ideal may strike in the garden a keynote of wonder and romance." Sitwell's directions for the placing of sculpture set a few basic rules that are still worth considering: "There should be a background of mystery and obscurity; a shock of delight or surprise to lift us over the threshold of fact; an air of grandeur or distinction in the garden itself"; and finally, "We should leave as much as possible to the mind, because imagination flies from a finished picture and loves to accept a bare suggestion filling in the details for itself."

The American tastemakers who set the domestic tone and direction for the revival of Classical taste in the 1890s—Charles Adams Platt, Edith Wharton, and Ogden Codman—all pointed in one direction, Italy. In Platt's influential book on the Italian garden published in 1894 he demonstrated the harmonious relationship between the architecture and the garden. Wharton and Codman's book *The Decoration of Houses* eloquently declared that the chief models of "moderation, fitness and relevance" would be found in Italy. Later this design doctrine was made explicit in Mrs. Wharton's book *Italian Villas and Their Gardens.*

Elaborate gardens were *de rigueur* and so the rich patrons of landscape architecture—the Whitneys, Vanderbilts, Guggenheims, and Pratts—also became patrons of good academic sculpture suitable for their grounds and gardens. The Beaux-Arts-trained Frederick MacMonnies led the way with his fountain and sculpture commissions including the celebrated Columbian Fountain at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, which he created at the request of Stanford White. The

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GARDEN PLEASURES

National Sculpture Society was established the same year and in a few decades garden sculpture became a standard element in American sculptors' repertory.

The first time that this little-known body of work—some by such well-known artists as Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, Elie Nadelman, and Paul Manship—will be brought together in a coherent exhibition encompassing the broader themes of architecture and gardening will be on April 14 when The Parrish Art Museum in Southampton, New York, presents "Fauns and Fountains: American Garden Statuary, 1890–1930." In conjunction with the exhibition, which runs through June 2, the museum is sponsoring a day-long symposium on April 27 entitled "The Private Landscape: The Development of the American Garden."

Having been effectively cut off from the pantheon of garden gods and goddesses of the ancient world and the Italian Renaissance, American sculptors for the most part had to invent their own subjects and often turned to Indian lore or to the animal and fish kingdoms for images appropriate to the landscape and pool. Still, *Diana and Acteon* survived in a 1923 translation by Paul Manship and *Pan* happily turns up in several early-twentieth-century guises. My favorite and unexpected survivor from the Metamorphoses is *Philomela* by John Gregory. Pandion's daughter, looking for all the world like a fresh New York debutante, shows off her seductive nightingale's wings as if they were a new sable wrap just out of a box from Bergdorf's. Nothing in the fashionable gesture of innocently holding open her feathered wings for Tereus's fatal embrace, hints of her terrible transformation that follows, punishment for having run off with her sister's husband. The story of Philomela evoked by the sleek bronze image certainly provides a "bare suggestion," in Sir George Sitwell's words, leaving us and our copy of Ovid to fill in the shocking details. □

For information about the April 27 symposium or for the exhibition catalogue, which costs $16.50 ppd., please write The Parrish Art Museum, 25 Job's Lane, Southampton, N.Y. 11968, or call 516-283-2118.



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ajor decision. And that
ere is more to it than just
e selection of color, size and
atures. So to us, what we can
in other ways to make
ur world a little easier is
st as important as what our
pliances can do.

Whirlpool promise of quality.

With every Whirlpool® pliance, you get our prom-
e of good, honest quality. It's promise we're proud of, nd one we stand behind by ffering a variety of helpful rograms like these:

Whirlpool toll-free, 24-hour Cool-Line service.

It's important
or you to have
someone to
talk to
when-
ever you
have ques-
tions about
any of our appli-
ances. Our Cool-Line® service*



is an easy way to get information about appliance installation, proper operation, or even hints on saving energy. Plus, it's a great way to get help should you ever have a problem with a Whirlpool appliance.

Whirlpool Do-It-Yourself Repair Manuals.

We now offer manuals that can make do-it-yourself work easier. You can obtain them through Whirlpool dealers, parts distributors or Tech-Care® service companies. We have them for our automatic washers, dryers, dishwashers and trash compactors. And soon to come, manuals for our ranges and refrigerators.

Whirlpool Tech-Care service.

If you need service on any of our appliances, our independently owned Tech-Care service franchises make sure you get it. They have the right equipment, and highly trained personnel ready to answer your call. Just look in the Yellow Pages.



Whirlpool Instant Service Parts.

Our WISP® parts service is designed to reduce your waiting time for a special-order part. It's processed within 24 hours, then given special handling and shipping at *our* expense.

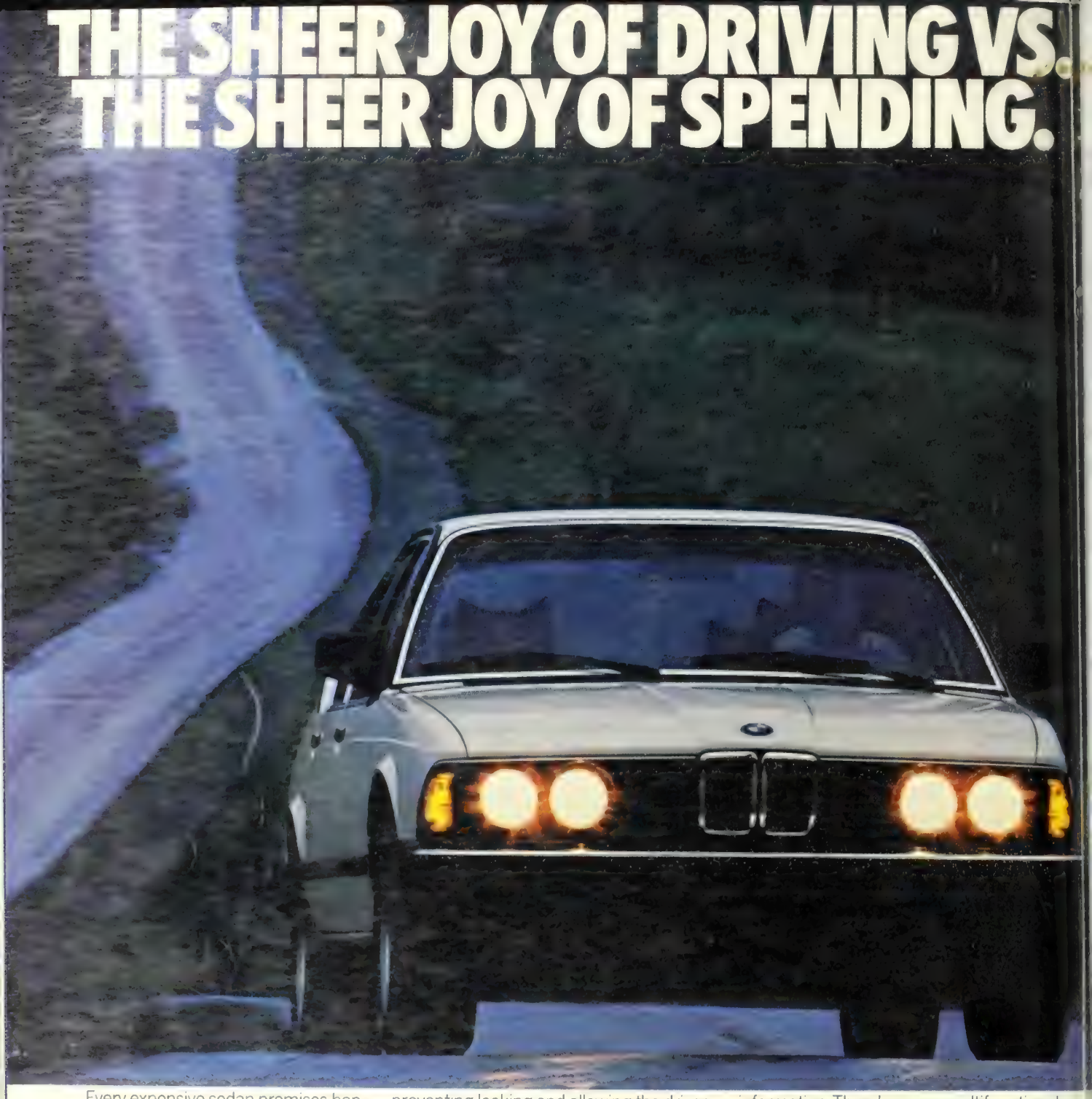
So *before* you buy your next home appliance, think about these five important things that you can count on *later*. Like our appliances, they're designed to make your world a little easier.

*Call 800-253-1301.
In Alaska and Hawaii, 800-253-1121.
In Michigan, 800-632-2243.

Whirlpool
Home Appliances

Making your world a little easier.

THE SHEER JOY OF DRIVING VS. THE SHEER JOY OF SPENDING.



Every expensive sedan promises happiness once you've bought it.

However, each differs widely on what constitutes happiness.

At BMW, we believe contentment has improbable origins—in microprocessors, suspension designs, braking systems—and that it is experienced some ten thousand times a year, on mile after mile of winding road and highway.

There, BMW 735i owners will enjoy a prosperity no other luxury car provides.

It has, for example, a new anti-lock braking system with electronic sensors that monitor all four wheels. These sensors "tell" the brakes to apply pressure intermittently, pulsating in split-second intervals, preventing locking and allowing the driver to steer even in panic stops.

The 735i's new 3.5-liter engine uses the third generation of a BMW innovation called Digital Motor Electronics. Here, other sensors probe the engine, feeding data back to a microprocessor. It then tells the engine the precise moment to fire for peak performance.

This would suggest the 735i is purely a "road" car—if you weren't surrounded by evidence to the contrary.

Richly-grained wood paneling accents an interior characterized by thick carpeting and seats covered in furrows of fine leather. A wraparound dash presents all manner of vital and easily readable information. There's even a multifunctional onboard computer and a separate indicator that informs you when routine service is advisable.

Perhaps most important, the 735i provides a return on investment that's rare indeed. A driving experience that, as Car and Driver wrote of 7-Series BMW's, "can take a limited amount of time and turn it into an experience to be savored for always."

We invite you to sample a small but revealing portion of that experience at your nearest BMW dealer. Where the new 735i awaits your test drive.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

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